THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Sir Harry Lauder—Elizabeth Frazer
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"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

By Sir Harry Lauder

"WHEN are you going to retire, Harry?" Why people all over the world should keep on asking this question of a young and strong man only anxious to do his job and save a shilling or two for his old age, is beyond me! I don't know how the rumor about my retiral got abroad.

If I ever come across the chap that started it I will give him a "bung on the broo"! It's not fair to a young comedian with a future before him and anxious to earn an honest but precarious living.

Only a few weeks ago when I was stepping aboard the Berengaria in New York harbor a man edged his way through the crowd, seized me by the hand and started to wring it like a pump handle. "Good-by, Harry! Good-by and God bless you! My grandfather was a great admirer of yours and so was my father. I've heard you all over the States myself and would have liked my boys to see and hear you. But that'll never be now, I suppose. Good-by, good-by!"

PHOTO. BY THE SCOTTISH PHOTOGRAPHIC TOURING CO., GLASGOW

A Family Group: Sir Harry's Mother, Sir Harry, John Lauder, Lady Lauder and the Bulldog, Jock

I felt bewildered. I was stunned. I was tongue-tackit, as we say in Scotland. Not so much by the evident emotion of the fellow's farewell but by a dawning realization of the fact that I have come to be regarded as the Methuselah of the theatrical artistes in the world. What I ought to have done was to bend my hoary old back, stagger up the gangway with "mony a cough an' clocher," and wave a palsied hand in a long last adieu to the American people. Actually I dashed up the steps, two at a time, took up a good position at the rail and started to yell to my old cronies, Col. Walter Scott and Duncan McInnes, "Here's tae us, Wattie! Wha's like us, Duncan? Diel a yin! See ye again next year!"

Generous Encouragement Gratefully Accepted

ME RETIRE! How do the people that ask me the question know that I have made enough money to retire on? Do they not stop to think that if I retired I would have to spend a lot of money without earning any? And that such a prospect, if all the tales about Harry Lauder be true, would be altogether too dreadful for him to contemplate?

I will go the length of admitting that I have been seriously considering the cutting down of my annual farewell tours! These have been going on for some years now, but the folks at home and in America and Australia and South Africa persist in giving me so much encouragement—and this is a word that can be written either in letters or figures—that I sometimes think I will just carry on to the end of the road. One of these days, however, I'm afraid I will be writing a letter to Will Morris in New York, or Sir Alfred Butt in London, or the Taits in Australia, or dear old Ted Carroll anywhere, telling them that I won't be leaving Dunoon and the heather hills for any more engagements. Perhaps! And perhaps no!

Honestly, why should I retire? For one thing I would only get into trouble with Nance because she would have me with her all day and all night too.* And she has often told me that if it were not for the hours I have to spend at the theater her life would be "deaved oot o' her by my constant liltin' an' singin.'" There's a lot in what she says. I don't think there can ever have lived a man in the world who has sung so much or so persistently as I have. I seem to have been singing without a stop for more than fifty years. In the mill, in the mine, in my bed, in my bath, in the train, on the steamboat, fishing, golfing or shooting—I hum and strum and sing all the time.

Songs

I THINK singing must be a sort of disease with me. But in my case it has been both a pleasant and a profitable disease, and you can't say that about any other disease! One day I began to calculate the number of times I have sung each song. I began, I say, but I never finished—the numbers ran into millions! An eternal spring of simple melody has welled in my head ever since I was a little fellow at my mother's knee. Even today if I suddenly get a new tune or a new twist to an old one I cannot rest until I have evolved words to fit it, and if I hit upon a phrase or a couplet or an idea which appeals to me I must wed the words to a tune before I lay my head on the pillow.

It is not at all unlikely that the writing of my memoirs—these "roamin's in the gloamin's" of a crowded professional life—will drive some of the liltin' an' singin' out of my head for a week-month or two. A man cannot write and sing at the same time—as I am already finding out—but there's nothing to prevent me throwing down my pen every now and then and bursting into song. In this joyous occupation I shall have the company of the larks and the mavises and the blackies that sing all day long in my garden on the bonnie banks o' Clyde. Yes, we'll all make melody together because we love to sing, and a simple song is the finest tonic and brain reviver in the world. When Harry Lauder can sing no more there will be no more Harry Lauder.

Retire? Why, here I am just starting out on one of the biggest and most important engagements of my whole career! When I told Nance coming home on the Berengaria that I had been asked by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to tell the truth about myself and the life I have led and that it would occupy me the best part of the summer at Dunoon, she was up in a turwur at once. "Harry Lauder," says she, "yer daft! This is the first decent holiday you've allowed yourself for ten years and you're going to spend it at a desk writing clavers that naebody wants to read! Have ye gone geyt a'thegither?"

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Since Sir Harry Lauder completed these memoirs he has suffered a great grief in the death of his wife after thirty-seven years of ideal married life. It is Sir Harry's wish that his life story be published exactly as he wrote it, with all the numerous affectionate references to Lady Lauder left in. In a recent letter to us the famous comedian says "I cannot bring myself to make any alterations whatever on what I have written about Nance—the best and sweetest and most loyal helpmate that God ever gave to a man."

Throwing out my chest and straightening my legs, I assured her that my life story would really be a very fine production and that I would put a lot of nice things about her into it. This in no way mollified Her Ladyship, and to tell you the truth I am still rather in the black books about this life-story business.

Between ourselves, I think there may be a wee bit of professional jealousy in her objections. You see, my wife keeps a diary and has done so for many years. Sometime ago a Scottish newspaperman prevailed upon her to publish some extracts from this diary and she came in for a lot of praise as a second Margot Asquith. Now, I suppose, she thinks that I am trying to outshine her. That's the worst of husband and wife appearing on the same bill together. However, I have promised to buy her a useful present—a pair of gloves or a cigar lighter for the flivver—when THE SATURDAY EVENING POST check comes along, and since then she has not been quite so huffy. I mention all this about THE POST so that my friend, Mr. Lorimer, realizing the expense I am already committed to, will make the said check as big as possible! Taxes over on this side are very heavy and every little bit counts. My, but it's hard to get away with a dollar or two in this world today! But this cloud between the wife and myself didn't last long—we are always so delighted at getting back to Dunoon that nothing else matters.

I wish all my readers could see the scene upon which I gazed with an almost holy rapture a few minutes ago. I had gone upstairs and strolled through the open window onto the balcony of Laudervale, which overlooks the water. To be perfectly frank, I was in sair need of inspiration as to how best to begin these memoirs, and thought I might get it from still another glimpse of dear and familiar scenes. It is a lovely evening in early June, the close of a day so perfectly heavenly that even on Clydeside we have only a few such in the very best of summers. The sun is going down in a glory of crimson and gold and the spreading sweeps of the Firth of Clyde are bathed in the splendor of its slow-fading beams.

Youthful Miner and Wee Comic

THERE is not a ripple on the waters, for the wind has died down with the turn of the tide, leaving all the white-sailed yachts like tiny fairy ships dotted between the Cumbraes and Craigendoran, and from my own bit of foreshore to the coasts of Renfrew and Ayr opposite. Only two moving things are in the picture—the last boat for Glasgow drawing away from Dunoon pier with its load of trippers, and a new red-funneled Atlantic liner doing her last trial run over the measured mile from the Cloch lighthouse to Wemyss Bay. The wooded hills behind me and their fellows rising from the picturesque bends of the firth to left and right are full of a silent majesty, for the birds have gone to sleep long ago in readiness for the early chorus with which they shall waken me tomorrow.

"When I Was Twenty-One"

In the clear, calm air I range my eyes up and down across the firth for many, many miles, picking out all the beautiful landmarks I know so well. Suddenly a girl's merry laugh from the riverside road below me breaks the enchantment—and yet it does not, for me, break it altogether, because she and her lover are "roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie banks o' Clyde." Oh, but it's a braw, braw scene; the wide world can offer me none so fair or heart warming.

Back once more at my desk—built, by the way, like the parquet flooring of my den, of wonderfully beautiful mahogany which I brought back with me from the Philippines on one of my passing visits—I again take up the pen and wonder where and how to begin the real story of my life. For I feel that thus far I have been wandering about the stage looking for a spot-light in which to open my performance.

Yes, here I am, standing on the stage, ready and anxious to begin. But the visions that crowd upon my brain prevent me writing the words that will form, as my spoken words have always done hitherto, the spark of vital and immediate contact between myself and my audience. I see a very humble home in Scotland, a mere but and ben inhabited by a father and mother and seven young children of whom Harry is the eldest—a short but sturdy fellow of nine or ten years of age. The little household is never far from the line dividing poverty from penury. Father and mother are hard-working, God-fearing folks, honest, independent, but always dreading the hour when disaster and hunger may assail them and their brood of weans.

I see the day when the breadwinner is suddenly cut off and the weeping wife and bairns are thrown, penniless, upon the world. I see the oldest of the boys, not yet twelve years of age, working as a half-timer in a flax mill on the east coast of Scotland. In the evenings he and his mother toil in the little kitchen from six o'clock till ten tearing old ropes and twine and hawsers into tow; their four hours' labor bringing them a few much-needed coppers. Later, I see Harry go down the coal pit in Lanarkshire as a miner's boy, and as he kisses his mother good-by on that first raw November morning, I hear him say, "Mither, dinna greet. I'll work for you and the wee yins as hard as ever I can!" And again I see the still very youthful miner winning his first prize as a comedian at a village soirée, and I remember his dreams of a London appearance and the plaudits of the multitude—of fame!

Yes, I can see in my mind's eye that first memorable night in a London music hall when the wee Scotch comic held up the bill for more than half an hour and became a stage celebrity in a night. The visions begin to tumble over one another now. There are so many of them; they press themselves forward in swift and kaleidoscopic array. They carry me to "a' the airts the wind can blaw"—to all the ends of the earth. They are peopled by kings and queens and princes and presidents; by great and famous men and women, by potentates and personalities whose names are as household words wherever the English language is spoken. My head is in a whirl. Is it possible, I ask myself, that all this can actually have happened to me? Surely I must be dreaming. I'll fill my pipe and rest awhile. I feel that I must come back to earth, because if I let myself linger on these visions I am afraid I shall never get down to the state of mind in which I can tell a coherent story of a life which has been full of incident, full of fun, full of amazing experiences, full of striving, planning, saving, but fullest of all of downright hard work!

"There's Somebody Waitin' for Me"

I was born at Portobello, a mile or two from Edinburgh, on the fourth of August, 1870. My father, John Lauder, was a potter. He worked in a small pottery in Musselburgh where the principal output was jelly jars and ginger-pop bottles. His father was also John Lauder, a working carpenter, and I well remember him in my early years. He was a big, impressive man with a personality which he carried with a good deal of dignity. He was very proud of being a Lauder of Lauderdale, a district of the borders famous in Scottish history, song and story. The old Lauders, so far as I have been able to make out, must have had some connection with the Bass Rock, that bluff and rocky island that stands sentinel-like at the southern side of the Firth of Forth. Because I can remember my grandfather, perhaps when he had had a glass of beer on a Saturday night, solemnly tapping his chest and telling my father: "John, I'm a Lauder of the Bass! So are you! Never forget that you are a Lauder!"

Even as a very small boy I recollect wondering what good the Bass Rock can ever have been to the ancient Lauders. It was reputed in the old days to have been the haunt and hiding place of Scottish pirates. This thought pleased me much; every time I looked at the weather-beaten rock I pictured my ancestors as bold buccaneers setting forth from their sea-girt caves to harry and rob the English and any other nation—but particularly the English. This pleasant task is still popularly supposed to be one of the principal occupations of Scotland!

Harry and Mrs. Lauder Twenty-Five Years Ago

"Tell Us a Story, Mither"

MY MOTHER was a MacLennan. She came of real Highland stock. Her full name was Isabella Urquhart MacLeod-MacLennan. Her people came from the Black Isle in Ross-shire. She was a splendid woman in every respect and I hold her memory in reverence. Like all Highland women, she had a great strain of romance and mysticism in her make-up. She was full of superstition and believed implicitly in signs and portents. She had a never-ending fund of stories about witches and warlocks and fairies and water kelpies; when her family grew more numerous I can remember us sitting round her knee listening, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, with many a nervous look over our shoulders, to tales of supernatural happenings on the mountains, or in the glens, or on the locks and rivers of the Black Isle.

The request, "Tell us a story, mither," never found her wanting. She would stop her housework at any minute of

the day to spin us youngsters a tale of romance or chivalry or mystery or horror. I loved her stories from my earliest years. She had all the Scottish clan histories at her tongue's tip and nothing delighted me more than tales of the MacLennans, the Urquharts, the Logans or the MacLeods. I became imbued with Highland lore and romance. Today, whenever I sing "Sure, by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go," my blood boils in a sort of Hielan' ecstasy compared with which there is no similar emotion in the world.

I don't remember the flittin' from Portobello to Musselburgh, where we moved so as to be nearer the pottery where my father was employed; but I do remember that the family circle seemed to grow very rapidly. Every year another baby appeared on the scene. Almost as soon as I was able to walk I began to act as a sort of infant nurse to the others, and this continued all through my early boyhood. For many hours I was wrapped in a plaid which not only contained me but a wee brother or sister unable to walk—I was a sort of gypsy mother with an infant strapped to me. My parents used to say that Wee Harry was as good as any professional nurse. That's as it may be, but all my life I have been very, very fond of children.

For Scotland's Name and Scotland's Fame

ALL my brothers and sisters grew up to manhood and womanhood, and with the exception of George, who died some years ago at Dunoon, they are alive and kicking in different parts of the world. Matt is in California. He has three sons who all fought in the war and got back safe and sound. Jock is in Newcastle, New South Wales, while

"The Saftest o' the Family"

Alec has settled down as a shopkeeper in Hamilton, after several years on the stage. Bella, Jean and Mary are all married and are still living in Scotland. I see them from time to time and many's the happy hour we spend together recalling the old days in Musselburgh and elsewhere.

When I was about five years of age I was sent to a little school not far from the pottery where my father worked. My recollections of the penny bookie—the first primer of every Scottish child—are rather hazy. But I do remember that the teacher was a stern Highlander named Fraser and that he was rather a fearsome man, with a stubby, sandy beard. In those days there was no kindergarten nonsense about the cheaper Scottish schools. The dominies focused on what was known as the essentials—the three R's—reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. That I was either a bright or a promising pupil I cannot assert; in fact, I think I must have been rather a dull boy to begin with, because the only thing that really interested me was the daily lesson in Scottish history.

Mr. Fraser was one of those perfervid Scots—and they still exist—who evidently thought that there was only one country and one nation in the world—his own. The history lesson was not so much an inculcation of dates and facts about the happenings in the world as a laudation and glorification of all things Scottish: Our kings, our national heroes, our poets, our soldiers and our ministers. Wallace and Bruce, Rabbie Burns, Walter Scott and David Livingstone all came automatically into the daily oration; we boys were urged to revere and worship their names as those of the noblest and most wonderful men that had ever been born. The geography lesson was on the same lines. We learned about the Scottish counties and cities, the mountains and streams, the bens and the glens of our native land. Scotland was the best and the bonniest place in the whole world; indeed no other country mattered a groat!

I may be doing an injustice to the memory of Dominie Fraser in drawing this picture of his scholastic methods, but these are the impressions he left upon my youthful mind. I can remember as well as if it had been yesterday sitting at the little narrow desk, looking up at our teacher with staring, fascinated eyes and thinking how fortunate I was to be born a Scot and not an English boy or an Irish or a German or a Hottentot. Whatever fault may be found with Fraser's methods of teaching the young idea how to shoot, there can be no doubt that one, at least, of his pupils became fired with a devouring passion and patriotism for his native land. There was one English boy in the school and I remember him, one afternoon, as we were trooping out of the playground, saying something derogatory about Scotland and the teacher's constant references to it as the greatest country in the world.

"England's a far better place!" he concluded. For a few seconds I was too stricken with anger to do or say anything, but then I leaped at him like a wildcat. He was bigger and older than I and I got the worst of the argument, but as I wandered down the lane nursing my injuries I felt within me a throbbing of pride that I had been able to strike my first blow for the country I adored. Fifty years have gone by since then. The flame of love for "Scotland's name and Scotland's fame" still burns as fiercely in my breast.

There is a great bit of the natural fechter in every Scot, and when this tendency is fanned by native song or the skirl of the bagpipe, he begins to hold up his head and cast his eye round for any trouble there may be around requiring settlement. It doesn't matter very much if it

PHOTO, BY WHITE, N. Y. C.

"I Love a Lassie." At Right—"Bubbles," One of Many Character Parts He Played in an Early Pantomime

is his own affair or not—sing Annie Laurie and he'll greet, whistle The Campbells Are Comin' and he'll throw out his chest, let him hear the pipers play Up Wi' the Bonnets and he'll search out at once for the nearest recruiting office if there happens to be a little war on anywhere! The emotion roused in the heart of a Scot under either or all of these circumstances has reacted in the same way for centuries. It inspired the victors of Bannockburn; it made the Fifty-first Division—the Highland Brigade—especially dreaded by the enemy and inspired the Kaiser to issue a special Hymn of Hate against the Scottish soldiers whom his generals described as the "kilted ruffians who made no prisoners."

I think I may as well explain to you here how I came to be christened Henry. It is the immemorial custom in Scotland for the eldest boy of a family to be called after his father's father. Only exceedingly cogent reasons must prevail for any departure from this rule. I have known family relationships to be split asunder for all time because the parents of the infant refused to be bound by tradition and gave him some fancy handle. It was the grandfather's honor and privilege to have the "namin' o' the wean." Correspondingly, if the child was a girl, the grandmother on the mother's side exercised her right. The more or less rigid adherence to this cast-iron rule, of course, had its drawbacks. You would often find six or eight or ten Johnnies or Jamies or Sandies of the same surname in the same village. This applied also to the Maggies or Marys or Leebs or Jeans. In my own family circles, the Lauders and the Vallances, there are so many of the same name that I have often to work out just who is referred to when any one of them is mentioned in conversation.

There Might Have Been No Harry

MY OWN opinion is that the system is all wrong. It leads to hopeless confusion. Nowadays parents are not so stupid and grandparents are less touchy. But I would most certainly have been christened John Lauder had it not been for the fact that my father had had a bit of a tirravee—dispute—with his father shortly before I was born. So in revenge he insisted that I should be called after my mother's father, Henry MacLennan. Old Henry died in our house. He had lived with his married daughter for some years, being very frail and unable to work. He was a typical old Highlander in looks, speech and general behavior. I remember him sitting at the ingle-neuk reading his Gaelic Bible and telling me to be a "goot poy an' fear the Lord." He and my mother were thoroughly religious people and both took a great interest in teaching me my prayers. Almost as soon as I was able to lisp I learned the stock prayer of every Scottish infant.

As I lie down this night to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul may keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul may take.

Note how the Calvinistic element of gloom and sudden death was instilled into the Scottish infant of fifty or sixty years ago. Well do I remember lying in bed night after night thinking with horror of the prospect of never wakening up again and wondering why the Lord should want to come to Musselburgh and take away the soul—whatever that meant—of a poor wee boy like me! But whatever the suitability of the prayers and the religion of those days to the very tender minds of youth, there can be no doubt that they implanted themselves deeply on the mind. I am not at all ashamed to confess that

(Continued on Page 70)

UNIQUE PHOTO.

WILD-GOOSE CHASE

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

IT WAS a narrow, crooked, ugly street, with sunset at the end of it. The big gray limousine took it slowly while the girl on the back seat peered out at the house numbers and snuggled her cool hand closer into the moist, warm, fleshy hold of the man beside her.

She wore a mink coat and a great cluster of orchids. There were lucent, heavy pearls about her neck. The small brown hat drawn close over her reddish curls was enlivened by an arrow of glittering marcasite, but if she had worn a gunny sack, or a monk's hood, or a permanent-wave machine, she would still have been lovely. The eyes of the man beside her moistened whenever he looked at her, and they were hard eyes and cold—except on such occasion—with the unrelenting grayness of the eyes of a mackerel behind a plate-glass window, upon a bed of ice.

"This is a wild-goose chase," he said—and any wild goose, hearing him, would have started south at once. Winter was in his voice. Only, when he looked at the girl and felt her fingers tighten coolly within his, winter wavered, knowing spring not far behind.

"No, it isn't," she insisted. "Don't you say that! . . . Eleven twenty-three—twenty-five—eleven thirty-seven it was. . . . Don't be cross with me, Maxie!"

Maxie said he wasn't cross and lowered alarmingly to kiss her. The chauffeur's back preserved an incredible indifference.

"Ugh—not here!" cried the girl. She had a wonderfully soft husky voice, with completely untutored inflections. She dodged his kiss expertly.

"Aw, Milly!" he begged, like a big greedy boy. Curious that any stratum of boyhood should remain in him. He seemed so entirely overlaid with money and success and conscious power.

"Aw, Maxie!" she mocked, twisting her all-too-scarlet but intrinsically beautiful mouth into the very image of the kiss which she withheld from him. Her eyes were deep and ardent, not unassisted by mascara, but her nose was deliciously inadequate. Pure gamin—not all the powder in the world could whitewash that. "Thirty-three"—she was counting again—"thirty-seven—hey, tell Waters to stop! I think this is it. Sure it is! This is the place!"

The speaking tube brought Waters to a stop against the curb before a narrow house, gray with age and weather, its number showing dimly through the murk of an unwashed transom.

"Now," said Milly, leaning back to look at her companion calmly and releasing her hand in order to pat him lightly upon one close-shaven jowl with the tip of a rose-nailed finger—"now, if you'll drop me here for about half an hour ——"

"I think that's a pretty large order. Do you know it?" said Maxie.

"You do, do you?" said Milly. "Well, you want me to marry you, don't you?"

"Don't be funny!" said Maxie. There was in his moments of earnest and ardor something fundamentally pathetic, something tragically real. Out of his mackerel eyes a starved soul squinted.

"Well, I can't do it unless I'm free, can I?" She drew the caressing finger across his lips; snatched it away from his instant response, laughing. "And I can't be free unless I can find him, can I?"

"What makes you so sure this is him?"

"I've told you all that already. Nobody else would've had those poems."

"He might have died—somebody else might have got hold of 'em. They weren't published under his name, were they?"

"I Thought Nobody Ever Came Up Here?"

"I think it's a—what do you call it?—you know—stage name."

"Nom de plume," offered Maxie.

"That's it! They were signed Alexander Smart—I used to call him Smart Aleck. Why wouldn't that tie up?"

"Pretty far fetched, seems to me," said Maxie sulkily. "What makes you think he's in the East now, anyhow? Left him in Hollywood, didn't you?"

"I'll say!" said Milly, making up her lips, which didn't need it. "I left him flat a year ago—and good enough for him! But there never was any divorce because—well, there just never was, that's all. I never heard from him or of him from that day to—last Saturday—when I run across these three little poems in that tabloid column, and, believe me or not, it gave me a start!"

"How do you know they were the same?"

"I know it all right. I haven't had so many poems written to me that I can't place 'em when I see 'em."

"Did you have copies?"

"I did not, but I've got a darned good memory," said Milly.

"I don't think much of it as poetry," grumbled Maxie—"not that stuff you showed me."

"What do you know about poetry?" inquired Milly good-naturedly.

"Well, I know a song hit when I see one," Maxie assured the girl. "That's my business."

She rubbed her cheek against his sleeve coaxingly, alluringly, wriggled out of his sudden hold with a hand on the door.

"Well, will you let me have a try to get everything all straightened out, or will you tell Waters to take me home?"

The big man groaned sardonically. "Fine chance! Where'd you get this Johnny's address?"

"I've already told you—I went down and vamped it out of the columnist."

"They don't give out addresses."

"Don't they?" said Milly, and powdered her nose, delightfully casual.

"Well ——"

"Well, what, Unconscious?"

"How do you know—if it is who you think it is—you can get him to do what you want?"

"'Cause I could always do anything at all I wanted with him—that's why!"

She ruffled the exquisite petals of the orchids with a smoother cheek, her eyes full of smoldering laughter.

"All right, have it your way," said Maxie suddenly. "If you ask me, he won't want to give you a divorce—nobody but a fool would."

"That's a precious," said Milly soothingly. "And don't get all steamed up over nothing. Do you suppose, if he were still crazy about me, he'd be publishing his love letters?"

"Those were not ——"

"You're darned right they were. That's the way he used to write to me when I got tired living in one room and no bath, with a bird that wouldn't even try to fly higher. I left a whole box of 'em on his desk."

"You're a cold little devil," said Maxie slowly.

"That why you love me?" asked Milly. She wrinkled her impudent nose.

"Go on," said Maxie, reaching unexpectedly for the handle of the door. "See if it's your man and see what you can do with him. I'll wait here."

"I don't want you to wait here. I want you to come back for me in half an hour."

He considered glumly. "What'll you do if it's the wrong one?"

"It won't be," said Milly, imperturbable. "I have a good hunch. Well, do we sit here all night, or what?"

Maxie got out ponderously. All his movements were heavy and awkward, but directed by a reserve of vitality, not unmagnetic. He put out his hand. He helped Milly to the sidewalk as if she had been made of porcelain.

"It's a wild-goose chase," he reiterated stubbornly, "if you ask me."

"I don't ask you," said Milly, "I'm telling you!" She squeezed his big hand, laughed in his face and ran up the unscrubbed steps of eleven thirty-seven, holding the mink coat close about her wood-nymph body, pulling the brown hat with its jeweled arrow low over her shining eyes.

"See you in half an hour," she said. "Be on time, will you?"

The gray limousine had turned the corner before the door opened to her repeated ring and a grayish-pale woman in a dirty gray dress stared out at her coldly, without speaking.

"I'm looking for a Mr. Alexander Smart," said Milly sweetly. "They told me at the newspaper office that he lived here. Can you direct me?"

Orchids and mink and pearls, diamonds on the hat and off the tongue. The grayish woman took on a sort of chill subserviency. Her eyes looked Milly up and down. Her thin mouth widened into a sickly smile.

"What name shall I say?"

"None at all," said Milly gently. "What's his room?"

She took a greenback out of her bag—it was a gold bag—and the greenback transferred itself swiftly from Milly's fingers to some less exigently cared for.

"Fourth floor back," said the grayish woman, and waved the visitor to the stairs. "Ain't no elevator, I'm sorry."

"Quite all right," said Milly, still in a fine-lady voice. She began to climb.

The first flight was nothing. At the second landing she breathed a little harder and put her hand over her heart. Midway to the third she swore, and when she reached the fourth she was panting softly. The fourth floor back had a grimy door and bore a card which read in a fine Spencerian hand "Alexander Smart"—nothing further.

"H'm," said Milly to herself, satisfied.

She knocked with gloved knuckles briskly

"Come in!" called a tired, deep voice.

She opened the door and went in; stood with her back against it, looking about her. It was a large room and unbelievably untidy. The ceiling sloped to a wide high window in the rear, and except for a red quilted bed upon which someone had lately been lying, there was not a great deal of furniture about—a rickety bureau, a table, a straight chair, a worn and raveled rug upon the floor. On the farther wall a slightly faded photograph—Milly's own picture, in a wisp of gauze and a rose, with the tips of her fingers shyly pressed to her breast. The eyes were not shy, nor the mouth.

That was all, except that in a rocker by the window a young man was sitting with an open book on his lap. He rose when Milly opened the door and came forward doubtfully.

"Haven't you made a mistake?" he began; then he saw that she hadn't. The book slipped from his fingers to the floor. He let it lie there. For the shadow of a moment, as their eyes met, something went over them both, like wind over water, like flame across tow. Something leaped between them, voiceless, yet a cry. She smothered it with a smile, denied it with a shrug. It died in beauty in her parted lips, curved to a stubbornly flippant phrase.

"Well, Jim, how's tricks?" she inquired aloofly.

His eyes, which were deep-set and shadowed, devoured her. He put up a hand and thrust it through his heavy fair hair, so that he took on a little the aspect of a grown-up *Struwwelpeter*. His collar was none too fresh and his clothes needed pressing. In spite of which there was something somewhat glamorous about him—a kind of reckless and fantastic gallantry. His smile twisted a mouth almost tragically sensitive.

"Welcome," he said at length. "Welcome—to our city, as it were! I wasn't quite looking for so much splendor. If you'd let me know you were coming I'd have put up an arch. May I ask, by the way, how you found me?"

"You may, if you give me a chair," said Milly. "I'm all out of breath from those rotten steep stairs of yours."

"Sorry," he said at once, and dragged forward the rocking-chair. When she had sat down in it he still stood and stared at her, as if his eyes could never have enough. His hands moved as if needing to touch her.

"Take off your coat," he suggested.

"No, thanks," said Milly.

"No? Sure you won't? It's a very grand coat, of course. Still, that looks like a pretty dress under it."

"I've come to talk to you, Jim, about something important," said Milly. He drew up the one straight chair and straddled it, facing her; his hands on the back of it; his chin, rough for want of shaving, on his hands.

"How many years," he mused—"five, or ten, or seventy? Not but what it seems longer, however long it is. You've gotten even lovelier—all right for me to tell you that?"

Milly

She set the soft lips. "It's not what I came for."

"I suppose not. What did you come for, by the way—not that I care, now you're here—and how did you get my address? Not that it matters!"

"I got it out of 'em at the tabloid," Milly explained, "after I saw the poems."

"Oh, you saw the poems! That was almost a week ago." She nodded, unsmiling. He said, with a certain curious satisfaction: "I thought they'd fetch you. Live bait—that's what they were! I even thought you might have been here sooner."

"That was why you published 'em, wasn't it?"

"That, among other reasons."

"What other reasons, Jim? I'd like you to tell me."

"Oh, fame"—he waved a grandiloquent hand—"and a certain amount of fortune—not much, but every little bit keeps the wolf at the door a little longer. Keeps him off the warm hearthstone, as you may say."

"Are you working?" asked Milly bluntly.

"No," he said, smiling; "are you?" Then he dropped his head on his hands and a shiver went over him. "Foolish question," he said softly, "Number Ninety and Nine."

"What do you mean?" cried Milly sharply. "Of course I'm working now. I may not be all my life, though. Don't be funny, will you?"

"That's my greatest trouble," he assured her. When he lifted his head the deep gray eyes were wet. "I'm not quite funny enough to get a laugh, too funny for anything else." He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand.

"A touch of hay fever, doubtless. Don't be alarmed."

"Jim ——" said Milly.

"Here!" said he pleasantly.

"You're just where you were when I left you, that's all!"

"Allowing for slight differences in latitude and longitude, ignoring certain slight variations in climate between Los Angeles and New York, you may be right."

"It makes me sick," said Milly bitterly.

He adjured her, with his eyes on the heavenly line of her throat, "Physician, heal thyself! It's not fatal, apparently."

"How long have you been here?"

"Here—in this room? Just a week. It has atmosphere, don't you think so? Although, it may be, a vacuum cleaner would dispel that."

"I think it's terrible," said Milly, shuddering. "I think, if you ask me, it's gosh awful."

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The Three-Ply Knock Fell Sweetly Once More Upon the Panel of the Door. "Come In," Said Mr. Smart Wearily. Milly Stood Frozen. Miss Callahan Came In, Bearing a Tray. "Oh, Mr. Smart," She Said, "It Turned Out So Swell Tonight, I Just Had to Bring You Up Some"

'FRAID-CAT

By Austin Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

OLD MAN TROUBLE came in the guise of Motorcycle Officer Walter Ramey. He was a big man, generally amiable, not very bright and not very dumb, and he could be counted upon to be just as hard as his job demanded. Ramey was lord of all the roads running east and south from Havelport.

He discovered Lucia Graham leaning, dazed, against the side of her car on the back road to the country club.

"A boy," she explained vaguely, with an uncertain wave of her hand. "Back there. He's hurt."

"Hurt? Did you do it?"

"No."

He moved closer, still straddling his motorcycle, and stared at her queerly.

"What s'matter with you, Miss Graham?" His lips set firmly. "Here, you get in the car and stay there until I come back." He helped her in, turned the key of the switch and slipped it into his pocket. "Mind, you stay there!" he ordered gruffly.

She heard the stutter of his motorcycle as it went down the road. She sat limply, wavering on the very edge of fainting, sometimes losing her precarious balance and then discovering that she miraculously hadn't tumbled into a black velvet-soft pit of unconsciousness. Time was as much of a blur as the country about her.

She was in such a complete state of funk that the indignity of having the key to her car taken away, of being ordered to stay there, didn't strike her. Ramey had always been friendly. He had watched Barnaby Condon teach her to drive—even given her a few suggestions. The idea that she might be arrested, accused of crime, was unthinkable.

Ramey came back riding upon the running board of a touring car. The people in the car looked at her curiously, craning around after Ramey had motioned to the driver to go on. He came up to her.

"How'd it happen?"

She explained, gasping, that she didn't know a thing about it.

"I was coming back from the club and I looked down at the roadside and saw him lying there. I was too frightened to stop, and then—then I just couldn't drive any more."

"How'd you bend that right fender?" demanded Ramey menacingly.

"Why, that—oh, that—I ran into a tree at the club."

"A pretty story!" He uttered a grunt of disgust, pulled the switch key from his pocket. "Move over. We'll take a ride to the station."

Lucia, shocked to her senses, gazed at him, eyes blinking wide.

He took the wheel himself, and as the car moved forward he said: "Look here, Miss Graham, you better not try to bull your way through this thing. Why don't you come right out and say how it happened? Your chances are better that way. I can go on the stand and say I know you're a careful driver."

"But I didn't do it!" she protested faintly. "Really, I didn't!"

"Suit yourself. I'm just trying to give you a good steer. People are getting pretty sore on drivers who run down kids and then don't even stop. You ought to have stopped."

In her confusion she retorted angrily, "But I did stop!"

"Oh, I see. Why didn't you stop right after it happened?"

"I was frightened, I tell you." Realizing that she had fallen into an obvious trap, she added explosively: "But I didn't do it! You're stupid!"

"Have it your own way," responded Ramey sardonically.

He Moved Closer, Still Straddling His Motorcycle, and Stared at Her Queerly

She was trembling with both fright and anger by the time they reached the station in the basement under the courthouse.

In the chief's office, she was put in a hard chair and told that anything she said might be used against her. Ramey told his story. She told hers, gazing into hard, unyielding eyes. She demanded, when they asked her to repeat the story, that Barnaby Condon be summoned from the city immediately and gave his telephone number.

A man who was sitting a few feet away, studying her, arose and said indifferently: "No, she's perfectly sober. Suffering from shock a little—nerves. I'll go out with Ramey now and examine the body."

The body! She went limp and stared at them helplessly.

"Ramey, tell Swain to get a set of measurements and photographs of the fender."

"McCumber'll want the whole fender to put in evidence, won't he?"

"Ask him. He'd better come down if he's out of court."

The men talked among themselves and she caught such words as "arraignment," "magistrate" and "manslaughter." For a long time they paid no attention to her. Nothing made sense; it was chaotic, absurd People came, jabbered, whispered and went.

"Mr. Condon is on his way out," said the chief finally.

That, at least, made sense. Lucia Graham sighed and the little strength which remained in her seemed to exhaust itself. She wished vaguely that she could faint and get out of that hard chair. But Barnaby would fix everything; he always did.

A young man who presented himself as Mr. McCumber asked her to come with him and for an instant of terror she wondered if she were going to be locked in a cell. She followed him numbly upstairs and they came to an office marked James C. McCumber, Assistant District Attorney. There she was given a comfortable leather chair, into which she sank gratefully. McCumber sat at his desk. He was a pleasant-looking man, with an agreeable smile which came and went quickly.

Again she was asked to tell everything she knew about the accident and he listened intently, sometimes interrupting with a question. McCumber was nicer than the others, more gentle, but there was always that exasperating, maddening look of disbelief in his eyes.

Then, after ages, Barnaby came—big, capable, impressive Barnaby.

"Hello, kid. Got yourself in a jam?"

"Oh, Barnaby!" Her voice broke.

He smiled reassuringly.

"Buck up, old dear. We'll have you home in a minute."

They passed into another office, where a withered, bespectacled man sat behind a desk. It was a judge, in chambers, but he looked so unmagisterial that Lucia didn't know it until later. More talk: "Manslaughter—pending action of the grand jury—bail—bond and surety company ——" Papers were signed.

"I'll send you home now," said Barnaby. "Then I'll get busy." His voice lowered so that no one else could hear.

"You've told the absolute truth about this, have you, Lucia?"

"Barnaby, I'll swear I have!"

He patted her arm and nodded.

"All right. Don't be too scared. I may send a lawyer to the house, but don't talk with anyone except him. I'll be up before long."

He had a car waiting for her. As they went toward it she heard the click of cameras. Eyes—bright eyes, hundreds of them—stared at her from a cloud of faces.

In the big house, she fled to the library, flung herself upon the couch and tried to find an outlet in tears. But she was too tired, too spent emotionally, really to cry.

Two hours passed before Barnaby came. It was after seven o'clock. He had with him a man whose voice she recognized as that of the assistant district attorney.

"Let's have a drink," said Barnaby. "Cursed nuisance, this business." He rang the bell.

"Yes, a damn shame that Ramey didn't use his head," replied McCumber. "A rotten ordeal for a girl like Miss Graham. But, as I said before, if she hadn't acted so guilty ——"

"I know," interrupted Barnaby. "She just plain funked it—got scared and went blooey. Oh, I know! Lucia and I were raised together just like brother and sister. You can't tell me anything about her getting scared. She's been scared all her life."

Lucia sat bolt upright angrily. It was true, everything he had said, but it seemed so disloyal, so hateful, of him to say it—and to a stranger, to a man whose eyes had called her a liar.

From their conversation—she eavesdropped she gathered that Barnaby and McCumber had gone over the case together. They had found the tree at the club against which she had jammed the fender, compared the scraped bark with the injury to the fender and found that they matched. The doctor had reported that the wound had been inflicted by a fender of an entirely different shape, probably that of a small truck. A farmer said that he had seen a truck on the road at about that time. It was traveling so rapidly, he said, that he watched it, wondering if it wasn't probably a bootlegger.

He Was Playing. There Was a Nasty Mix-Up; Horses and Men Struggled to Clear Themselves From the Spill

The case against Lucia had collapsed.

She slipped noiselessly from the library and went to her room to put on powder and lipstick. Almost immediately a maid came and said that Mr. Condon wished to see her.

Lucia went down and heard the news a second time, so calmly that she seemed utterly indifferent.

She shrugged and said to McCumber, "I'm sorry you wouldn't believe me. In the meantime, of course, the car that did it has escaped. So stupid!"

Barnaby, maneuvering behind McCumber, scowled at her. Then he suggested another drink and managed, with his chuckling laugh, to restore the air of good humor that had vanished when she entered the room. When McCumber left them it was as though he and Barnaby had been friends for years.

"And why," demanded Barnaby, as he returned to the living room, "try to freeze him out after I've gone to the trouble of getting him on our stuff? What's the idea?"

"I don't know of any reason why I should be exactly cordial to a man who has spent most of the afternoon practically calling me a liar."

"He's let you out of a nasty scrape," retorted Barnaby, "and he's doing everything he can to keep you out of the papers."

"The papers?"

"Of course. Every scandal sheet in New York'll have a picture of you tomorrow—and a story! If it weren't for McCumber routing out the judge and dismissing the charge, it'd be a pretty nasty story too. Not so good—a girl runs down a youngster and doesn't even stop to help him."

"Barnaby, you don't think ——"

"Of course not. But what difference does it make what I think? I'm talking about the newspapers. You were held on a charge of manslaughter for action of the grand jury. That covers the papers and they can whoop it up for a fare-ye-well. At least, they could if McCumber hadn't withdrawn the charge and issued a statement exonerating you completely." He added in a dry voice, "I wrote the statement."

Barnaby had perched his muscular body on the edge of the table and he was glaring at her in exasperation. Lucia said nothing; she had seen him angry often enough to know that she'd better be silent.

"This whole thing," he went on, "has come about just because you're the same sort of 'fraid-cat you used to be when we were kids. I don't blame them a bit for running you in and charging you with killing the youngster. People who aren't guilty don't generally look so scared. You had guilt written all over your face just because you were in a funk. Oh, for heaven's sake, Lucia, snap out of it and act like a human being! You've been scared all your life scared of your own shadow!"

"Barnaby, please don't scold me any more," she pleaded. "I know I'm an awful little 'fraid-cat, but I can't help it."

"You could help it if you'd try," he insisted. "I'm going back to the city—got an engagement. I'll telephone tomorrow."

II

IT WAS true that Lucia Graham had always been afraid. One of her earliest memories was of an Irish nurse who told ghost stories. That used to delight Lucia's sister, Esther, and Barnaby, who had come to live in their house. They quaked pleasantly, but Lucia could feel herself turn cold inside with fright.

There was one story in particular which haunted her; it was about the ghost that came back looking for his gold tooth. The refrain of it, repeated a half dozen times in a sort of humming voice, was: "Who stole my golden tooth?" And the story ended with Nora the nurse grabbing one of them and saying in a terrifying whisper, "You did!"

But it wasn't much fun to choose Lucia and say, "You did" to her, because she wouldn't really play the game and squeal properly. They didn't realize that she was too frightened to squeal. Sometimes, long after they were supposed to be asleep, Lucia would hear the wind humming through wires and trees—humming a dismal, heart-sickening "Who-o sto-o-le my-y go-o-lden to-o-oth?"

She didn't tell her mother, because, even if she was a 'fraid-cat, she wasn't a tattle-tale. Barnaby—he was the orphan son of Mr. Graham's former partner—had cautioned her about blabbing, and Barnaby was her hero, so

(Continued on Page 155)

In the Chief's Office, She Was Put in a Hard Chair and Told That Anything She Said Might be Used Against Her

Hogs, Hogheads and Tallow Pots

By A. W. SOMERVILLE

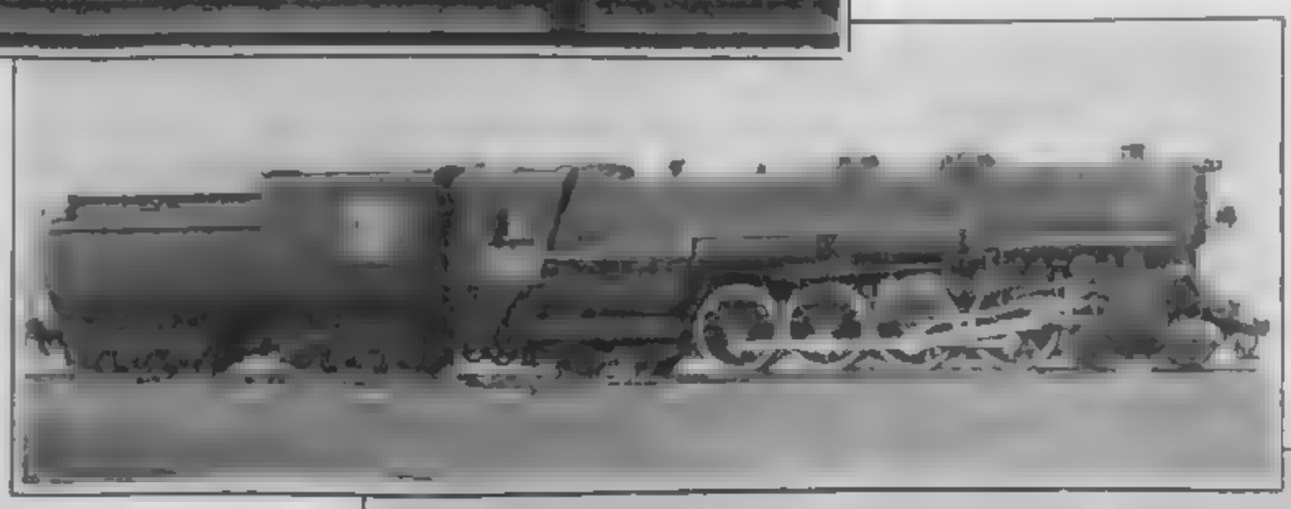
A HOG is an engine, a railroad locomotive. A hoghead is an engineer. A tallow pot is a fireman.

It is presumptuous to attempt to say exactly where and when any of these nicknames originated. The word "hog" came into common usage among railroad men some twenty or thirty years ago—possibly even before that time. When locomotives began getting larger, the amount of fuel used rose in proportion to the size, and because of the additional labor entailed on the fireman, certain engines—engines that steamed poorly and had to be heavily stoked—were called hogs. As engines increased yet more in size, the nickname became common to all locomotives, and today the term hog is applicable to any engine, large or small, whether a good or a bad steamer.

As to the nickname "hoghead"—this is a somewhat delicate subject. Many engineers still hear the term with distaste, in some cases with active distaste. For a hoghead originally—the original meaning—was one who beat hell out of his engine and tried to put a permanent bend in the fireman's back. If you had a chauffeur that drove your car on the open highway for two hundred miles in low gear, you'd think he was a pretty punk chauffeur. You'd probably fire him; you certainly wouldn't give him any high-class recommendations. An engineer can do exactly the same thing to his engine, and use an exorbitant amount of fuel and shorten the life of his machinery—to say nothing of the physical hardship imposed on the fireman.

Hudson Type (4-6-4) High Speed Passenger Engine. 79" Drivers, 225 Pounds Steam Pressure. Maximum Tractive Effort, 63,100 Pounds

Union Pacific Type (4-12-2) Three-Cylinder Freight Locomotive. Maximum Tractive Power 96,650 Pounds. Tank Carries 21 Tons of Coal, 15,000 Gallons of Water. Driving Wheels 67" Diameter, 220 Pounds Steam Pressure



Confederation Type (4-8-4) Manifest Freight or Passenger Engine. 250 Pounds Steam Pressure, 73" Drivers. Maximum Tractive Effort 60,200 Pounds.

Mountain Type (4-8-2) Manifest Freight or Passenger Engine. 210 Pounds Steam Pressure, 73" Drivers. Maximum Tractive Power 63,700 Pounds

A Title From the Oil Can

THE fireman named that kind of engineer—named him well—named him hoghead—which accounts for the aversion noted above. I've known a good many engineers, most of whom were old-timers, that I wouldn't call by that name unless there was plenty of distance between us.

But these are now among the few; most enginemen accept it in the way it is meant—a good descriptive nickname, with no insinuation as to their ability intended. For they realize that no matter how much fuss they kick up, they can't get rid of their title any more than a brakeman can stop himself from being called a shack, or a switchman can stop himself from being called a snake or a scissorbill. That's their name.

The fireman gets his title from the oil can. In the old days the oil can was not an oil can, but a tallow pot. And to this day, in roundhouse and engine cab, the valve-oil can is still called the tallow pot. In this advanced mechanical age it hardly seems possible that there was a time when lubricating oils were an almost unknown quantity, yet such was the case. Tallow was used instead of oil to lubricate the cylinders and the pistons, and as the modern steam-pressure lubricator was not even dreamed of then, the proper lubrication of the above was a tough proposition.

With the engine working steam, anyone can easily see that you couldn't pour tallow into the cylinders on account of the pressure within. So, before each run, with the throttle shut off, they would pour tallow into the cylinders through cups provided for that purpose. No matter how generous they might be with this first application, the cylinders and the pistons soon became dry. So this is what they did, and this is how the fireman got the name of tallow pot. When they came to the top of a good long grade, the fireman would bale her full of coal or toss in a couple of cords of wood, as the case might be, and then he would go out on the running board and crawl out on the cylinders with a nice warm pot of tallow and he would open the tallow cups and pour in the tallow while the engineer cut off steam and drifted.

An engine crew will never say they coast; they say they drift. They might be drifting down a mountainside sixty miles an hour, with the fireman squatting out on top of the cylinders, hanging on by his breath, pouring in tallow; or they might come drifting into town and the fireman would perform his gymnastics while the rest of the hired hands set up the hand brakes; but regardless of the time or the place or the speed, the fireman was the goat. And regardless of the why or the wherefore or the date they named him, he earned the right to his title.

There is one other person whose rightful habitation is a locomotive cab. He is known to the official railroad world as the traveling engineer. He is an official of the railroad. Each division is blessed with a traveling engineer; he is the buffer between the management and the engine crews. The switch shanty nicknamed him, gave him his title. He is called the wandering swinehead. More of him anon.

The relationship between the engineer and the fireman, in service, particularly regular service—there are two kinds of service; an engineman is either in regular freight or passenger service or he is on the extra board; and if he is on the extra board he works only when called to fill in for regular service or when an extra train is dispatched—is hard to define. The engineer is responsible for the engine. If the water gets low and the crown sheet warps and the heads burn off the stay bolts, if the engine crew lives through it—which is doubtful—the engineer is held responsible and fired. If a switch engine leaves yard limits without permission, the engineer is held responsible, and laid off. If a train overruns a red block, even though the fireman called it clear, the engineer is the responsible man. There are mighty few things that can happen to an engine that the engineer is not held liable for.

Purely a Private Matter

THIS makes for a peculiar situation. Morally, the fireman is just as responsible as the engineer. Each man has certain duties; these duties overlap all the time. The fireman is required to read train orders; and further, he must understand them and check them with the engineer. The fireman calls "Clear board" or "Red board" if the block is on his side, and the engineer takes his word for it. The fireman must keep steam up and he must keep water in the boiler; a good fireman knows every minute of his hours on duty exactly where his water level is. It is one of his primary duties. But the engineer, not the fireman, is held responsible should the water get too low.

To the outside world these two men must be a unity. Within the limits of the cab, they may squabble and fuss, but if they are worth a continental damn—and most of them are—no one outside the cab ever knows that a harsh word has ever been spoken. Their work and their relations are such that they must stand together. The fireman makes the steam, the engineer uses the steam; the engineer crabs because the fireman doesn't make enough and the fireman crabs because the engineer uses too much. This is strictly between themselves, their own private quarrel. It has been going on for a little better than a hundred years and neither side seems to have gained any material advantage. It is in all details most emphatically a family quarrel; it's nobody's business but the engine crew's.

To the outside world they are a unity. They'll lie in chorus to the traveling engineer, the dispatcher, the train master, to anybody and to everybody—and I don't mean that they lie to keep themselves out of trouble. Most of the time they do it to keep outsiders from prying into things that they believe to be strictly their own business, relative to their own engine—much as a family will lie when someone butts into family affairs. Engineers and firemen don't lie to one another; they can't. Each knows

the other too well. But if someone comes aboard and asks the fireman if he—the fireman—doesn't think that the engineer works his engine too hard and doesn't take advantage of his back-pressure gauge, you can bet your sweet life that the fireman will tell enough lies in three minutes to confine him to purgatory for the duration of time. They stand up for each other; it's a common cause. Never try to get an engineer to blame the fireman for not keeping the engine hot. He'll blame the lack of steam pressure on everything, including the recent marriage of the roundhouse foreman, but he won't blame it on the fireman -not publicly.

Engineers and firemen swear by seniority. Seniority means, boiled down, that the longer a man has had his name on the pay roll, the better the chances are that he will not get laid off when slack times come. Enginemen swear by seniority because it means that their years of service, their loyal service for ten, twenty or thirty years, will entitle them to the better jobs. Seniority begins from the date of employment and continues until discharge, retirement or death—the older a man is in service, the better his run.

No young man ever gets a passenger run unless on account of some emergency. This is a good thing; nobody bickers about it; the older and more experienced a man is, the more responsible and capable he is. Incompetents don't last long. So, as a rule, you can write this down in the book: The high-class trains are run by high-class men. But being human, we can laugh sometimes at that which we believe in, and there are lots of things that happen in the name of seniority that are really laughing matters.

A Question of Seniority

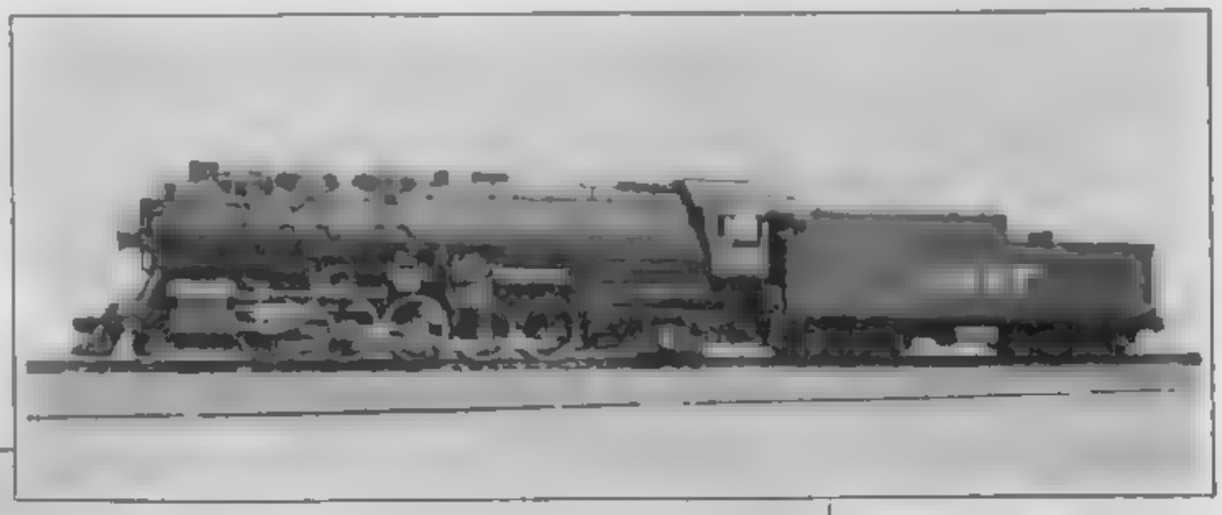
TWO engineers were employed on the same day, the same hour. Their names were Leroy and Johnson. Leroy was recognized as the senior; I believe he put his name down one split second ahead of Johnson or answered yes before Johnson could get the word out. For twenty years they hated each other. Johnson used to go down to the roundhouse and try to flimflam the foreman into calling him ahead of Leroy. He tried every method known to the railroad game to stop the clock of Leroy. Leroy refused to be hoodwinked. Several times the pair had to be separated by friends when Johnson wanted to settle the matter violently.

They were a first-class nuisance. For twenty years they wrangled. Once in a great while Johnson would beat his rival out of a run by outwitting the roundhouse foreman, and then Leroy would retaliate by turning in time for the run, claiming that it was his by right of seniority. Then there would be a lot of fuss and feathers about it, and finally Leroy would get paid for the time Johnson had beat him out of, and Johnson would get a reprimand. Of course Leroy would crow over Johnson and make matters worse.

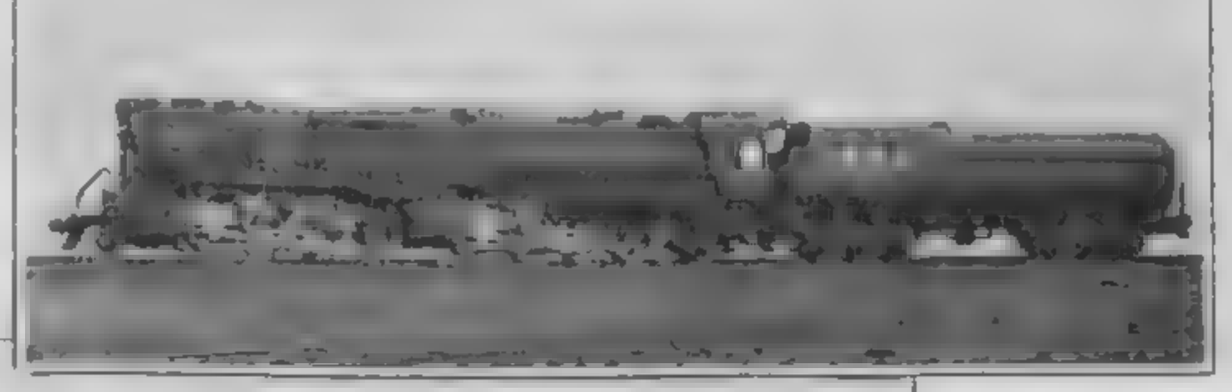
After twenty years of this nerve-racking state of affairs, Leroy turned over at Red Bluff curve, and when they picked him up they could have put him in a cigar box. They brought him to the hospital and the doctors and the sawbones practically guaranteed that he would die. Johnson was conscience-stricken; he didn't want Leroy to die until he had forgiven him for all the injustices and trickeries of the past, some of which were not the acts of a gentleman. So Johnson went to the deathbed and there he told Leroy that he wanted to make peace, that he was sorry, that he had known all along that Leroy was the oldest man—all this before witnesses. It was a very touching scene—these two hard old engineers telling each other good-by and regretting and forgiving the wrongs of the past.

It was really too bad that Leroy didn't die. That's what the roundhouse foreman thinks, because now that Leroy is back on the run that Johnson thinks belongs to none other than Johnson, the bone has been dug up and both gnaw at it constantly. If the argument is ever settled, the hand of God will have something to do with it. For Johnson claims that his confession was wrung from him under false pretenses, and Leroy claims that Johnson is so selfish and heartless that he wanted to see a brother hoghead die in order that he might inherit a better run. So there you are.

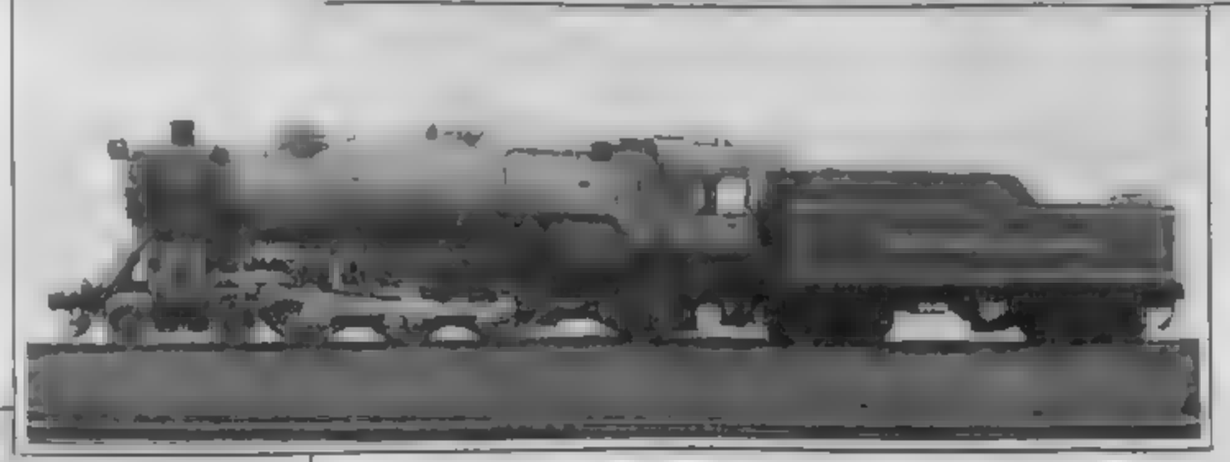
If you want to find out all there is to be known, and lots that you shouldn't know, about the railroad game, about what goes on inside the cab, talk



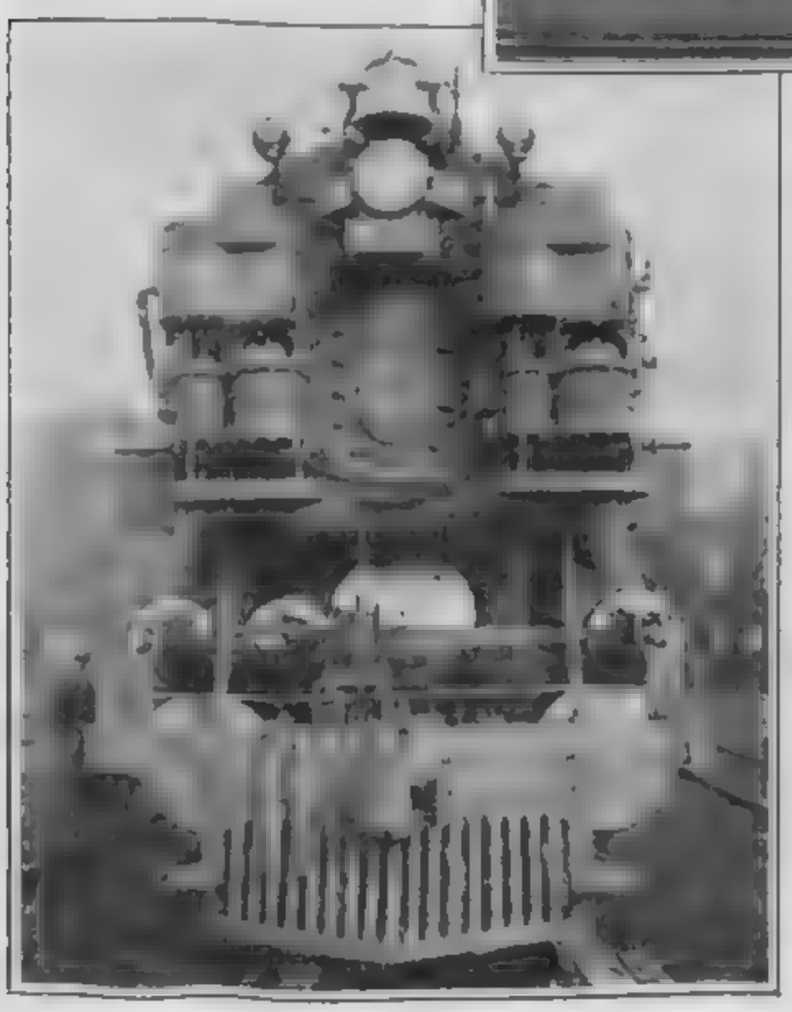
Santa Fe Type (2-10-2) Freight Locomotive. 63" Drivers, 220 Pounds Pressure, 65,350 Pounds Tractive Effort, Tank Capacity 5000 Gallons Fuel Oil, 15,000 Gallons Water



An Articulated Locomotive (2-8-8-2, Maximum Tractive Effort 103,500 Pounds, 57" Drivers, Steam Pressure 205 Pounds, Tank Capacity 20 Tons Coal, 15,000 Gallons Water



Pacific Type (4-6-2) High-Speed Passenger Engine, 80" Drivers, 230 Pounds Pressure, Maximum Tractive Effort 30,000 Pounds. At Left—Front View of Union Pacific Type (4-12-2). The Reason Why There are Four Engine-Truck Wheels on This Freight Engine is Because of the Extra Weight of the Third Cylinder, Which Can be Seen Directly Over the Center of the Pilot



to a boomer fireman. Greasy was a boomer if ever there was one. I once figured out the different jobs he had held and the length of time he had held them, and he turned out to be a modern Methuselah! He took his trips as a green farmer boy on the old E. P. & S. W., in coal, before the time that the Southern Pacific decided to buy the line, before they went broke trying to compete with it. He was green and he was dumb; he's still dumb, but he's a long way from green.

Now, when Greasy was getting his early instruction in the proper use of a scoop shovel, he believed everything that his instructors told him, and as a result they told him plenty. Utterly outlandish things. For example, they told him what a traveling engineer wasn't. The traveling engineer, if you please, is the king pin of the mechanical department out on the road. Engine crews respect the traveling engineer—the wandering swinehead—more than they do the brass hats in the business cars. They shouldn't have told Greasy what the traveling engineer wasn't, because Greasy was a country boy and he believed what they told him.

Greasy finally served out his student trips and the engineers signed his papers stating that he was a capable, satisfactory fireman, and Greasy went down to the roundhouse and tacked his name up on the extra board according to seniority. In due course of time they got around to him and called him as fireman on an extra freight. According to the agreement, the engine crew must be on the engine, preparing her for the coming run, thirty minutes before leaving time. This is called terminal time. This was Greasy's first run. He wanted to make a good impression; he wanted to start out right. He came down to the engine an hour and thirty minutes before leaving time.

When he came up the gangway he noticed a man sitting on the left-hand seat box—a man with a clean face and a white collar. He didn't know whether this man had a right on the engine or not, but he was green, so he thought that the best thing to do was to get his work done and keep his mouth shut. So he picked up the coal pick and started making little ones out of big ones, and there were a whole lot of big ones and it was a warm day. It didn't take him long to get soaked with sweat. He finally got all the big pieces broken up, all those that lay forward in the bunker. Then he cleaned his fire and shook it down good and threw on a few scoopfuls. Then he opened an injector and put some water in the boiler. When the water was up in the neck of the bottle, he shut the injector off and threw in some more coal. Then he washed down the deck with the squirt hose and wetted the coal down.

He'd done several things hind part before, but he was green, and the man in the white collar made him nervous and timid. His main object was to create the stir of industry. Greasy slid down the gangway and cleaned out the ash pan, and on a hot day no one enjoys cleaning out an ash pan. He uncoupled the two water-hose connections between engine and tank and looked to see if the screens were in good condition. He didn't intend to take a bath, but he got one. When he climbed back into the cab he was two-thirds black from the ash pan and the other third was water from the hose. The man in the white collar snickered. Greasy refused to recognize the snicker; he got a full tallow pot and started to fill the lubricator.

An Industrious Young Man

AN AUTOMATIC lubricator is operated by steam pressure direct from the boiler, and unless a man knows how to fill one—really knows—the best thing to do is to let it alone. Greasy burned not one hand but both, and the hot oil bubbled out and burned his face, too, but he was hot and sore at the world, and the man in the white collar had begun to get under his skin. So, regardless of consequences, he filled that lubricator. He wished the other occupant of the cab would take himself somewhere else. For lack of something to do, he made some more little ones out of big ones. He wiped up the oil cans and filled them, he shined the reverse bar, the throttle, the gauges, the air valve. Finally he sat down on the engineer's side.

(Continued on Page 59)

A SAGA OF THE SEA

Once, in a Terrifyingly Ferocious Squall of Blinding Rain, It Had Seemed That They Had Had a Glimpse of the Angry Poseidon Himself, Whelmed in Mist and Spume

Odysseus Goes Roving

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT WAS the hour when the agora commences to fill—that fresh bright hour of the morning when the market place lost its silent emptiness of the dawn. Under the eye of the market herald, barelegged, rough-tunicked upland peasants in flappingly large felt hats here drove their half dozen goats or swine between the hurdle pens, there displayed on the flagstones their petty agricultural produce. Alien Semitic-featured traders already shouted the merits of their batches of new-landed household amphoræ—of their more precious pots and jars and bowls—cunningly decorated in designs of black and red, from the distant islands of the Cyclades, of their finely woven linen brought far overseas from the mysterious land of Ægyptos, of their cloths dyed magnificently purple by the awesomely secret processes of Phœnicia.

Girls dispersing from the fountain, water jars poised upon their heads, passed gracefully erect, feigning not to hear the sallies they evoked. Gathering the folds of their robes, chattering housewives came in twos and threes for the pleasantly to be haggled over purchases of necessity or luxury. Ragged unkempt slaves, male and elderly female, went about the business of their masters. Young chieftains and sons of chieftains, come from their forest-cleared steadings among the mountains or from other near-by islands, their beards curled, the broad hems of their white tunics elaborately embroidered, swaggered with looped chains of gold ostentatious about their necks, bronze-bladed spears in their hands. Noisy children chased and dodged one another through the increasing throng. Gold-earringed mariners and fishermen in conical leather caps, thick cloaks over short drawers and a tanned nudity of body, descended from their dwellings or from the temple of Athene, oar upon shoulder, laughing to each other in an interchange of uncouth jests, toward the gate now open to the long steep path down to the harbor. So, somewhat more than three thousand years ago, in the high town of Ithaca, prudently lofty above the little, all but circular turquoise-blue haven where the ships were hauled upon the strand, and commanding an advantageous view over the narrow strait toward the mountains of Cephalonia, then called Same, commenced another day.

The boy Odysseus, son of Laërtes, *basileus*, or suzerain chief of the island of Ithaca, slipped out through the dunghill-encumbered gateway of the primitive timber-built palace, just above the city on the flank of the rounded height whose summit was the Acropolis, or war refuge. Dodging through the market place, he ran to follow—as day after day he followed—those mariners down the hot track where the bees hummed among the aromatic herbs, to the little silver-margined beach where the foreign ships, under guard of fierce-looking strangers, were drawn up side by side with the Ithacan vessels similarly curved high to bow and stern. There, after those that had business upon the water had departed, he would sit with the others, watching them as they daubed boiling-hot tar upon the black hulls, closely marking how they spliced the tackle ropes of twisted hide, how they mended sail and plank, how they shaped the broad-bladed oars that were not unlike winnowing fans. Fascinating it was to absorb accurate knowledge of how these things were done, and even more fascinating to listen to their supernatural-saturated stories of perilous adventure upon the adjacent seas.

It would happen also that some of the black-bearded strangers would stroll across to them and mingle amicably. Then were there indeed marvels to be heard. Answering the eager questions of the islanders in that common sea lingo where Cretan, Phœnician and archaic Greek words were jumbled, those far voyagers would tell of the fearsome dangers that haunted the Seven Passages into the great mysterious sea westward of the Achæan world—of the sea bitch Skylla, howling from her rock; of the enchantress Kirke, who transformed mariners into swine, and the Sirens, who lured them to perdition with their songs; of the monstrous one-eyed Kyklopes, who devoured hapless shipmen, and the Læstrygones who harpooned them, as they harpooned the swarming tunny fish, when they caught them in their narrow coves; of the lotus land where men lost the memory of home; of the far-distant isle of Calypso, on the edge of the world, whence it was impossible to return. The Ithacan mariners looked with awe upon these supermen who alone dared successfully to brave such terrors; indeed, it was common knowledge that such Achæan ships as had ventured westward had no more been heard of. The dark-eyed, olive-skinned boy looked with awe upon them also, but his heart swelled—and he was silent for fear of humiliating mockery.

Presently, after he had shared their midday onions and bread, when the sun declined over Same and the daytime south wind had already blown for a sufficient number of hours, he would climb up the path again and, ascending beyond the city, go to the watching place on a spur of the Acropolis hill. There he would strain his eyes to the southward, striving to be the first to discern his father's ship speeding homeward under sun-gilded bellying sail. From headland to township would echo the shouts of rejoicing when that ship, absent for perhaps three or four days, at last appeared, approached, grew larger, dropped her sail and foamed into the harbor with evenly moving oars, laden for a certainty with spoil. For Laërtes, like all

the petty potentates perched in their fastnesses above these narrow island-studded seas, exercised the perfectly respectable profession of piracy

Annihilated now was that Minoan fleet with which for a thousand years the Cretan thalassocrats had policed the maritime traffic ways which were their monopoly. The magnificence of Knossos had vanished in flames under an Achæan inroad, and with it had gone a security of sea travel not to be restored until, more than a thousand years later, the Pax Romana should be imposed from the Pillars of Hercules to the Euxine. Now if the Phœnicians had snatched a quasi monopoly of the carrying trade, agreeably diversified with piracy at any opportunity, there was scarcely an Achæan cove which did not send out its swift barks to waylay the slow, round cargo ships or murderously to raid unguarded coastal settlements for gear and slaves.

So, one day, when the longed-for beard sprouted upon his chin and his first manhood might be trusted with one of his father's ships, would he, Odysseus, also go roving, winning wealth and fame.

The dark mast top traced a regularly recurrent course amid the brilliant stars occulted lower down by the great square sail spread to the following wind. In a hiss and slash of water lifting blackly to break in glimmering phosphorescent foam, the ship rose buoyantly, plunged anew in the hollow before the overtaking wave, quivered with the impetus of her swift speeding. Huddled in their cloaks upon the rowing thwarts, exempt now from labor at the oars, the twenty men of the crew slept, heedless of discomfort. Above them on the *ikrion*—the pillar-supported little platform at the high-curving stern where stood the old pilot at the steering oar—Odysseus did not sleep. Wrapped in his cloak, he sat upon the thick mat carpeting the platform, watching the southward stars, filling his lungs with the salt-tanged air, and his happiness was like a song within him.

The winter of boisterous winds and rain and the treacherous spring wherein no wise man trusted himself upon the water were alike over. At last, showing themselves low down in the East in the hour before the dawning, the celestial maidens of the Pleiades had once more given the assurance of summer seas to the mariner impatient to set forth. *Basileus* himself now, since, obedient to the ancient Achæan custom, the aging Laërtes had relinquished the chieftainship to the fresher vigor of his son, he had already many times voyaged, had become skilled in interpreting the changeful moods of Poseidon, the touchy deity of the deep whom no sacrifices might certainly propitiate. Young though he still was, and indeed as yet unwived, he could boast, as heroes in those days boasted, that Odysseus was already a name famous throughout that Ionian Sea of precipitous islands. In the high towns, banished to lofty crags at some distance from the coast by the ever-present menace of pirate razzias, in the windprotected, beach-sloping, shallow havens where mariners congregated, men spoke admiratively or with dread of his strength of arm, of his bold daring, of his crafty resourcefulness that had many times extricated him from disaster, had many times woven disaster for those whom he assailed. "Polytropos"—the Wily One—they nicknamed him appreciatively, marveling that one so young should be so fertile in stratagem, until it was remembered that he was the son of Anticleia, daughter of artful old Autolycus, the notorious cattle thief and former sea rover. Handsome he was also, an oddly non-Achæan black beard curling on his chin—what was that old story of a certain Sisyphus, he who had outwitted even the tricky Autolycus and been his honored guest just before Anticleia had wedded Laërtes of Ithaca?—the Ithacan girls gave him lingering sidelong glances as he passed them where they sang at the washing places or where, crouched in a row, they kneaded bread to the tune of the flute player; there were those who envied the weeping slave maidens led up from the beach when, loaded with rich loot, with tripods and caldrons of bronze, with gold ornaments and splendid stuffs, his men mounted with him to celebrate the sacrifice for their safe return. Normally, to those expeditions he led half a dozen ships or more. Now, of set purpose, he voyaged with only one. As he sat there on the *ikrion* of his scudding ship, wakeful under the brilliant stars, the young Odysseus meditated a hazard greater than ever he had dared, a hazard of which his men were yet ignorant.

Carefully, for their stout hearts, for their strength at the oars, for their fidelity, he had selected those men from his own personal retainers; had that morning, at the altar in the courtyard before his *megaron*, sacrificed with them to Zeus, ruler of gods and men, beseeching his aid for great deeds. All day upon the beach they had been busy overhauling and renewing the tackle of the chosen ship—his largest and best; the eyes on the high-curved prow newly painted. In the calm of the late afternoon, when the daytime sea breeze no longer blew into the gulf, they had pushed her on rollers into the glassy water of the harbor; had rowed her, empty of stores, to the headland at the entrance; had there moored her to a rock. Thither, by the precipitous path, had been carried down the jars of water, the jars of thick sweet wine that could only be drunk diluted, the close-sewn skins of barley meal, and these provisions had been stowed beneath the rowing thwarts, neatly, so that they hampered not the men at the oars

Thereafter, returning to the city, had they made due worship to Athene, who first taught men to build ships and was puissant to protect them, even against the rages of her uncle Poseidon. Then had the swine and goats been slain and roasted, and the wine jars in the palace courtyard been

Continued on Page 119

The Huge Rock Loomed Up Close Ahead of Them, Great Waves Dashing in a Tumult of Sound Against its Flanks

MUSKEG

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

Still Swinging Her Jack and Picking Her Way Carefully Where the Rest of the Herd Had Beaten for Her What Was Comparatively a Smooth Trail, Went Old Mom, Stolid, Determined to Follow and Obey, But Taking It as Easy as Possible While She Did So

IT WAS midwinter and therefore far from warm, even in the concrete-floored training quarters of the Great Amalgamated Circus, now resounding to squeals and grunts and trumpetings, as a hulky elephant moved hastily from his lessons to an anxiously awaiting pachyderm at the head of the herd, quartered just through the big doors, in the bull house. In fact, the training room was slightly below normal temperature, but, in spite of this, the bull boss removed his cap and, with a blue handkerchief, mopped at his bald head.

"Look at her now!" he protested. "Motherin' Rajah—pretty near as big as she is!"

"No fool like an old fool!" said the menagerie superintendent, standing near by. The bull boss replaced his tattered work cap and, hands on hips, stood staring through the big door.

"Havin' that punk is what ruined her," he mused after a long moment of survey. "She was a sensible bull before that happened." Suddenly he turned. "Lookit! Ain't it disgusting? As if you could hurt a big rummy like him!"

The menagerie superintendent halted at the entrance to the lion and tiger quarters, and together they viewed the offending picture. To the ordinary observer it might have formed a very pretty tableau of massive affection, as a wrinkled female elephant fondled a hulking, squealing male with her trunk, inspecting the spots where ropes had bound his legs a short time before, or running the delicate fingers of her proboscis over the dusty mark above his eyes—gained from the efforts of the bull boss to teach a particularly lazy pupil to stand on his head—soothing his injured feelings in the meanwhile by cooings and chirruping of affection. But to the bull boss and the menagerie superintendent, possessed of the knowledge to see beneath the surface, the scene brought no reaction whatever of sentiment. There was a quality of the cloying about it, like a mother conversing in baby talk with a six-foot son just home from college. After a time the superintendent regarded his cigarette stump, ground it under his heel and moved resignedly about his other duties.

"The bigger the tree the more sap there's in it," he said, and the bull boss nodded sagely.

"Havin' that punk is what ruined her," he mused again, as he coiled the ropes of the block and tackle which formed his training paraphernalia. "Now, whoever'd thought Old Mom'd turn out to be a simp like that?"

Yet he had answered his own question in the first sentence. Time was—and that not more than two years before—when Old Mom had been known neither as old, nor as a mother. Then she had responded to the thoroughly girlish title of Mamie and, with an alertness and poise which comes to leaders alone, had formed a perfect queen of the fifteen assorted Asiatic elephants which comprised the herd of the Great Amalgamated. Wily with the compounded knowledge of her fifty-six years, strong in command and resourceful in her dealings with the various temperaments under her control, Mamie had been all that one could desire in a herd leader; but that had been before her affair with a rascally gentleman named Snyder, who had come into the herd from another circus, ignited the late love of an otherwise romanceless existence, then passed on into elephantine oblivion by attempting to butt a passenger engine off the track, and, in passing, left a heritage.

It had been this which had changed Mamie's entire existence. It had even changed her name; when the squealing, hairy, wabbly calf had arrived, and the press agents had properly heralded the rare instance of the birth of an elephant in captivity, the herd leader's name became officially Mamma Mamie. Naturally, the calf had died—away from the jungles, from opportunity for solitude, proper foods and environment, it is practically impossible to rear elephant young—and in the sour days of her bereavement, Mamma Mamie, not caring a whoop about the world in general and thoroughly cantankerous in regard to the charges under her command, had won and merited the appellation of Old Mom.

Then had come the inevitable sequel: The mellowing stage had set in, to be carried to an extreme which merited even the disgust of one as strongly prejudiced in her favor as the bull boss. A grandmotherly attitude was not becoming to Old Mom; the transition had been too swift for one so lately a gay young matron—fifty-six is just the shank of life for an elephant.

But grandmotherly she had become, and in grandmotherly fashion, her pig eyes round with concern, she continued now her process of inspection and of consolation. Rajah was by no means new to school days. Long ago, in the quarters of the Mastodon Shows—from which he had been purchased a month before by the Great Amalgamated—he had learned to understand the devices by which an elephant is taught to do his tricks. There is perhaps more suggestion in the training of an elephant than with any other beast. When it is necessary to make one kneel, for instance, heavily padded ropes are placed about the front legs, and these attached to a block and tackle. Slowly his supports are pulled from beneath the beast while the command of action is repeated and rerepeated to fasten a synchronization of sound and action in the student's brain. In a like fashion is he taught to lie down—heavy canvas mattresses are there for him to fall upon when the ropes throw him off balance—the same is true of many other features of an elephant's work in the ring. Usually a pachyderm learns all these things in calfhood and never forgets them, unless he be such a character as Rajah, who, indescribably lazy, prefers the trouble of taking lessons forever to obeying a single command.

For Rajah was no infant. Long ago had he graduated from the punk class, doing little more in life than to shuffle along in the grand entry, his trunk clinging to the tail of the slightly larger elephant preceding him. He was now a huge beast, all but grown, and slightly smaller than the herd leader who assuaged his feelings so concernedly. Rajah had in him the makings of an agitator—one finds the breed often in an elephant herd—resentful, sulky, lazy and defiant, listless in the ring or in his duties about the show grounds, but the first to begin a panic and the last to end it. For the obedience and control of this type of animal, the circus man must look mainly to the herd leader. A resounding whack of the trunk makes a bad elephant good far more quickly than any punishment which man can devise—that and the knowledge that the slightest following infraction will bring a blow that may cave in the ribs.

Gentleness, however, is far from a cure, and the bull boss carried a light of worry in his eyes as he watched the caressing strokes of Old Mom's trunk, the concern of her eyes, and finally her docile acquiescence as Rajah, tiring of being petted, moved brusquely aside and with greedy appetite consumed the herd leader's apportionment of hay before moving to his own place in the picket line and the provender which there awaited him. Following his conjectures during this period, the bull boss that afternoon summoned the superintendent for a conference upon methods and procedure.

"Now, she's got sense," he argued. "She's been through the mill herself; she knows there ain't no pain to anything we're doin', if she'd only use her head about it. Maybe she's got the idea somewheres that we're trying a lot of funny new tricks. You see, things is kind of different with this Rajah from the rest of 'em. She's never been around when we've had to use the block and tackle on a grown bull."

"She isn't alone there," said the menagerie superintendent.

"Well, what are we going to do with him unless we start at the beginning? He won't learn from straight commands—I know he's wise to all this junk, but he won't pick up anything. The only way I see to break him to the act is to start with the kindergarten."

"Yeh, I guess you're right. If he's dumb, there's only one way to get new stuff through his head—that's to give him the whole works."

"Dumb, my eye!" The bull boss gnawed at a plug of tobacco. "He's lazy and trying to get away with it by acting like he don't know. Then, when we call his bluff, he howls his head off and pretends he's hurt. Tomorrow it's my idea to bring Old Mom right in here and let her see that we ain't doing anything that isn't right and proper. Maybe

she'll get wise and fetch him a bat that'll knock some sense in his head."

But motherhood had changed Old Mom too much for that—motherhood and unrequited tenderness. The punk had died before its gigantic mother could see anything but angelic traits in her offspring, leaving her with ton upon ton of effulgent affection which demanded an outlet of expression. The rest of her herd, with their frailties ingrained in her brain through years of association, were far too familiar figures to warrant a sudden change in her attitude toward them; it had been only natural that this flood of pent-up softness should exert itself upon a piteous newcomer. The scheme of the bull boss therefore ended in utter failure. Old Mom took into consideration none of the fine points of the problem at hand. It seemed nothing to her that Rajah—he whom she had chosen to take under the protection of her trunk—was either a dullard who could not assimilate the knowledge which elephants of half his age learned with hardly an effort, or a vicious-minded actor, not above enlisting the mothering instinct of a bereaved lady, if by so doing he might gratify the loafing tendencies of his lazy nature.

At his first shrieking bellow of assumed fright as the ropes were fastened about his legs, Old Mom began to fidget, rolling the end of her trunk along the concrete floor and emitting from it the gusty blasts which, to one who knew Mom, usually meant the close approach of trouble. Again he cried, and again; while Old Mom, her trunk up now, weaved against the pressure of the bull hook, hard applied by a shouting assistant. But at last she broke loose, to run to the anchored animal, and pulling at his bonds, seek to free him. The bull hooks dug deep then. Soon a very distressed herd mother was back in line and a triumphant Rajah also picketed, free from work for another day, while disgusted animal men gathered in a tight knot at the end of the elephant house to talk it over.

"Do you suppose the old girl could be soft on him?" asked the superintendent. "That might solve the problem."

"How do you mean?" queried the bull boss.

"Well, I've found out one thing about animals—they're a lot like human beings. Get a lion crazy to mate with a particular lioness, for instance, and he's goofy until you've paired 'em up. 'Tisn't long after that before he finds out that she's pretty much the same as the general run of her kind, and I've seen a lion or two that'd sit right in the arena and let another cat whip the daylights out of his wife and seem to feel that his ladylove was just about getting what was coming to her. Marriage and matin' sure takes the gloss off," quoth the superintendent.

"Ain't it true?" asked the bull boss and set forth to the making of important preparations. The next day, school ceased temporarily for the hulking Rajah. Now, at a special picket line arranged in a corner of the menagerie house, the new pupil and his protecting friend, Old Mom, were set apart, in an effort to give the every advantage of peace and seclusion to the promulgation of the mating instinct. The scheme was worthless; Old Mom had flung her fling at matrimony. Her interest in the big elephant at her side was purely maternal: To give of her own store of food, if necessary, so that his ravenous appetite be appeased; to brush, with soft caressings of her trunk, the tantalizing flies from the soft flesh behind his ears; to examine the chains at his ankles to see that they bound not too tightly, and meanwhile to fret about the rest of her herd, left leaderless now in the elephant house. There was entirely lacking the utter obsession of interest which one finds in the mating beast; once a mother, it seemed that Old Mom must always be one and nothing else.

A week later the menagerie officials led the giant herd leader back to her place at the regular picket line and once more strung out the ropes and blocks and tackles for the resumption of lessons. But this time they kept the doors of the bull house closed. Rajah would have no opportunity to run to a mothering soul with his troubles, once his studies were done. Instead, whimpering and rebellious, he was placed in a corner of the training room, there to sulk and blast and weave at his picket ring for hours before the doors were at last opened and he could go to the waiting Old Mom. It rather broke the continuity of his appeals for sympathy. Often hunger had made itself more apparent than a desire for caresses by the time he was allowed to take his regular place in line. At last he reached the point when he would merely sulk until released, and then, ravenous with the last surge of adult growth, would assault the hay which stood before his place in line without even bothering to stop for the herd leader's consolation. Thus the winter passed, the lessons progressing. When spring came and the new tents gleamed upon the circus grounds, Rajah, through sheer repetition, had gained the rote of the act, going through it with the rest of the elephants in desultory, loafing fashion, but performing nevertheless.

His nature, however, had not changed. If anything, the agitator of him had increased, together with his selfishness, his feeling of mortgage regarding every dainty which came within his reach, whether intended for him or not. Toward Old Mom his attitude, however, was slowly metamorphosing from that of the whining, sympathy-seeking, overgrown child, into one of a surly youth, accepting the pettings which came his way as though they were so much which must be endured that he might push the donor of them out of his way and take her hay; or, reaching into her very trunk, steal from her the apple which some admiring onlooker had bequeathed. Rajah, stronger now, and but a fraction smaller than the head of the herd, was beginning to feel his power.

Old Mom, however, took it all in good nature—the blindness of love still veiled her eyes; Rajah could do no wrong—and because of this, her blandness of humor was echoed by the rest of the herd, but not for the same reasons. Rajah bullied them incessantly. He was bigger than any of the rest, broader in the chest and more powerful. His two-foot tusks were as yet unbroken; solid with driving and penetrating power. His bull head, backed with a neck of unusual thickness, gave threat of disaster in case of combat. Beyond this, there was still another and more potent cause for their sufferance—the herd took it for granted that Rajah, the newcomer, was to be pampered, spoiled, and submitted to in his slightest whim. Experience spelled the fact that Old Mom would bat the daylights out of the one who strove to do otherwise.

The season went on to its conclusion and winter broke to spring again. Two extra men appeared on the bull line this time when the herd moved to its first loading. Old Mom may have noticed nothing untoward in regard to her position of command, but menagerie men were not so blind as she. There had been too many evidences of usurpation in the actions of an elephant which now had reached a strength and size equal to that of the one who commanded the herd; too many refusals to work when nudged to his task by Old Mom as they pushed wagons about the winter-quarters yard or pulled the heavy iron roller by which the outside practice rings were made smooth for the hoofs of the equestrian horses; too many grumblings and mutterings as Old Mom led the herd upon its exercise runs in the big pasture, and viciousness in his domination of the rest of the herd where before there had been only the selfish attitude of the bully. Sooner or later, they knew, the test must come, and they feared it.

A month passed as the circus veered sharply south, to hug the belt of warm weather until the more lucrative northern climes should bask in circus weather. But even here the sun did not always shine. There were gray days and rainy days, and upon one of these the long red-painted trains of the Great Amalgamated Circus found themselves separated from the show grounds by a river, the one bridge of which was piled with timbers and busy with workmen as they made necessary repairs to the flooring, leaving barely enough room for the heavy wagons of the show aggregation to pass over.

It meant little in the lives of the teamsters, or for the long strings of heavy draft horses, plodding faithfully onward with the wagons so necessary to the setting up of the acres upon acres of canvas. The cat animals in their cages, aroused by the clattering noise of pneumatic riveters, raised to the vent holes, stared out and dropped to their pacing again—merely an unusual sound, to pique curiosity for the moment, then to be as readily dismissed. The camels and gnus and Shetlands and other led stock did not even shy as they passed the working throngs; the ability to dismiss a multiplicity of sounds which would throw the ordinary animal into panic is a matter of kindergarten education to a circus beast; noise is with them always. Safely and quietly, section after section of the great show passed over the bridge and onto the exhibition grounds. But with the arrival of the elephant herd there came a halt to the otherwise steady progression.

Upon the roof of a one-story building near by a commercial motion-picture operator, seeking unusual bits for possible sale to the news-reel distributors, made ready his camera and focused it upon the approaching herd of leathery animals, making their slow way from the railroad yards. The picture of a herd leader, he knew from slight circus experience, would be of interest, as it tested the strength of a structure under repair and assured itself of the safety of the underfooting ere it allowed the animals under its control to pass over. But there was more than a mere educational scene to record itself upon a fortuitously placed film.

Treading gingerly, even before

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She Raised Her Trunk, Her Heavy Legs Set, and Then, Even While Rajah Called Anew, Her Eyes Rolled Into Furious Whiteness, Her Muscles Bunched, and She Sent Her Trunk Crashing Down Upon the Head of the Imprisoned Rajah With a Force Which All But Sent Him Beneath the Surface

Our War Against the Insects

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

"It has become strikingly obvious that insects are collectively the most important enemies and rivals of humanity on the earth. It has also become perfectly plain that if human beings are to maintain their hold on this globe, if they are to continue to exist, they must learn to control insects."

Dr. L. O. Howard, for thirty-three years Chief of the Bureau of Entomology, United States Department of Agriculture. Retired October, 1927.

AMERICA has become a stupendous battlefield. Throughout the length and breadth of this broad land, from the Golden Gate to New York Harbor, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, an implacable conflict is raging, the importance and magnitude of which have escaped general attention simply because of the insignificant stature of our Lilliputian foes. It is a war without quarter between mankind and the insect race as to which shall possess the food supplies of the world. Man, the dominant type on this terrestrial body, who has subdued or turned to his own use nearly all kinds of living creatures, has laid claim to the food supplies, most of which—in the civilized world at least—he has created by his own toil. The insects, the dominant type within their own series, which in many ways are better fitted for existence on this earth than man, do not even bother to dispute that claim; they simply take possession of the food supply, dig in—and the whole proposition is reduced to a Diet of Worms.

Our Most Undesirable Immigrants

IN AMERICA, on one side of the line-up stand the embattled farmers with their poison sprays, the citrus growers, the cotton planters, the corn and wheat and alfalfa producers, the deciduous fruit and truck farmers; and on the opposing side are assembled millions upon millions of destructive pests, hundreds of different species, and most of them hailing from Europe. To begin with, there is the cotton boll weevil, an undesirable little immigrant which bootlegged its way into this country from India, via Egypt and Mexico; the European corn borer which sneaked in without a passport from Central Europe; the Mediterranean fruit fly and the Mexican fruit worm; the Hessian fly, likewise of foreign extraction; the gypsy moth from France, the Japanese beetle, the Mexican bean beetle, the alfalfa weevil, the Oriental peach moth and the codling moth—to mention just a few of the most notorious members of this Foreign Legion which has invaded our country, ravaged our corn and cotton and wheat crops, put fear into our fruit growers, and raised the price of food products in this country by forcing the farmers to spend millions of dollars on insecticides. For the worst enemies of our principal crops are of European extraction. Upward of 100 important insect pests have been introduced from the Old World, as well as many hundreds of lesser importance. And these unwelcome little immigrants now reduce our crop yields by more than $1,000,000,000 annually.

The worst part of the situation is that this foreign army is here to stay. Once established, these invaders cannot be exterminated. We must learn to live with them, for it is impossible to wipe them out. The best we can now do is to control them—keep them down within their own borders and try to prevent their long-distance spread. We did not ask for them; they were a free gift to us from the Old World. We did not need them in our business; we have plenty of our own native pests to plague the land. But we did not put up the bars against them until 1912, and by that time hordes of these undesirables had entered our ports, staked out their claims and established residence.

Practically all the other civilized nations of the world, for the past forty or fifty years, have maintained what amounts to a complete blanket embargo against American plants in order to protect themselves against our injurious pests. Good—that is nothing but enlightened self-interest. But before 1912 we had no such laws. Up to that time America was the dumping ground for all the insect refuse of Europe. Until 1912 we maintained the policy of the open door. Absolutely no restrictions, no port inspectors, no insect Ellis Island to turn back the undesirables, but a free, careless, open-handed hospitality to all comers without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude. A democracy, free to all the oppressed insects of the Old World—and most of them were oppressed, as you will presently see.

Our attitude was in effect a blanket invitation—welcome, insects, to our shores—and so they came. Had the news got around in the European insect circles, as it had among the humans over there, that America was the land of unlimited opportunity, of boundless food supply? Not a small, meager farms, where the gnarled fingers of the peasants tickled the roots of each and every plant and hand-picked each individual pest, but vast, illimitable miles of delectable wheat, corn, cotton, vegetables and fruits—in short, mass production—and mass production is heaven on earth for insects, a veritable paradise.

A Lawn Showing the Destructive Work of the Japanese Beetle. The Light Areas of the Lawn are Dead, Killed by the Feeding of the Grubs of the Japanese Beetle

At any rate, they came. A little pioneer stowaway sneaked in from Japan in some iris roots and picked the region around Philadelphia for his new Canaan. That was the beginning of the Japanese beetle pest. It was a high price to pay for a few iris roots. Then came the gypsy moth from France and began parley-vooing in the New England woods. Then the European corn borer, which wasn't having much of a life in Central Europe, bootlegged its way in on some imported broom plants; the Mediterranean fruit fly entered in the hold of a ship with a cargo of fruit; the Mexican bean beetle hopped across the Mexican border. In plants, in soil, in fruits, in packing waste in the holds of ships, they entered our ports, and America said, in effect:

"Pass, little brother. There's plenty of room for you too."

No Customs Duties to Pay

IF AN insect can smile, how those little insect *conquistadores* must have chortled over that colossal mistake. The joke was distinctly on us, and even yet we have not waked up to the magnitude of it. It was a whale of a joke—a real leviathan. For, you see, all those insects had left their baggage behind. You don't get it yet? You will in a minute. For the baggage which every insect denizen of the Old World carries around with him, willy-nilly, consists of parasites—parasites which feed on him. Sometimes as many as two dozen feed on a single insect, keep him down, limit his place in the sun. So that even though a serious, industrious and ambitious insect mother will lay from 500 to 1000 eggs a season, the parasites, also serious and industrious, account for 90 per cent of the lay.

Dr. L. O. Howard, Who Has Fought the Battle Against Injurious Insects for Many Years. At Left—Burning Standing Cornstalks, May, 1926

No matter how hard the insect mother concentrates on her goal—which is to populate and dominate the whole world—she can keep only a lap or so ahead of the foe. The parasites are always behind her like the bloodhounds behind Eliza on the ice. They are, in fact, cold-blooded destroyers. It is very discouraging. The entomologists call this situation in which one species of animal feeds on another, limits its output and keeps it down, maintaining the balance of Nature. But the insects call it something else. They are always trying to get away from their parasite impedimenta—even as you and I. And these little newcomers to America succeeded, for they left their baggage—the parasites—behind. We have been trying to recover that baggage ever since and have paid enormous freight rates.

And now, having eluded their parasites, practically every one of those hundreds of eggs the insect mother laid in this new land of opportunity hatched upon the dot. The insects are a healthy race. Then they began to pyramid—figure the thing for yourself. In America they had got the bulge on Nature, lost their oppressive parasites, upset the balance. They had got the bulge on our native insects also, for the latter had not lost their parasites and so could not begin to compete with the newcomers; and they had got the bulge on the humans, who did not know anything about them or their baggage, or even that they were invading the land. So they built up a formidable army in no time.

And as if to aid still more in their development, they found, not niggardly little individual holdings with horny-handed

peasants who were onto all their little tricks, but mile upon glorious mile of fruits and grains all waiting to be laid waste. Never in all their 50,000,000 years of existence upon this globe had they encountered such a magnificent opportunity. Never had they been in such fine condition to grasp that opportunity. They began to go on the rampage, sweeping over the areas where they had dug in, wave upon wave, in mass attack. The farmers began to yell. The general public cocked one ear and said genially, "Oh, rave on! You bucolic gentlemen are always on the grouch!" And nobody except the insects really knew that the war was on, and they weren't sending out any communiques. So much for the underlying causes of the war.

When finally, in 1912, after fourteen years of continuous hammering, the Plant Quarantine Laws were passed, protecting this nation from injurious pests, the damage was already done; the enemy was inside the breastworks and the food producers of the country found themselves engaged in hand-to-hand combat with these warlike little myrmidons which, as soon as one batch was exterminated, broke out 10,000,000 strong in another place. Wasn't it a gigantic practical joke which these little overseas denizens played on a young and trustful democracy which opened its arms to the Old World? And the ripples of that joke will go on widening indefinitely, for most of the baggage is still on the other side and must be searched for and fetched over, sealed up in individual bottles, at great expense.

A few round figures will give some extent of the damage. These pests cost us annually more than $1,000,000,000 in loss of crops. This does not include the annual loss from our native pests. For the Japanese beetle the state and Federal appropriations amount to about $800,000 each year, and the amount expended annually by food growers and householders in the infested region easily exceeds that sum. For example, one single insecticide firm sold more than $150,000 worth of poison last summer. Put the annual

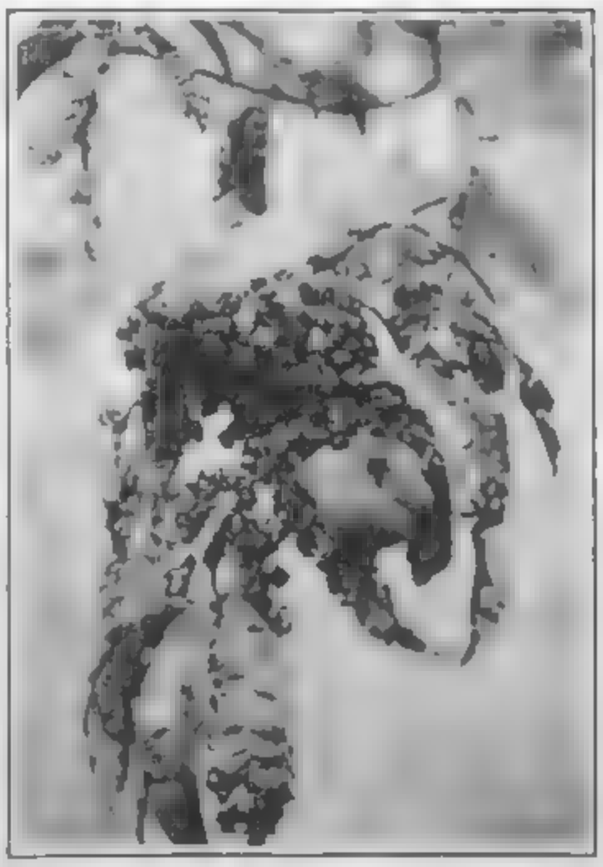
Japanese Beetles Feeding on Apple Foliage and Fruit

board bill of this particular foreign army of occupation at $1,500,000—and that is a conservative estimate. Or take the European corn borer which has invaded the Corn Belt of the Middle West. Last year the United States Government spent $10,000,000 in an area of 2,500,000 acres, not to exterminate the pest—that is impossible—but simply to keep it down within its own borders, limit its further spread and teach the farmers effective methods of control. And that figure does not touch the farmers' expense accounts.

A Far-Flung Army of Defense

AS ANOTHER example, take the gypsy moth from France which attacks our New England forests. About $700,000 is the annual allotment, from state and Federal sources, to carry on the war in this sector. We might extend the roll call indefinitely, with the cotton boll weevil, that devastating little foreign pest; with the Hessian fly, the Oriental peach moth, the alfalfa weevil and the citrus pests. Moreover, the figures mentioned are not even a drop in the bucket compared to the staggering sums we must still pay, year in and year out, merely to keep these enemies in check, for there is no end in sight to this ugly business. The figures mentioned here represent permanent carrying charges which the Government, the farmers and all the taxpayers must bear and continue indefinitely to bear.

And now for a look at this vast, far-flung battle line where the irrepressible conflict rages between the food producers of this country and the Foreign Legion solidly intrenched in their midst. We hear little news of the battle. Sometimes, in the liveliest sectors, when the summer march of the insect army begins to lay waste an entire territory and the corn or wheat or cotton crop is threatened, reports do reach the front pages of the daily papers. These, however, are but fragmentary glimpses of this or that active sector; the battle line as a whole is hidden from the general public, which does not yet realize the deep importance of the warfare, its widespread aspects or its vital repercussion on the prosperity of the nation as a whole. It is the purpose of this article to give a general picture of the entire battle line, with close-ups of some of the chief salients where heavy fighting is going on, report the most recent communiques from the front and what the signs of promise are. It is, I repeat, essentially a war with the insect Foreign Legion. For speaking by and large, we have our own native insects licked. But it is this overseas contingent, traveling without their impedimenta, like Cæsar's legions, which is getting our goat.



Japanese Beetles Feeding on Peaches

The G. H. Q. of the Insect Front is in Washington—the Bureau of Entomology in the Department of Agriculture—and the commander in chief for thirty-three years has been Dr. L. O. Howard, who has directed the war strategy in the field and organized our defenses behind the lines. Ever heard of him? . . . Well, the foreign insects have. Conceive for yourself seventy-five different battle fronts—each battle front with its own headquarters, with storm troops right out on the advance firing line where concentrated fighting is going on. This is modern, intensive, scientific warfare, with airplanes, poison gas and flame throwers, with chemical factories and research laboratories, with scouts and experts quartering the globe in China, Japan, Korea, India, France, and South America, searching out the secrets of the enemy—in brief, the finest fighting organization of its kind in the world.

"By gad, it has to be!" laughed one of its officers. "For in America we have an insect problem such as the world has never before seen. It's a case of root, hog or die. If we don't get the insects, it's just a matter of time before the insects get us. If you don't believe it, just go out to the European corn-borer front. That's been pretty active of late."

So first of all, we take in the European corn-borer front in the great wide-open spaces where men are men and insects are insects.

"Yes," said the officer in charge of operations, "we've had a fairly exciting year. Spent $10,000,000 of government money in a single campaign."

"And wiped out the corn borer?"

"Oh, no. That's a sheer impossibility, once the pest has dug in. Briefly, the situation is this: In 1917 the European corn borer was discovered in this country, but it was introduced in 1909, before the Plant Quarantine Act was passed. It was brought over in broom corn from Southern Europe—probably Hungary. Shipments containing it were scattered all over the country and infestations broke out in different localities and in Ontario, Canada. Right away we began to study the pest in our research departments, and in 1919 the introduction of European parasites which feed on the insect was begun."

Finding and Importing Parasites

"WE STARTED a laboratory in Southern France and the usual procedure was carried on—that is, first our men studied the pest, found it had parasites, and then we studied the parasites—their habits, likes and dislikes, temperatures, and so on—and whether they could be colonized. Now twelve different species of parasites—the natural enemies of the corn borer—have been found, and six of these are already established and at work. That is what we call natural, or biological, control of the pest. For these parasites are much more effective in the long run in keeping down a pest than anything man can do; and moreover, once established, they don't cost the farmer a cent. More than 1,000,000 individuals of a single promising species of parasite have been liberated and are taking hold, but it will be years before they really make a dent in the situation.

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An Apple Tree Defoliated by Japanese Beetles

A HOT TODDY

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Say!" She Called to Him. "Here! Five-o-four Says the Man in Five-o-two Has Killed Himself! What'll I Do?"

THE Bragdon is not a large hotel, nor is it fashionable. Located near one of the railroad stations, it is by the same token somewhat remote from the business centers of the city. It does not seek to cater to merrymakers, rather serves persons who are come to town on serious affairs.

Just now its small and unpretentious lobby wore a deserted aspect, for it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. The last guests, belatedly returning from theater or night club, had long since gone to bed; presently the early summer daylight would drift in a gray cloud through the street outside. The doors of the dining room, which opened off the lobby, were closed; the cloakroom stood unguarded; the racks on the news stand were empty of magazines and papers, and the cigar counter was locked. The deeply cushioned chairs and lounges here and there about the lobby were unoccupied, and the only persons stirring in the place were three women with pails and scrubbing brushes, moving on hands and knees about the tiled floor. There were two elevators at the right-hand side of the lobby, and in one of them the single operator on duty was drowsing in his chair.

In order to give an illumination adequate for their purpose, one of the scrubbing women had switched on the current in the overhead dome light, and it filled the place with a raw and naked radiance somehow ghastly and sepulchral. From the tiled floor, wet with suds, rose a damp and steaming odor sharpened by the fumes of old cigar butts and cigarette stubs in the ash receivers here and there.

Behind the desk, Bellows, the night clerk, fumbled among the guest cards, sorting and arranging them not so much because the task needed doing as in order to keep awake; and the telephone girl at her switchboard in a little cubby near where he stood regretted that she had not ordered a cup of coffee before the room service closed.

Just before three o'clock a fire engine and a ladder truck racketed by along the street outside the entrance, with a siren whistle and a clatter of gongs; and Mr. Bellows said resentfully to the operator:

"They make as much noise as though this street was full of traffic."

The girl nodded, and her tone was bitter and sardonic. "Some old crab will call downstairs in a minute and tell me to make 'em keep still," she predicted.

But she was disappointed in this expectation, although a few minutes later it seemed likely to be realized when one of the signal lights on her switchboard began to burn. She said, "Here it comes now, on five-o-four," and plugged in.

Mr. Bellows paid no particular heed, till his attention was drawn by her quick movement and her sharp ejaculation.

"Say!" she called to him. "Here! Five-o-four says the man in five-o-two has killed himself! Says he just found him in the bathroom. What'll I do?"

Mr. Bellows immediately became completely wide-awake. "Get Mr. Aborn," he directed. "And as soon as I've talked to him, get Doctor Trump. What'd he do—shoot himself?"

The girl was busy with the board. "Didn't say," she reported over her shoulder. "Mr. Aborn?"

Mr. Aborn was the Bragdon's manager, and she switched him to the desk phone at Mr. Bellows' elbow, while she rang Doctor Trump's room. A minute or two later, having passed on to the girl Mr. Aborn's instructions to call the police, Mr. Bellows roused the elevator man to duty. The car stopped at the third floor to pick up Mr. Aborn. The tragedy had occurred on the fifth floor; Doctor Trump would walk down from the sixth, where his room was.

Mr. Bellows had time to explain to his superior:

"A man named Laffin—T. J. Laffin, of Prestburg. And the one in five-o-four—they're together—is C. W. Panner. They came in Monday."

Mr. Aborn nodded sleepily. He was a slightly bald man of forty-five or fifty, with the comfortable rotundity of middle age, and his habitual dignity had something grotesque about it just now, for he wore lavender pajamas and a bright red, quilted dressing gown.

"Shot himself, you say?"

"I guess so," Mr. Bellows replied. The elevator stopped at the fifth floor and they alighted.

"Did you call the police?"

"I told Miss Gilkey to," Bellows declared. "She's on the switchboard."

When they emerged from the elevator the door of Room 504 was almost directly across the hall, and Mr. Bellows was about to knock when the manager checked him.

"Wait a minute," he suggested, and he walked along the hall to where the floor clerk's desk was situated at the end of the corridor. Mrs. Host was on duty there. She was a middle-aged woman whose hair appeared to be prematurely gray, an alert and competent individual. She rose in some surprise at Mr. Aborn's approach, and the manager jerked his head toward the door of Room 502, which was only a few feet from her desk.

"Hear a shot in there?" he asked sharply. "Why didn't you report it?"

"I heard nothing," she replied. "A shot?"

"Suicide," said Mr. Aborn, and Mr. Bellows, who had come softly to the other's shoulder, said in an undertone:

"I'm not sure he did shoot himself. I don't think Miss Gilkey said."

"Was he late coming in?" Mr. Aborn asked, and Mrs. Host replied positively:

"A little after midnight. He and five-o-four came in together."

Mr. Aborn seemed to weigh this, as though appraising its significance. Then he turned back along the corridor toward the door of Room 504, opposite the elevator, and Mr. Bellows followed him. Mrs. Host looked after them for a moment, doubt and some solicitude in her eyes—solicitude not on their account, but on her own. Whenever

a thing of this sort happened someone was likely to be blamed. She tried to find any point in which she herself had been remiss, could discover none; but to fortify herself against the questions which were likely to follow, she began to check her records and to try to remember as much as she could of what she had seen and heard of the occupant of Room 502.

Mr. Aborn in the meanwhile had knocked at the door of 504, and when it opened, he and Mr. Bellows passed into the room and Mr. Aborn said gravely to the individual who had admitted them: "Mr. Panner?"

The occupant of the room, pajama-clad like the manager, was a man of medium height, not so old as Mr. Aborn by ten or a dozen years. He said now swiftly, "It's taken you long enough!" and wiped his brow. It was apparent that the last few minutes had been a burden to him.

Mr. Aborn answered reassuringly: "We came as promptly as possible; just as soon as you telephoned downstairs."

He looked about the room in some curiosity. It was rather small, a single room. The bed stood against the right-hand wall, and a door in that wall, no doubt locked just now, led into the adjoining room, Number 506, which might upon occasion be let as a suite with this one. In the left-hand wall another door admitted to a bath which lay between this and 502. These doors were closed, but the closet door was open; and aside from the bed, the furniture in the room consisted only of two tables, a bureau and two chairs, so that there was no place for concealment. Mr. Aborn's question, therefore, was a natural one.

"Where is he?" he asked

Mr. Panner replied: "He's in the bathroom." And he continued hurriedly, as though the very burden of his own knowledge distressed him:

"Fire engine went by and woke me up, and I saw a light under the bathroom door. I thought maybe Joe had forgotten to turn it off, so I got up to do it, and opened the door and saw him lying there on the floor."

"Dead?" Mr. Aborn asked.

"Yes," Mr. Panner replied. "Yes, he's dead!"

"Shoot himself?"

"No. No, he didn't shoot himself. No, he took a dose of cyanide."

Mr. Aborn looked at him in shocked surprise. "How do you know?" he asked, but before Mr. Panner could reply, a knock sounded on the door; and when Mr. Bellows opened it the figure of Doctor Trump appeared.

Doctor Trump, the hotel physician, had been long enough in practice to understand that emergencies in which a minute or two one way or the other are important are very rare. Thus he had taken time to dress, and there was something almost indecent in the meticulous correctness of his apparel now. He wore striped trousers and a black cutaway coat, and eyeglasses with a long black ribbon were perched precisely on his nose. Mr. Bellows told Miss Gilkey afterward:

"The only way you knew that we got him out of bed was he didn't have his spats on."

He came in now, and the only mark of his profession which he wore was a folding case of soft leather, presumably containing instruments or medicaments, which he carried in his right hand. He bowed to Mr. Aborn and to Mr. Panner, ignoring Mr. Bellows, who had opened the door for him; and he asked, as though picking up a conversation already in progress:

"A suicide, you say?"

Mr. Aborn pointed toward the bathroom door. "He's in there," he reported. "This gentleman says he took cyanide."

Doctor Trump looked at Mr. Panner with the appraising eye of a diagnostician. "Ah!" he remarked, and with no other comment he opened the closed door and in the sudden flare of light from the white-tiled interior of the bathroom he stood looking down at that which lay sprawling there.

Mr. Aborn pressed against his right shoulder, peering past the doctor's arm. Mr. Bellows assumed a similar position on his other side. Mr. Panner, whose friend the dead man had been, appeared incurious. He made no effort to see, but waited for their scrutiny to be completed.

The man on the floor appeared to have prepared himself for sleep rather than for death. He was dressed in pajamas and he had been wearing slippers; one of them still clung to his right foot, the other seemed to have been dislodged by his fall. He lay on his face, his head turned to one side; his right arm was crumpled under him, his left flung across the floor. The left hand and wrist appeared to have been deeply scarred at some time in the past—perhaps by fire—but the scars were long since healed. Near this left hand, on the floor, there lay a little silver pencil of the sort which is sometimes worn as a charm attached to a watch chain. This pencil had apparently been broken when the man fell.

Doctor Trump made at first no move to touch the man upon the floor. He surveyed him gravely and for what seemed like a long time, and it was not until this survey was completed that he bent down at last and pressed his finger against one bare ankle. He rose then and turned back toward Mr. Aborn.

"Quite dead," he remarked. "For some time. You have telephoned Doctor Lawson?"

"Telephoned the police," Mr. Aborn replied. "Ought to be here pretty soon."

"Then we will leave matters as they are," Doctor Trump decided, and he came back into Room 504 and closed the bathroom door behind him.

The attention of the three men, thus removed from that which lay in the bathroom, was concentrated upon Mr. Panner; and Doctor Trump said to him in a sympathetic tone:

"This must have been a shock to you, sir. I judge you and he are friends."

"Yes," Mr. Panner assured him. "Yes, we were together here on business. We went to a show last night. Got home kind of late, and I was sleepy. I went to bed almost right away. Fire engine went by and woke me up, and I saw a light under the bathroom door. I thought maybe Joe had forgotten to turn it off, so I got up to do it, and opened the door and saw him lying there on the floor."

Doctor Trump nodded. "I see," he commented. "So you shut the door and telephoned down to the desk?"

"Yes, sir. It kind of knocked me out for a while." He smiled in an apologetic way. "I'd have been glad of a drink. We had some rum with us, but it was in Joe's room, and I didn't want it bad enough to go past him to get it."

"I should think not," Doctor Trump agreed. He sat down in the chair beside the bureau, and Mr. Panner, as though

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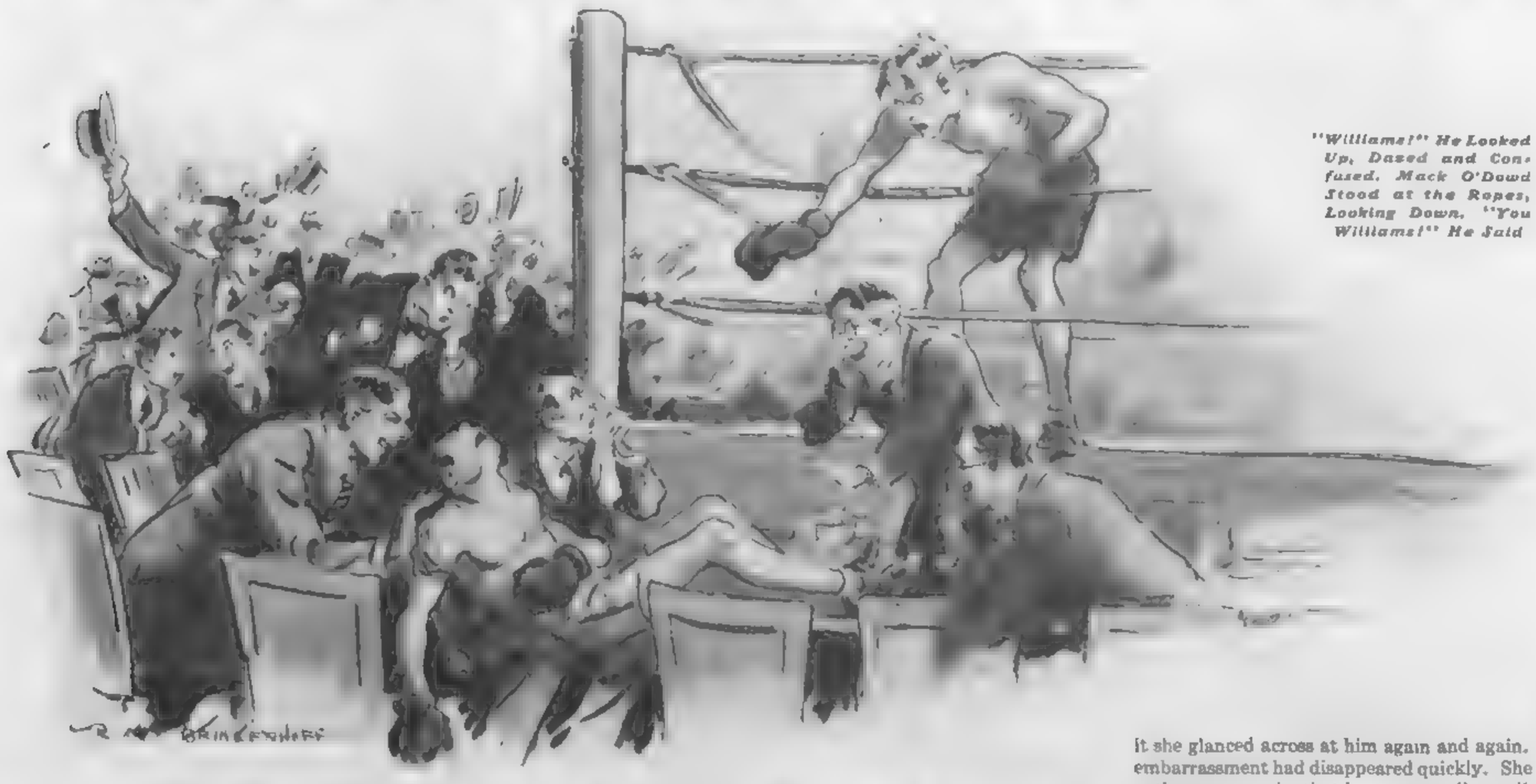
Mr. Panner Shook His Head. "I Was Asleep," He Said. "Fire Engine Went By and Woke Me Up, and I Saw a Light Under the Bathroom Door"

THE BELTING BOOKWORM



"Williams!" He Looked Up, Dazed and Confused. Mack O'Dowd Stood at the Ropes, Looking Down. "You Williams!" He Said

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

THE curtain rises to reveal the interior of a prize fighter's apartment in the Bronx. The hour is 8:30 in the evening. There are two persons present—the man of the house himself, Mr. Mack O'Dowd, a faintly logical candidate for the welterweight championship; and the fair young lady with amused Irish eyes who was Mrs. O'Dowd. She is at the moment engrossed in a small, profusely illustrated newspaper. Mr. O'Dowd is seated in what is known as a morris chair, relaxing.

Now when a prize fighter relaxes he is very relaxed indeed. There is no other relaxation like it except death. Indeed, Mr. O'Dowd even now presented something of the aspect of a corpse propped up for exhibition purposes. For when he relaxed, as he usually did in the evening, his brain somehow seemed to suspend operation entirely. He simply sat—ordinarily—with eyes fixed glassily on the ceiling. In this torpid state he was as good, or as bad, as unconscious. For hours—ordinarily—he rested so.

But this night he was a trifle restless. It was the fight. His coma of relaxation was always incomplete before fights. It was not that his thoughts, when any, were ridden with apprehension; it was merely that he was hating his approaching opponent. He was irritable, and occasionally this irritation burst forth in the form of conversation.

"Dolly."

"Yes."

"That mug's just a great big bum."

"Well, can I help it?"

"He's a great big bum"—firmly.

"All right."

"That's all he is—just a big bum."

She didn't reply. She caught the suggestion of a personal note in his voice and she knew the cause. She could not see, though, how she could be held responsible for the fact that the great big bum he was preparing to fight happened to be her cousin. She'd had nothing to do with picking either her cousins or his opponents. One was chance and the other should be laid to his manager, Honest Doc Weaver. In every respect, she felt, her conscience was clear.

She turned a page of the paper, vaguely aware that he was still muttering descriptions of Mr. Tiger Sweeney, the enormous bum. Presently he stretched, yawned vastly and rose and walked aimlessly about the room. He stared at a picture and returned to the morris chair. For another moment he again stared glassily at the ceiling. Then he spoke.

"I think," he said, with an extraordinarily elaborate effort at casualness—"I think I'll read a little bit."

For a second or two the import of this unprecedented statement did not quite sink into Mrs. O'Dowd's consciousness

She thought she had understood correctly, but she was not sure. If she had, this was, indeed, no usual situation. But she wished to make certain.

"Would you mind," she requested, closing the paper slowly, "saying that again?"

"I said," he repeated with some embarrassment—"I said I think I'll read a little. Got any objections?"

"Read what?" She had heard correctly!

"Read a book, of course," he answered with a slight touch of anger. "What do you think I'd read—a ice-cream cone?"

She looked across the table curiously and saw then that the book was already in his hands, in his lap, and that, with a lick of the tongue across a thumb, he was fumbling with the first pages.

"Well, strike me pink!" she murmured thoughtfully. "And wherever did you get that?"

"Doc give it to me," he replied patiently.

"Who?" Her amazement mounted annoyingly.

"Doc give it to me! Doc! Doc! D-o-c! What's the matter with you—deef?"

"Well, strike me double pink!" She sat back again. "And what useful little trinket is he going to give you next—a bicycle sprocket?"

"Say"—he closed the book and looked at her belligerently—"what's the idea? Ain't you got anything to do but make comical remarks?" He glared. "All I got to say is it's a mighty fine thing when a man can't pick up a book without his wife's got to sit around thinking up wise cracks. It's no wonder men don't ever read."

Apparently squelched, she made no reply, and Mack, definitely ruffled, reopened the bilious green volume.

"May I," he heard her ask sweetly—"may I inquire the title of your book."

After some inexperienced search, he located it.

"The name of it," he replied, "is the Czar's Death Revenge."

"Pretty! Very pretty, indeed!" He did not look up. "A love story, I presume."

He did not answer again. He'd started the first chapter stubbornly and his eyes refused to lift. For a moment she was sorry she had teased him. She hadn't thought of it hurting his feelings. She picked up her paper, but above it she glanced across at him again and again. His embarrassment had disappeared quickly. She saw with some surprise that he was actually reading—she could tell by the movement of his lips—and that he was being gradually absorbed in what he was reading. She continued to watch him surreptitiously, and at the same time slightly puzzled. He turned a page, now oblivious of her.

When Honest Doc Weaver arrived at ten o'clock Mack was on page seven of the Czar's Death Revenge, slightly winded but splendid with determination. The spectacle was one that brought a proud smile to Honest Doc's face.

"Atta big boy!" he commended heartily. "Won't hurt youse! Won't hurt youse a-tall! I used t' do a bit a readin' m'self before me glims went bad." He spoke as a man big enough to admit his own faults. "Besides, it's all set—just like I told youse." He drew a newspaper from a pocket and began unfolding it. "I seen the newspaper boys—and listen t' this, from Eddie Williams' column in t' Enquirer." He began to read, somewhat haltingly:

"The germ of culture, first isolated in the present heavyweight champion, seems to have bitten other practitioners of the manly art of modified murder. Honest Doctor Weaver an immaculate manager, has emerged from the jungles of Chicago with one Mr. Mack O'Dowd, a bookworm of the first water ——"

"Bookworm?" repeated the scholar.

"Sure," his wife explained; "it's a trade name for a book lover—like you."

"I'll worm him!" declared Mr. O'Dowd.

"—— a bookworm of the first water"—doc continued—"who is already matched with Mr. Tiger Sweeney the Man-Killer. Mr. O'Dowd, according to the Honest Doctor, is never without a book, the title of which the Honest Doctor could not remember. It is, however, the old Weaver family book, which has descended from Weaver to Weaver for generations. For nearly a century the Weavers have been planning to read a book, but have just never got around to it. Mr. Weaver has presented this heirloom to his present charge, who was previously a bookless bookworm, than which there is no sadder spectacle. The title of the volume is said to be Second Grade Reader."

Doc began to refold the paper. "He ain't right about some of it," he admitted. "T' book ain't exactly a heirloom. I found it in a hotel room. And it ain't t' Secon' Grade Reader. It's got anot'er name. But was I right or not—I'm astin' you, was I right or not?"

"I'll worm him!" repeated Mr. O'Dowd.

"Sure! But was I right or not?"

"Say," interrupted Dolly, "what is all this, anyway? What's all this literary business? All of a sudden you two guys get to be like a couple of liberrians. Who's Mack fighting, anyway—Elinor Glyn?"

"You think I'd slug a lady?" Mack demanded.

The doc sat down, beaming happily.

"Listen, sister," he said patiently. "It's a idea, see? It's a publicity idea. Mack was a noise in Chi, y' understand, but that don't make him even a whisper here in New York.

Y' got to build him up, see, so's people'll come see 'im fight. Now, you look at Gene Tooney."

"It's a pleasure," Dolly admitted.

"Gene's a literary fellow, but does it hurt 'im? Does anybody stay away because he's a literary fellow? I ast you now, do they? No, sir! Now what's t' reason somebody else can't use t' same gag? Why can't Mack be literary just like Tooney? Tell me that!"

"Well, you certainly picked out a nice, appropriate racket for him to get publicity with," she commented "Why didn't you say he was a embroiderer?"

"Tooney ain't a embroiderer," doc explained. "He's a literary fellow. People'll get to talkin' about Mack readin' books – and then look at t' gate when he fights! People like to see literary people fightin'."

"Why don't you sign up O. Henry?"

"He's dead," doc explained.

"I'm sorry," she apologized, dropping her eyes in mock embarrassment. "I just never thought."

He looked at her a moment uncomprehendingly and then rose.

"Well," he said, "I wanted to let youse folks know how it was gettin' over." He put on his hat. "See you at the gym in t' mornin', Mack. Good night, Dolly. Don't let 'im put his eyes out readin' all night." He winked at her and enjoyed his humor with a ghastly grin.

He shut the door behind him. And after some casual fumbling about the table, Mack picked up the Czar's Death Revenge again. Dolly returned to her tabloid. Once she glanced again at her husband. His brow was knit in mighty effort. Shaking her head as one who abandons a problem too strange for complete understanding, she devoted herself then to an account of a divorce trial, and a heavy literary silence settled over the room. It was broken at length by the scholarly welterweight.

"Say, kiddo," he said, "this story's a darb, but my glims're beginning to hurt. What do you say you read me a little bit?—out loud, you know. I don't know what's the matter, but my glims kind of burn."

She smiled faintly, indulgently.

"Sure, baby," she replied sympathetically. "Gimme."

He gave her the book and lay back in the morris chair and shut his eyes blissfully.

"I'm on Page 8," he said—"there where the young Corssack Ivan takes it on the lam with the Princess Olga. I'd read it myself if it wasn't for my glims."

"Sure," she said, "I understand." She found the place and began to read:

"Ivan touched spurs to his steed and it sprang forward with the speed of the wind. Behind him he heard the crack of a rifle and a whistling as the bullet passed his ear. In his arms lay the beautiful princess, in a dead faint, her beautiful brow as pallid as marble. Even as he galloped he leaned forward and pressed a tender kiss upon her cheek ——"

She stopped. "Hot diggety dog!" she commented. "If this ain't the red-hot sex stuff! I don't rightly know as I ought to read it out loud—mixed company, you know."

"Look!" He Said, Thrusting the Crushed Newspaper Into the Doc's Surprised Face. "Read That!"

She looked over at him archly, to find that apparently he was not listening at all. Instead, he was mumbling sullenly.

"Well," she sighed, closing the Czar's Death Revenge, "and what's preying on baby's mind now?"

"I'll worm him!" Mr. O'Dowd muttered savagely. "Probably thinks he's the only guy in the world that's ever read a book. Well, I'll worm him all right!"

"Kiddo," Dolly said, "I can see right now that you're going to go over big as a literary box fighter. I just can't remember when I last seen a guy *so* wrapped up in his reading matter. Now would you like for mamma to go on reading to you about this Polark soldier and his girl friend, or would you like to go fly a kite?"

"Go on," he said. "I just forgot for a minute."

II

IT WAS unfortunate, but Mr. Eddie Williams was scarcely in position to observe the evil flowering of the hate which he had casually sown in Mack O'Dowd's heart. For twenty years, as sports writer, he had been a sardonic if interested student of Mack O'Dowds. To him, one differed very little from another. Now and then an unusually baroque note caught his mordant fancy and, seated at his typewriter, a cigarette dangling from his lips, he permitted a facile, derisory imagination to play with it. He was grateful for these more prominent flaws. They provided him with the kind of material he liked. He was grateful for Mack O'Dowd.

He'd always been grateful for Honest Doctor Weaver. He could remember few seasons that passed without the introduction by that gentleman of a new and novel practitioner of the manly art. Mr. Williams was convinced that he was neither honest nor a doctor, and there were times when he suspected that Mr. Weaver was not even quite bright. There was nothing in the Honest Doctor's masterly maneuvers, he felt, to shake this suspicion. That was one reason why he cherished the manager of Mack O'Dowd.

The appearance of the *entrepreneur* now with a scholarly charge struck him as an event certainly worth more than one comment. One literary pugilist, in the person of the heavyweight champion, he had been able to swallow with the greatest difficulty; a second was quite beyond him, even though it had been introduced by a worthier person than Honest Doc Weaver. And in the course of a few days he made this point fairly clear to his readers:

On all sides—he wrote—it is felt that Mr. Mack O'Dowd the Bookless Bookworm could not have selected a more congenial man for manager than the Honest Doctor Weaver. As is well known, Mr. Weaver's adoration of literature has been his most distinguishing characteristic. For days at a time, it is said, the Honest Doctor may be seen leaning against the public library walls, on the outside, absorbing cultural atmosphere. Occasionally, so great has been his devotion, it has been necessary to call policemen to remove the Honest Doctor from his absorbing place.

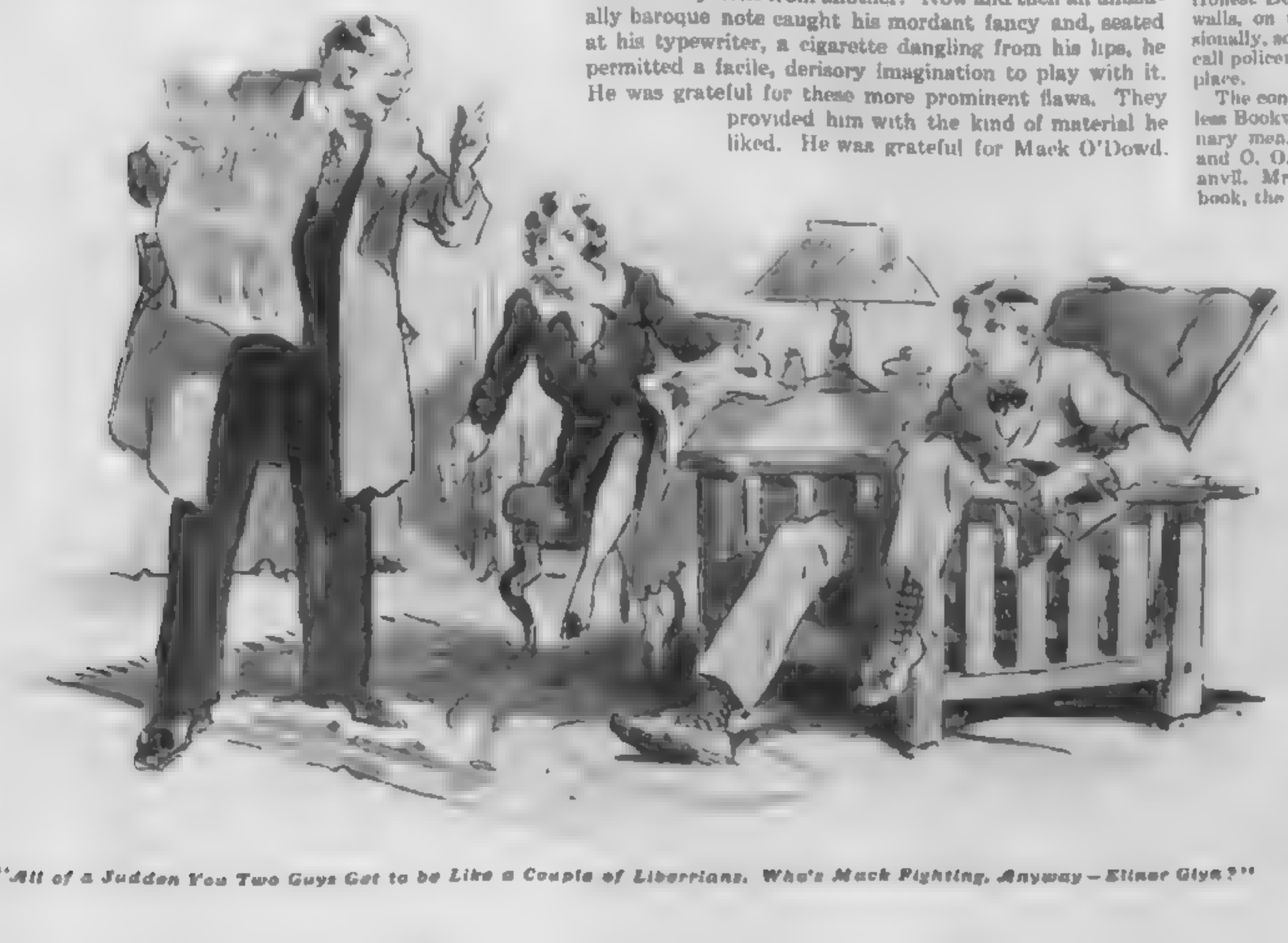
The conversations between the Honest Doctor and the Bookless Bookworm are reported to be on a plane too rare for ordinary men. Quotations from Racine, Ben Jonson, Confucius, and O. O. McIntyre fly from their lips like sparks from the anvil. Mr. O'Dowd, it is said, is never happy when far from his book, the old Weaver family book, which was given to him by his manager. Indeed, he is said often to go into the ring with it, knocking down opponents with one hand the while he reads two and even three syllable words from the volume held in his other mitt. Occasionally, when angered, Mr. O'Dowd is given to striking his opponent with his book. This is very pleasing to the doctor, who is endeavoring to persuade the State Boxing Commission to rule that his protégé be permitted to fight Tiger Sweeney the Man Killer with Doctor Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf.

Having so written, Mr. Williams lighted another cigarette, gathered together his hat and overcoat, and went out to Jack's, there to forget the whole matter.

His flippancy, however, left the Honest Doc unmoved. Years ago he had come to the conclusion that Mr. Eddie Williams was an unfathomable man. The likelihood, he felt, was that Mr. Williams was quite crazy. That point settled, he thereafter regarded the writer's comments with the amused indulgence that a sane, sound man has for the antics of a half-wit. He was convinced that what Mr. Williams wrote had no intelligible meaning and that he undoubtedly held his job through pull.

Mack, however, trudging through the two paragraphs, was deeply moved—at first to

(Continued on Page 139)



"All of a Sudden You Two Guys Get to be Like a Couple of Liberrians. Who's Mack Fighting, Anyway—Elinor Glyn?"

ROLLERS AND CHOPPERS

As Told to Mara Evans

THERE is a surprising, and frequently unrealized, difference between the occupational customs of Europe and the United States. In France and England and Germany emphasis is on conservatism and safety; children are brought up to pursue the same line that, perhaps for centuries, led their ancestors to some degree of success and at least comparative comfort. Son follows father, generation after generation. It may mean less of wealth; it is almost certain to mean a measure of content. It is as though, learning through countless decades the difficulty of conquering life by shock attack, the European races have learned to dig in, family by family, consolidating each gain and waiting for a favorable opportunity before attempting to secure more.

Here in America we are more daring. We attack life confidently, scorning assistance. Boys and girls alike are repelled, rather than attracted, by the idea of following in their parents' footsteps. We accept that attitude as part of our natural heritage of independence and individuality. Consequently in this country the diversity of opportunity, and the hazard as well, is far greater than in France or Germany. The tailor's son becomes a lawyer. The lawyer's son turns teacher. The teacher's son may become a bank president, or drive a truck. The minister's son may go to jail. The rich baker's daughter learns to paint and runs away with the chauffeur. Success is rewarded by wealth, influence, prestige. Failure, on the other hand, is punished more severely than anywhere else on the globe—by social contempt and the bitter self-condemnation that it breeds.

My own life has combined something of the Old World conservatism, the son-follow-father attitude that came to me naturally during my boyhood, with a bit of the more progressive tendency that I acquired since coming to America. The combination has proved a happy one. It has led to pleasant work and contentment in the little-known occupation that my fathers followed for centuries, that brings a touch of nature and woodland song into millions of homes.

Grading Birds According to Their Musical Ability, for the Retail Trade

I was born in the Harz Mountain country of Germany in 1870. The compact, straw-roofed little cottage where we lived was immaculate without and within. I can still see the sunny kitchen, with its white-plastered walls and beams crossing the low ceiling; two armchairs near the red-brick fireplace, with low footstools squatting beside them; a homemade china closet, with solid glassless doors, housing pottery of earthenware and utensils of wood and German silver; a sturdy pine table over by the window, covered with a cloth in hearty red checks. Mother stepping briskly over the bare stone floor with a pan of *Kuchen* fresh from the oven at the right of the fireplace.

Singing Lessons for Little Birds

BUT the happiest recollections of all are of the half hours in bed at earliest dawn, in the intervals between sleeping and waking. Lying on my tightly corseted mattress, beneath the plump feather bed with its progeny of fat pillows, basking in the first shafts of the rising sun from the low window under the eaves, thoroughly at peace under a furor of small sound that filled the room—my father's canaries—more than 800 of them—were waking too.

I never cried with any enthusiasm when I was a baby. A couple of feeble yells and I was through. But it wasn't due to a sunny disposition. It was pure embarrassment. I was so thoroughly outdone. A single cry would bring out a chorus of bird notes capable of drowning out a full orchestra, let alone one fretful baby.

The canaries provided the family income. Practically every family in the neighborhood, of course, bred and sold canaries, but my father went into it on a larger scale than any of the others. Two large additions to the cottage, with outside flying cages, housed his cherished and valuable birds. The rooms next my own, on the eastern side of the house, were lined with row upon row of cages—breeding cages in the breeding room and smaller ones in the training room. In the breeding room alone he had more than 200 nesting birds and fledglings. Food and supplies and the six-inch-square willow cages in which the birds were shipped away were kept in a little outhouse. The cages were bought from little children and old people of the neighborhood, who earned their living making them. We paid for them what would be, in American money, something less than two cents apiece.

Many a morning I would lie and listen to my father as he sat in the training room—which was nearest mine—patiently teaching the six-weeks-old youngsters how to sing. My stout, usually noisy father, who loved his beer and rye bread and cheese, teaching birds to sing!

There were several different methods that he used—methods I still see used today in America, in spite of new and improved ideas—but he liked best to play to them on the flute. By 6:30, or seven at the latest, every bird had been cleaned for the day and fed. Then, often for hours, my father would sit in the training room on an upturned box before a cage of ten or twelve young birds, a big cup of coffee—which was seldom consumed—steaming on the floor beside him. The light of the room was softened by drawn curtains, because the young birds learn better—with less distraction—in a subdued light. He'd moisten his lips and give the pupils a few notes. Then a pause. Then the same notes again, then again, until one or two of the birds had caught the phrase and were imitating it with a soft, full, round note. Then another phrase. And so on, very slowly.

Sometimes he used a piccolo, instead of the flute, or a triangle; sometimes the tiny, rather quavering organ that stood in his bedroom. Occasionally a particularly fine singer, or a choice lark or nightingale, would be engaged as teacher, at a living wage. Later my father began to use a specially made bird organ that consisted of two sheet-iron cylinders, one inside the other. The lower one contained water. Certain pulleys and weights caused the upper half to settle down slowly and steadily, so that air was expelled through a whistle and gave numerous variations of tone. He used this organ right in the breeding room, so that the birds got their first impressions of music before and during their first hours outside the nest.

He taught them four notes: The whistling note, the water note—which is warbling—the flute note and the roller note. Later their education was continued—by imitation. Their song had to be well sustained—no choppy notes. My father used to insist that 80 per cent of his birds became choice rolling canaries under his tutelage. At any rate, they sold for five times as much as ordinary singers.

Today, in America, nightingale phonograph records are often used to teach new birds. Canaries are born imitators, and are only too quick to pick out the wrong object for imitation if the right one isn't provided. The nightingale sings only two months in the year, so a real one can't be depended on for the education of the young birds. That is one reason it is possible to buy such a variety of phonograph records of bird songs—because canary breeders need them for purposes of instruction.

The Parrot That Tattled

OF COURSE only the better bred of my father's canaries really got a Master of Arts degree in singing. A canary's capacity for song often depends on his good breeding. Many of ours had no instruction at all—they were constantly being shipped away, 100 or more at a time, to the warehouses of American dealers who had representatives in German ports. We lived at the edge of the mountains and shipped most of our birds ourselves. But buyers for various exporters frequently made trips to the more isolated mountain villages for stock. Often they had to carry the birds they bought on their backs as they returned to the plain.

One day a young man, not more than twenty-two or three, well-dressed and evidently of considerable education, stopped at our cottage. He had three orange-wing Amazon parrots that he wanted to sell to my father. He was a bird student, he said, and had bought the parrots from natives in Brazil. They were beautiful birds and my father bought one of them for mother. The young man lost no time in completing the sale, drinking a cup of coffee and departing, giving only a vague idea of what direction he was going to take.

Less than a week later a notice came around from the zoölogical gardens in Dresden, Nuremburg and Leipsic. It was being sent to all shipping agencies, shipping lines and the larger bird dealers all over the country, warning them to watch out for a "young man of twenty-two or three, posing as a bird student." He had stolen thousands of dollars' worth of rare and valuable birds from the zoölogical gardens and was selling them for what he could get, taking them, as it seemed when they were later retraced, all over Germany. With some chagrin, we returned our orange wing to the Nuremburg zoo, whence he had come. The young man, who proved amazingly elusive, was finally taken. He made the mistake of removing from the Zoölogical Gardens in Dresden a parrot that was famous among bird fanciers all over Germany for its one sentence: "Oh dear, I kissed you only on the shoulder!" He took it to a pet-shop owner in Leipsic, who promptly recognized it and set the police on the track of the enterprising student.

As I grew up I began to help my father more and more in his work. It never occurred to me that I should not follow in his footsteps. To that extent, at least, life would be made easier for me; I would have my father's knowledge, the benefit of his long experience, and eventually his business. After the busy morning's feeding and cleaning and packing were over, he used to sit and talk to me about canaries—their care, their commercial value, their history.

About 1405, he told me, a Spaniard, roaming the Canary Islands, caught and carried home with him a few greenish-yellow birds of lovely song to please his lady.

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Foreign Mastar, Number One Boy

By JAMES W. BENNETT

THE Englishwoman seated in the compartment across from us sniffed. "You're griffins, aren't you? What I mean, this is your first trip to China, isn't it? Judging from the amount of baggage you have piled on those racks, I should say you were planning to live in Peking—what?"

The interrogation mark is misleading. She did not really ask a single question. She told us, with a rising inflection, that we were verdant freshmen in the remote East. Then, before either my wife or I could protest, she gazed reflectively out upon the Chi-li Plain, bleak in the autumn dusk as the Blue Express banged and rattled from Tientsin toward China's capital, and continued to speak in a pitying voice:

"When I think of the things you'll have to undergo—the tricks that will be played upon you; the sheer deviltry that you'll uncover—when I remember all the lessons that I had to learn ——" She settled herself more comfortably. "Fortunately that's over now. My servants have been with me for years."

"Oh, servants!" my wife interrupted. "I thought you meant the political situation in China."

"Servants"—the Englishwoman ruthlessly recaptured the conversation—"are the keystone of your structure out here. Without them, you fall. If your cook leaves you, can you go into the kitchen and prepare the roast yourself? You cannot! The white woman—or man, for that matter—doesn't exist who can make a Chinese stove function. It burns little balls of clay mixed with a faint trace of coal dust. And if you want to take a bath, I defy you to carry petrol tins filled with hot water from the stove to the tub. You won't find any hot and cold water taps laid on in a Chinese house."

"But we ——"

The Theoretical Boss of the Home

SHE forestalled my objection. "You'll live in a Chinese house. Everybody does—primitive, but not bad. And the face your servants will twist about! Always to their advantage, never to yours! For example, you would lose face if your Number One Boy walked out, leaving you stranded, just an hour before guests were due to arrive. Your boy—and by Number One Boy I mean a Chinese who acts as butler, chambermaid, errand boy, general factotum—has you here!" She indicated the hollow of a muscular hand.

"How long have you lived out here?" I asked.

"Twenty years." Then swinging back to the subject uppermost on her mind: "I tell you, your Chinese servants know exactly, to the ha'penny, what you are worth! During the time that we've been in China my husband has received seven increases in salary. Within twenty-four hours after each of these lifts the cook's bills went up, the boy's squeeze heightened perceptibly. Even the coolie's brooms cost more." She paused for an instant, and then added with grim emphasis: "You'd be jolly surprised what a number of brooms a coolie wants to buy a month. He very painstakingly breaks off the ends—to make them look worn."

"But," I objected, "how can your servants know what you're worth if you don't tell them?"

"Heavens! Of course you don't tell them! But the very day you hire them they trek rapidly to your bank. There, they learn the sad story of your financial rating."

"But a reputable bank ——" I began feebly.

"More than half the work in Chinese banks is performed by native clerks who have access to the depositors' accounts. Among these there is often some clerk through whom the information gets to your cook or boy. And every time your home office raises your salary, the news gets to your servants. No, I don't envy you setting up an establishment in Peking for the first time."

The train was now skirting the great bastions of Peking's Tartar Wall. Soon we would be in Chien Men Station. Our pessimistic informant bustled into the corridor.

As a parting shot, she addressed my wife:

"In America I suppose you were the chatelaine of your imported Swedes and your negro mammas. Not in China!" She pointed to me. "There's the—how do you Americans express it?—oh, yes, the boss. Your husband! Not that your Chinese servants will pay him much heed, but they'll pretend to. Theoretically he's the master."

Our initial luck was not, to express it mildly, the best. We fell into the hands of the most perfect Number One Boy in China—when he wanted to be. When guests were to be entertained—when his own face was involved—he was marvelous, suave as a Crichton, as quick in an emergency as Jeeves as he staggered under an unpronounceable name but for the purposes of this story it will suffice to call him Lee. Unfortunately Lee was too much of a Croesus, too occupied with affairs of state, to give us that sublimity of service of which he was capable, when guests were not thronging our courtyards. Whenever we diffidently suggested that the rugs needed sweeping, that our bronze replicas of the Buddhist Dogs of Fo could do with a touch of the feather duster, he smiled most agreeably and answered:

"Yes, mastar. Yes, missie. Just now can do."

Followed then a loud bustle, as he searched for brush or duster, only to make known to us that these implements had disappeared. An hour earlier we had owned both; no question existed in our minds as to that. With a sigh the master gave Lee money to buy more brushes and dusters. The boy disappeared with celerity. He returned four hours later—four hours, despite the fact that there was an excellent brush and feather duster shop in the very next *hutung*, a narrow lane not fifty paces distant.

What happened during the four hours in which the master walked the courtyard, none too patiently waiting? I can re-create the progress of the culprit, drawing from information later gleaned.

First, Lee went to his mattress establishment, where he employed some twelve decrepit and ulcer-scarred old Chinese to stuff rags, feathers, paper, leaves and cotton waste into cheap cloth ticks. The mattress shop had been bought with the proceeds of squeeze obtained by him from a former American employer. Former employer deposes this to whoever will listen.

The Fine Art of Squeezing

NEXT, the boy visited his curio shop—a table, really, in an arcade, presided over by an assistant who possessed no visible commercial morals. The table contained brass ware covered with bronze paint and sold as bronze; plaster, glass and soapstone trinkets veined and mottled by a paint brush to represent jade and lapis and carnelian. I know, for I bought the missie a string of carnelian beads from Lee's table which had a butterfly life of one month, after which each bead reverted to the primitive—glass.

Last of all, he checked up the sales in his grocery store. This had been bought by Lee, following six years spent in the services of a Scotch master and missie.

Judging later from the inroads he made upon my pocketbook, I should say that when Lee left my services he was able to start a native bank—no, I'll amend that—a pair of banks.

His methods of amassing lucre were fairly simple, yet their variety so nearly approached the infinite that an attempt to catalogue them would find me filling a volume the size of the Encyclopedia Sinica. Squeeze—the Celestial has been several thousands of years developing this art apparently. The War Lords at present partitioning China are the most perfect exponents of the art. By wholesale squeeze rather than fighting, they have attained, and continue to maintain, their dizzy eminence.

One of the schemes that Lee employed still brings the blood lust to my eyes. The missie desired to buy a certain shade of Shantung silk for curtain material. In the company of the boy, who acted as her interpreter, she rickshaed to most of the silk shops in the city. In each place she was met by a profound and unusual ignorance of the English language and by a dearth of her particular shade of silk. She had held hopes of a certain large silk emporium in Peking. But the Emporium's one English-speaking clerk apparently was out, and the establishment had ceased to stock any Shantung silk. Returning home, weary, she had given up the quest, when Lee announced sunnily:

"Maybeso, I can catch silk for missie. Can try, I go littie shop. Long way. I think silk belong plenty dear. No belong cheap. Can do?"

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At The French Club, Shanghai

THE FIRST THOUSAND

"I'm Very Busy," He Said. "I Wish You'd Go Out and Play—or—With the Other Children"

By

Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

AFTER all," said John Sand to Giotto North, "water is thinner than blood."

"That," said Giotto, "is so it can run under bridges better."

"What I'm getting at, if you follow me, is that a great deal of it has run under the bridge since you came here to Hempstead."

"A hotel clerk," said Giotto, "hears all the gossip. That's why I took the job. Speaking in a figurative way, I stand on the bridge at midnight and watch the water flow."

"But," objected John Sand, "you are not a foreordained hotel clerk. You can take it or leave it alone, as you please."

"Not," said Giotto, "and continue to eat three of Mrs. Hamilcar Bellows' meals each day."

"I'm tired," said John, "of being a walking boss. The universities don't give honorary degrees for it. It has no future and is hard on the feet. I want something more elegant and productive of wealth."

"You are hinting at something," said Giotto.

"You," said John, "have been endowed by your Creator with certain inalienable qualities; I am young and strong and industrious. Your intellect has got me out of trouble once; I am proposing a partnership so it can continue to get me out of trouble."

"Doing what?" asked Giotto.

"Why," said John Sand with an air of surprise, "being partners. One for all and all for one—you know—that sort of thing."

"You have to have capital to be a firm," said Giotto positively.

"How do you know? You were educated as an artist."

"I read it in a book. The book also said the first thousand dollars was the hardest."

"John H. Rockwell has a number of thousands of dollars. He took quite a few of them away from me. It's half the battle if you know where your thousand dollars is. Clearly, John H. Rockwell has possession of ours. Therefore, Mr. Chairman, I propose that we enter into a partnership for the purpose of taking it away from him."

"But," objected Giotto, "I've got to put this hotel on its feet. It's a sort of obligation. I was frayed at the edges and they took me in."

"To be sure," said John. "You can keep two balls in the air at once. By the way, I have it on good authority that your health is much improved."

"On whose authority?"

"Leslie Rockwell's. She claims you've grown almost beautiful since you filled out some. I think she's been counting calories on you."

Giotto grunted. "At least," he said, "I can walk upstairs without panting, and the local undertaker snubbed me yesterday. And he was so friendly when I first came!"

"How about the amalgamation?"

"Oh, that," said Giotto. "I thought that was all decided on."

"Shake," said John Sand.

And so was perfected an organization which, as water continues to run under the bridge, became not wholly unknown even beyond the confines of the vicinage. Indeed, eventually it was heard of in so remote a fastness as the capital of the state.

But in the beginning, as John Sand pointed out, it was but a little acorn.

"And," he said, "great oaks never grow from the little acorn the cow eats for breakfast. Let us, then, beware the cow until we have sprouted."

II

LESLIE ROCKWELL annoyed Giotto. Now it is difficult for a highly attractive and very aprightly young lady of nineteen years to annoy anybody but her father or brother, and it bespeaks a notable talent. Few men are irked or irritated in any noticeable measure if a girl who looks as if she might have stepped out of a fairy tale develops a marked appetite for their society. This is especially so if the young lady's conversation possesses novelty and the element of surprise.

But Giotto was irritated. He never knew at what moment he would look up from his work, to find her standing before the desk with some specious inquiry—or worse, without any excuse whatever. It embarrassed him. He did not know what to do about it, especially when she resorted to such terrible and childlike frankness that he could not determine if she were utterly lost to the dictates of maidenly modesty, or if she were bent upon making a Class-A ass of him.

He looked up from his ledger, to see her leaning upon the counter regarding him speculatively.

"How do you do?" she asked. He compressed his lips and waited. "I tried to think up a reason for stopping to see you," she said, "but I couldn't. Then I remembered that I hadn't asked after your health. And besides, one has to open a conversation somehow."

"If," he said grudgingly, "you're lonesome, go talk to Hamilcar Bellows."

"He's apt to go off and snore in the middle of a sentence," she said; "and besides, he's married."

"What's that to do with it?"

"A girl has to look to her future," said Leslie, "and I consider you very eligible."

Giotto looked about with anxious eye for an avenue of escape.

"I think I hear Mrs. Bellows calling me," he said desperately.

"You do not," she said with emphasis. "Mrs. Bellows is at the grocery. Don't you want to hear about our new house? Papa has the plans almost ready. We're going to build right where the old house burned."

"Then," said Giotto hopefully, "you'll be leaving the hotel."

"It will take a year to build," she said with satisfaction.

"Now you listen to me," he said—"why don't you go talk to John Sand?"

"He's not a romantic figure," Miss Rockwell said. "He's not an artist with sad eyes and everything. I've known him all my life. I wouldn't think of marrying John Sand."

Giotto swallowed a series of three swallows and his mouth felt very dry.

"You," he said somewhat banally, "are too young to think of marrying anybody."

"I'm really much older than nineteen," she said, and he couldn't make out to his satisfaction whether her eyes were gleaming with malicious mischief or if they were glittering with about-to-be-shed tears. Her tone was pitiful. "I—I think a great deal, and I study people so you'd be surprised. You haven't any idea how awfully mature I am mentally. Did you get sick and almost die because you were in love with someone and she broke your heart?"

"I got sick," he said, "because I ate an oyster in Florence and it gave me typhoid."

"Well," she said disappointedly, "I can't very well think about an oyster as a rival, can I? Even a Florentine oyster"

"I'm very busy," he said. "I wish you'd go out and play—er—with the other children."

"I'm not a child. I'm much older than nineteen—and I know my own mind and I've read a lot of books, even philosophies and biographies until you wouldn't believe it—and I know all about life and sorrow and things—and I've made up my mind that I shan't allow my soul to be starved because it's silly for a girl not to try to get the man she wants because it isn't conventional. Don't you think so?"

All of which confused Giotto not a little; indeed, to the extent that he gave her an opening with much less than his natural skill.

"For goodness' sake, don't I think what?"

"That a girl has the right to court a man if she truly, truly loves him?"

Giotto flushed. Even at the height of his fever, it is doubtful if his face became so sanguine. He tapped on the hotel register with an agitated finger.

"Now you listen to me. I'm a great deal older than you are ——"

"Six years," she said. "And that's just ideal."

"—— and I've had a lot more experience and —— Say"—he came to a halt and floundered—"you haven't taken it into your silly head you're courting me, have you?"

"I'm doing my best," she said demurely, "but I'm sure I'll improve with practice."

Giotto's mind uttered the time-old cry of despair which has preceded the rout of many an army: "*Sauve qui peut!*" And without preamble or apology, he snatched open the door of his office and sought safety in other and less exposed places.

Miss Rockwell gazed after him thoughtfully.

"I think," she said to herself, "it's very good for for whatever ails him."

Giotto sought refuge in the clubroom under the barber shop, where no woman—not even an irate wife—had ever set foot. Here was played the national game, and here it had been so refined and elevated and perfected that your common, or garden, cribbage player would not yet have counted his first hand before the game was over. Either Zebulon Riggs or Postmaster Graham could count correctly the most intricate twenty-five hand with one glance. The atmosphere of the place told you instantly you were in the presence of adepts.

Just behind Giotto entered Pazzy Fox, blacksmith and proprietor—or part proprietor—of the local electric-lighting plant. Zebulon Riggs looked up from his cards

"Seen you goin' fishin' this mornin'," he said. "Git any?"

"Nary," said Pazzy. "But I didn't have to git 'em."

"I cal'late," said Zebulon, "the Fox fambly'd have jest as many meals as they do mealtimes if you didn't never ketch no fish."

"The's times," said Postmaster Graham, "when I wisht you'd keep them lights a-whizzin' later'n ten o'clock."

"What fur?" demanded Pazzy. "Hain't nobuddy up."

"I was," said Graham succinctly, "and I like to bust my nose agin a door. Daughter's baby let out a screech that fetched me up a-standin'. Sounded like murder, but 'twan't nothin' but stummick ache"

"Sometime," said Barber Clarke, "one of them power comp'nies is comin' in here, and then we'll git suthin' fur our money."

Pazzy grunted. "I don't cal'late they'll come in here till I let 'em," he said; "not with the state franchise I got for water power and all."

"Your father," said Graham, "was perty cute to git that when he was to the legislature."

"Seems as though," admitted Pazzy.

"I hear tell Rockwell's gittin' into that business," said Clarke

"What he calls the Northern Power 'n' Electric Company," said Pazzy. "I dunno what'll come of it."

"Somebuddy 'll git gouged," said Zebulon Riggs.

"I'd kind of like to git out of it," said Pazzy 'Seems as though I git wore out listenin' to complaints."

"You hain't the sole owner, be ye?"

"Sister owns the same as me, and Uncle Jim, he owns ten shares"

Giotto ran his fingers through his overlong hair, shut one eye and squinted with the other at a knot in the flooring. Then he erected himself to his full height, which was not inconsiderable, and lounged toward the stairs.

"Goin' some place?" asked the postmaster.

"Why," said Giotto, "now I come to think of it, I guess I am"

Whereat he climbed the stairs, walked across the square to the office of Justice of the Peace Frazer and asked to see a county atlas, if such a work of reference were among the

(Continued on Page 96)

"Even," said Pazzy, "if Nothin' Comes of It, We Git a Hundred Dollars Apiece for Nothin'"

MISS SIMPSON STEPS OUT

"Mr. Dexter," Blurted Out Emmaline, "to Tell You the Truth, I Could Still Fall for You"

By Dana Burnet

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

WHEN Miss Simpson entered John Dexter's office—and his life—it was with no especial circumstance or advertisement. She came in quite simply, her large azure eyes wide open in a kind of angelic stare, her pink lips parted in a childlike smile. Inexpressibly lovely, she stood in front of John Dexter's shining mahogany desk and asked for a job as his stenographer; and Mr. Dexter, who had spent several precious hours questioning other applicants, merely looked at her, uttered a wordless exclamation that ended in a sigh, and said, "Yes, of course." Which was most unbusinesslike of him.

So Miss Simpson became stenographer to John Dexter, of Dexter, McKane, Jones & Co., bankers and brokers; and for six months the head of that highly reputable and wealthy firm found his days brightened by a beauty that seemed to him remote from all aspects of the world into which it had strayed. Whether Miss Simpson was or was not a good stenographer he never knew. What he did know was that she soothed and delighted his mind. She was ethereal. She had an aura. "Aura" was the word he used in describing to his good friend Mrs. Haden the spiritual haze that enveloped the exquisite Miss Simpson.

"Always a little blurred, you know, like a picture a trifle out of focus."

"I know what you mean," replied Mrs. Haden kindly. Mrs. Haden was a young widow, and kind by nature. She was rather beautiful on her own account. But she was too dark, and possibly too wise, to have an aura.

"The curious part of it is that I'm not the least bit in love with the girl," continued Dexter, with a contemplative scowl.

"Dear John!" said his good friend, smiling to show how completely she understood him.

"Am I getting old?" he wondered, tramping restlessly about Laura Haden's pretty living room. "But I'm still two long years away from forty. And it's possible, isn't it, for a man to idealize something? I don't say it's necessary, or even desirable, but it is possible—eh?" Then, as Mrs. Haden nodded, he was encouraged to add: "I don't know how else to express the way I feel about this child. If she were a painting, or a rare piece of pottery, it would be understandable enough. But she isn't. She's flesh and blood. Her father owns a truck farm somewhere in the distance. Everything material about her is at a distance. Her mother eloped with a traveling man and died in Philadelphia. But that, too, seems remote and—well, unrelated to Emmaline's existence. . . . Yes, her first name's Emmaline."

Emmaline

"Really?" murmured Mrs. Haden.

"I know these things about her. I realize that she's thoroughly commonplace. It shows in her voice and manner—particularly in her voice. And yet I've an almost religious conviction that she came out of the air and that up to the present moment her feet have never touched the earth."

Mrs. Haden said, "They will." But she didn't say it cynically or unkindly. And then she gave John Dexter a cup of souchong tea, which is very excellent tea, and afterward they went to a theater and saw a play in which a rich business man fell in love with his stenographer.

"Now I ask you," said Dexter when the painful proceedings were over, "do I look or act like that particular sort of ass?"

"No," replied Laura, "you don't. I must say," she added thoughtfully, "that I think your case is unusual. But then you're an unusual man, my dear John."

"Glad you appreciate me," returned Dexter, laughing. But he really was glad that Laura appreciated him. Nice person, Laura. Once, when her husband was still alive, he'd been in love with her. They'd had a sort of affair. But somehow, now that she was a widow, they had drifted into friendship—one of those lazy, pleasant friendships colored by sentimental memories of a more or less academic guilt.

Then suddenly Laura Haden's prediction came true. Miss Simpson's feet did touch the earth, however lightly; and Miss Simpson herself, for no discernible reason, began to—shall we say blossom? Yes, Miss Simpson blossomed. Let us say also that it was Spring. To be specific, the pure and lovely Emmaline became as 99 per cent of all the other stenographers who inhabit this absurdly imitative world. She indulged in obvious perfumes, banana oil, indelible lip rouge, sheer-silk stockings and elaborate Marcel waves that turned the calm halo of her hair into fixed furrows of burnished copper. She also had taken to staring at herself in a small round mirror that she carried in her hand bag. The hand bag itself was new and rather gaudy.

John Dexter realized with a shock, one fine April morning, that Miss Simpson's whole effect was now rather gaudy. Yet curiously her aura—the unearthly beauty that possessed the girl—survived even this distressing attempt at ornamentation. Mr. Dexter felt constrained to speak. As a matter of fact, he could not have prevented himself.

"What's happened to you, Miss Simpson? You seem different somehow."

"Did you notice it, Mr. Dexter?"

"Certainly I noticed it. How could I help but notice it?"

"Well, I thought maybe you wouldn't of noticed it, Mr. Dexter."

"Certainly I ——" began John, and then realized that he was repeating himself. So he said instead, somewhat caustically, "I hope that whatever's happened to you isn't serious, Miss Simpson."

"Oh, no, sir!" The charming creature had missed entirely the shade of irony in his voice. "It's just that my father died last Janurary, Mr. Dexter, and there was a man that wanted to buy our farm, because he wanted to start a health farm, and he said our farm was just right for his health farm. His name is Mooney and he's an awful nice man. He used to be a prize fighter or something. So I sold him the farm and I got the money for it and I thought I'd buy myself a few clothes and all."

"And all what?" demanded John.

"Why, you know, Mr. Dexter—I mean I thought I'd just fix myself up a little."

"You don't need any fixing, Miss Simpson."

"Well, it's awful nice of you to say so, Mr. Dexter, but I ——"

"Look here," interrupted Dexter, "I've known you for six months now and I—I do hope you'll understand me when I say I'm interested in you."

"Yes, sir," replied Miss Simpson, smiling demurely.

John Dexter was somewhat abashed by her smile. Good heavens, did the girl think —— But whatever she thought, he'd soon put her right about it. He continued coldly: "I'm interested in you as I might be in any nice child whom I saw getting off the—er—the track "

"What track?" asked the angelic Emmaline.

"You have a literal mind, Miss Simpson. What I'm trying to say is: Why on earth should you use rouge and powder and whatever it is you've got on your hair?"

"It's brilliantine, Mr. Dexter."

"You don't need it, my dear girl—you don't need it'"

"Well, nobody ever notices you if you don't fix yourself up a little, Mr. Dexter."

"Notices you!" exclaimed John. "What nonsense'"

"Excuse me for saying so, Mr. Dexter, but you never noticed me yourself till this morning."

"What?"

"No, sir. You never noticed me no more—I mean any more—than this chair I'm sitting on."

Her employer rose and paced his princely office. How to make this girl, this innocent child, see the truth! The truth was so subtle, so absolutely inexpressible! How could he tell her that he wanted her to exist, to go on existing, for the sheer beauty of her own perfection, for the glory of God and the general satisfaction of mankind?

"Miss Simpson," he said, turning and facing her squarely, "ever since you came into this office you have been—I tell you this frankly—a perfect joy to me. And when I say joy I mean joy—joy! Do you get it, Miss Simpson? I've regarded you as I might regard a statue by one of the Greek masters—or by one of the modern masters, so far as that goes. Confound it, Miss Simpson, you've no right to fix yourself up! How dare you interfere with God's handiwork, Miss Simpson?"

"Why, I never heard you use such language before!"

"I'm not using language," retorted John with vigor. "I'm just telling you the simple truth about yourself. Listen! The first thing to remember, Miss Simpson, is that you are a joy—have you got that into your head?"

The azure eyes gazed limpidly into his.

"Yes, sir. But I never knew I was anything like that to you, Mr. Dexter. What I mean, Mr. Dexter, you never told me so. You never asked me out to dinner or to a show or anything. So how was I to know I was a joy to you—or anything?"

"Or anything?" echoed Dexter dazedly; then, recovering his self-possession he snapped out: "So you expected me to ask you to dinner, did you?"

"Oh, no, sir, I didn't! I never said I did, Mr. Dexter. I just said ——"

"I heard what you said, and I can see clearly that you haven't the faintest conception of what I'm talking about. You've misunderstood me completely"

"Please, Mr. Dexter, no I ain't—haven't. It's only that all the girls in the club—I live in a girls' club, Mr. Dexter, on East Twenty-eighth Street—and they say you can always tell when the boss begins to like you, because he always starts out asking you to dinner with him."

John Dexter continued to control himself.

"Miss Simpson," he said, with a paternal smile, "years ago I made it a rule never to fall in love with my stenographer. Is that clear to you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I've never done so and I don't propose to do so now. It's one of the social conventions that I don't subscribe to. I hope I'm making myself quite plain to you, Miss Simpson?"

"I'm sure I never expected you to fall in love with me, Mr. Dexter. What I mean, I never tried to lead you on, or anything."

"Lead me on! Good Lord!" uttered Dexter helplessly

"The girls say I must be wasting my opportunities, Mr Dexter. But what I say is it's better to sit tight and let things just sort of happen. I mean ——"

At that moment Dexter's desk telephone rang. He instinctively moved toward it, then stopped and looked at the girl. "Miss Simpson," he said, "I'm a busy man. I can't talk to you now. But I'd like to talk to you quite seriously. Wait for me after closing hour this afternoon. I'll drive you uptown to your boarding house. We can have our little talk on the way."

"Oh, Mr. —— Yes, sir!" said Miss Simpson, and with a coy smile that managed somehow to be divine she backed hastily out of the office. In the hall she stopped and opened her hand bag, took out mirror and lipstick and began painstakingly to rouge her already scarlet lips

"As though he'd ever of noticed me if I hadn't of fixed myself up a little!" murmured Miss Simpson to the angelic countenance that was her own face in the tiny mirror.

II

THAT night Miss Simpson dined with Mr. Dexter. How it happened he never quite knew. He could not remember afterward just when or how he had issued the fateful invitation But he did know—he felt instinctively—that it was fateful

They dined informally but rather dashingly at a restaurant that Dexter seldom frequented. It was pseudo-Russian and a little out of his line. But it was gay and expensive, and Emmaline seemed to enjoy it. She was childishly excited and happy and her order was unexpectedly conservative.

"I'll just have some roast beef and potatoes, Mr. Dexter."

"Oh, come now, Miss Simpson, don't tell me you're on a diet."

"No, sir, I ain't—I'm not on a diet exactly. But I got a friend who's in the health business—you know, that Mr. Mooney I told you about—the man who bought our farm. Well, I saw him the other day when he just happened to be in town, and he told me I ought to eat a lot of red meat So I'll have it rare if you please, Mr. Dexter."

"But surely you'll have something more—an entrée salad?"

"No, thanks, Mr. Dexter. I can't never eat much when I hear music playing."

There was an orchestra on the premises—of course there would be—and a small squared space for dancing. Did Mr. Dexter dance? Well, yes, occasionally. But it was rather too warm and too crowded to dance in a place like this, didn't Miss Simpson think so?

Evidently Miss Simpson did not think so. Her red lips drooped a little at the corners, and her large blue eyes clouded with obvious disappointment.

"Well, I guess it is if you say so, Mr. Dexter. But it's such lovely music, and all."

"My dear Miss Simpson —— "

"Say, listen, Mr. Dexter, I wish you wouldn't keep on calling me Miss Simpson," exclaimed the girl, leaning slightly toward him. The grace of her pose, the sudden smile with which she supplemented her request, gave Dexter a brief but authentic thrill. The consciousness of this thrill worried him. Vaguely he knew that when Miss Simpson looked at him like that—like an angel appearing from a cloud to beam and bloom upon him—he could refuse her nothing. "It makes me feel like we was just sort of strangers," finished the angel, sighing

"Very well, I'll call you Emmaline."

"Oh, that's nice, Mr. Dexter. That certainly is nice. I always say you can't never tell whether people really like you till they start in calling you by your first name."

To his own surprise, John heard himself saying, "Does your friend Mr. Mooney call you by your first name?"

The lovely Emmaline laughed. The fact is she simpered. But

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"Oh," Cried Laura, Stirred by the Sight of Such Loveliness, "How Beautiful You Are!"

The American Book of Wonder

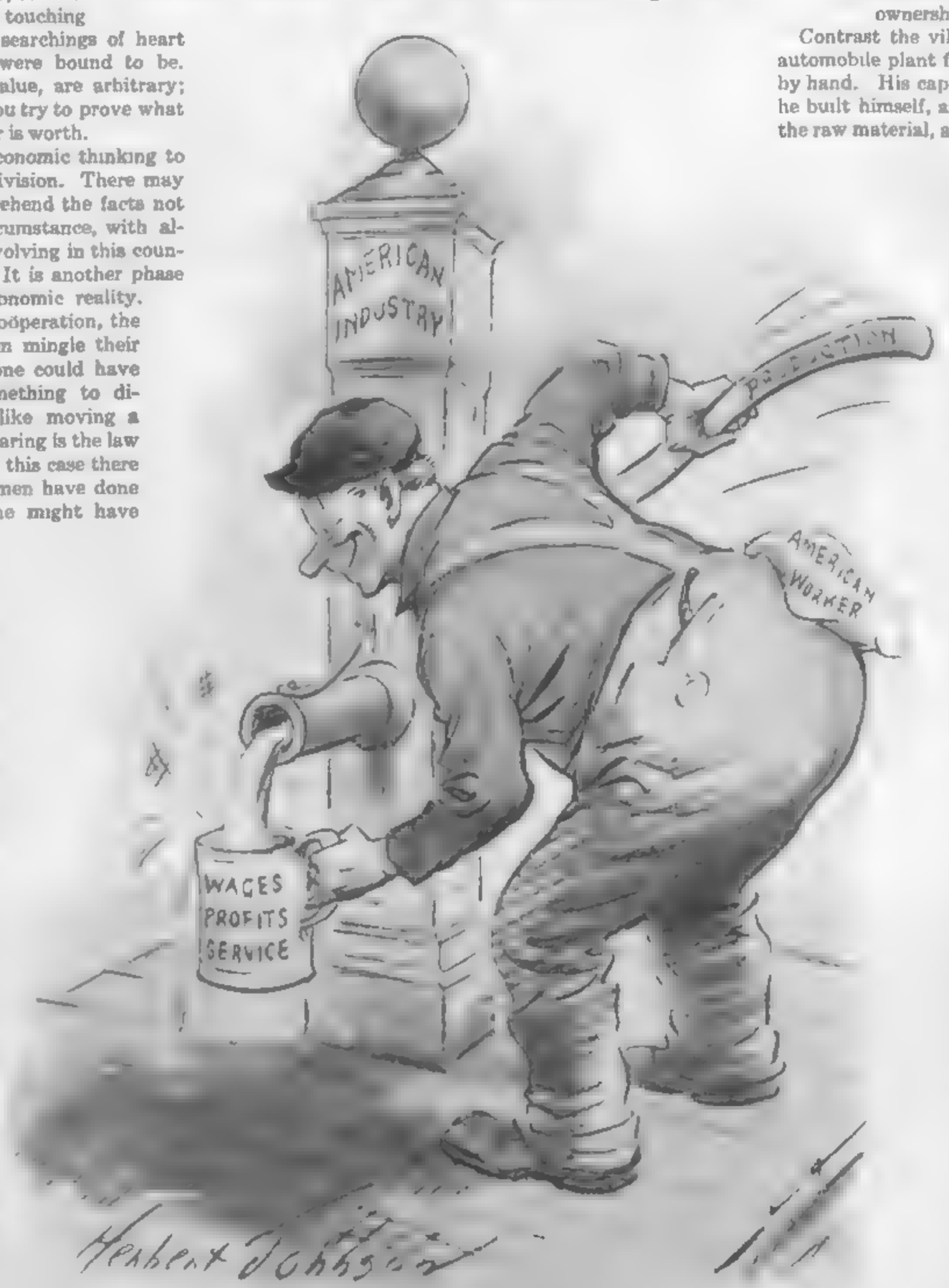
By GARET GARRETT

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

YOUR share and mine. How is this to be determined? Division is the great end and there is no science of it. The divisions of Nature, so far as we know, are unscientific. The divisions of Reuben, touching land and water rights, caused great searchings of heart because they were despotic. They were bound to be. Profits and wages, as measures of value, are arbitrary; this you immediately discover when you try to prove what share belongs to capital and what labor is worth.

It is perhaps the deepest error of economic thinking to imagine there could be a science of division. There may be a philosophy of it that will comprehend the facts not as truth but as points in fluid circumstance, with always a view beyond them. We are evolving in this country a philosophy of that character. It is another phase of the American contribution to economic reality.

With the first rude act of human coöperation, the problem of division begins. Two men mingle their strength to achieve a result neither one could have achieved alone. There is then something to divide. If it is a simple difficulty, like moving a stone to discover the treasure, equal sharing is the law of amity. Note, however, that even in this case there is a compound principle. What two men have done is not simply twice as much as one might have done. Working separately, alternately, independently, they could have achieved nothing. Together they did it. Their combined power is greater than the sum of their individual powers. If they separate, that mysterious power of combination is lost. If they do not separate, there is the beginning of organization. Clearly, therefore, a part of the treasure belongs to neither of them as individuals but to an invisible new entity, which is both of them inseparably—that is to say, society. Now imagine it to be a stone that two men cannot move—one that ten could not move by exerting their bodies against it. But a third man comes with an idea to exert mechanical power against it. He invents a lever device by means of which, acting under his direction, the two men easily move the stone. How now shall the treasure be divided? You have introduced ideas and capital. How shall these be rewarded? What is their rightful share against that of the two who contributed only the labor? What of the tool? Shall something on account of the tool be charged against the treasure as rent? Moreover, whose tool is it, since all three of them worked to make it?



There is Properly No Conflict Between Producer and Consumer. How Could There Be? Producer and Consumer are the Same Person

An Economic Demon

THE third man says: "It is my tool and I am entitled to be paid for the use of it. It is mine for two reasons. First, I invented it. Secondly, while we were making it, which was a labor of three months, I fed and clothed and housed you. Therefore, for all you contributed to the making of the tool—namely, your labor—you have received wages; and what is more, wages is all you are entitled to receive as your share of the treasure; and even so you are better off, for without my idea and my device you would not have got anything. I made your labor productive."

The two retort: "Without our labor you would not have been able to create the tool or to use it afterward for the purpose intended. No wealth can be created but by labor. Therefore, if you become dogmatic, labor is entitled to the whole result."

Arguing in this manner, they will never agree. In the effort they were united. Having by coöperation multiplied their power to obtain a divisible result, they immediately separate again and begin to quarrel as individuals. If the two will kill the capitalist and seize the treasure, they may; only then they destroy what is more valuable than the treasure—namely, a source of ideas. If, on the other hand, the capitalist leaves the two with wages only and takes all the rest for himself he has destroyed the willingness of labor to coöperate, and that also is more valuable than the treasure.

This dispute, always in the same fundamental shape, is the demon that has threatened economic society from the beginning of modern industry, founded as it is on the principle of multiple effort. Like every other kind of demon, it has no reality but as a symbol of bad passions and unintelligence.

If it were that everyone separately possessed the means of production—the farmer his land and the artisan his tools—there would be no such quarrel over the worth of one kind of effort as against another, no wage system, no problem of division. There would be only problems of exchange. But that would be another state of economic life, more or less idyllic, desirable perhaps, but not any longer possible outside of fantasy. Under that system not more than a quarter of the population now existing could be sustained.

In this country, where it has been always easy for anyone who wanted it to acquire land, there is no such problem of division in agriculture as in industry. The agricultural problems are primarily problems of exchange. But as to the industrial means of production, especially in this country, they are so costly and so ramified in method and organization that individual ownership as a rule is impossible. Multiple ownership, like multiple effort, is a necessity.

Contrast the village smith and the man in a modern automobile plant forging a crank shaft. The smith does it by hand. His capital, besides his skill, will be a forge that he built himself, an anvil, a hammer, tongs, a few coals, the raw material, a shed over his head. It takes him a day at least, and when he has finished it he charges what he thinks his skill, his time and the material to be worth.

The other, standing in front of a drop-forging machine, a two-ton hammer rising and falling at the touch of a lever, forges crank shafts at the rate of one a minute. The material is brought to him white hot. All he has to do is to place it squarely on the dies and trip the hammer. The power that drives the machine is delivered to him. He did not invent the machine. In a lifetime he could not build one. Yet if it breaks or wears out, another will immediately appear in its place. If he owned it and had it in a shed of his own, he could not use it. He probably could not sell it for more than its junk value, because it fits only there in that one spot as a unit in a series of mechanical powers.

The Problem of Value

THE amount of capital supporting this crank-shaft forger is by no means limited to the cost of the mighty machine before him. Behind him is an originating chain of means and coördination up to the point at which a crank shaft shall appear; beyond him the chain of means and coördination continues to the point at which a complete motor car appears, containing the crank shaft. The motor car has then to be sold, and there is another great organization expressly to do that. If it fails, there will be nothing to divide. Over all this lies a science of management of which he knows little or nothing.

Consider that some definite share of the total automobile product must go to the man who forged the crank shaft, on a machine he did not invent, could not build or use as a smith in any enterprise of his own, moved by power he did not originate, acting on material delivered to his hand white hot, one act among thousands contributing to the creation of motor cars in quantity under a science of method he probably takes very little trouble to understand. What shall his share be? There is the problem of division in only one aspect, as it concerns labor.

Even if all the factors were constant, still it would be impossible to determine the exact value of this one man's labor. To attempt it would require the work of analytical accountants to many times any imaginable cost of forging a crank shaft, and when they were through they would not agree. Fancy doing this for thousands of different operations in one plant. Besides, none of the factors is constant. Suppose you had a figure to express with tolerable accuracy the value of the labor required to forge a crank shaft. That will be its value in terms of what? Money, perhaps. But the buying power of money is variable. Then will it be the value in terms of the product—that is to say, a definite part of the total value of a motor car? Who knows what the value of a motor car is today or will be tomorrow?

Value is one instant of equilibrium in a flux of innumerable forces; it is either that or an abstraction. No other word has so bedeviled the minds of economists. Having imprisoned it many times in a formula only to see it escape again, it once occurred to them as a solution to

abolish the word. Jevons, the English economist, seriously proposed it.

Since you cannot determine the specific value of labor's contribution in a given case, there is no coming that way to a science of division. You might think to come at it by another way. Suppose you take the total product of wealth and slice it by segments, so much for capital as interest and profit, so much for labor, so much for reserve or to increase capital, and so on, by some rational principle, leaving each segment to be divided by any rule that works. But what is that rational principle?

To find it has been the great task of economists. They began by trying to say what were the sources of wealth. These, they have generally said, were three—land, capital, labor. They still say land by habit, meaning Nature in general; they said land at first because economic thinking began when agriculture was the chief occupation and the artisan was not regarded as a producer at all. By capital they meant what was on the land to work it with. By labor they meant at first peasant labor only. As industry rose, these terms were extended in meaning. Land meant natural resources of any kind; capital meant all means of production whatever, including plant, equipment, raw materials, credit and money; and labor meant wage earners either on the land or in factories.

No one will deny that land, capital and labor, in all such senses, are sources of wealth. They are not the only sources. It is strange that economists have so seldom regarded ideas as a source of wealth. Yet it is possible to argue that ideas have created all modern wealth. True, labor was required to externalize the ideas, but without the ideas that half of the population which is now industrial would not exist. It could not exist. Not only would it not exist as industrial population, it would not exist at all. It could never have lived. One must remember always that the most impressive single human fact of the past century and a quarter has been the increase of population that was made possible only by industry.

The Purpose of Production

HAVING agreed that land, capital and labor were the sources of all wealth—ideas vaguely included in the term "capital," if at all—the economists proceeded to imagine a law of rent, a law of profit, a law of wages; and it was all arbitrary, since there was no way to prove relative values. Some said capital was of first importance and should be first rewarded, because without capital, labor would return to a life primeval. Even these could not say what the reward of capital rightfully should be. How could they? Others said labor was of first importance because without labor the land would be barren: capital alone could not make it productive. Adam Smith, founder of conservative economic doctrine in Europe, said labor was the true source of all wealth; then he propounded not a ratio of division but a natural law of wages, which was the market price, for labor as for any other commodity, determined by conditions of supply and demand. Karl Marx, founder of extreme radical economic doctrine in the Old World, said labor was the only source of wealth and proposed to abolish capitalists, intellectuals, all people whatever who did not perform manual labor; others were parasites, living on the workers, exploiting them.

Again the dispute stands precisely where it did in the imaginary case of three men who had moved a stone to discover the treasure, one contributing ideas and capital, two contributing labor. So there is no coming by that way, either, to a science of division. Nor is there any way of coming to it.

Science is of method and means. Division is a transaction with life, concerning its ends. What are the ends? The ultimate end we do not know. We know what it is not. Certainly we do not live in order to produce. The object of increasing production is to make life richer, to free it of fear and want, to multiply its extensions. Idealism is not a science. Faith in the perfectibility of human relationship is not a science. Forethought for the common welfare is an emotion to begin with. There may be a science of profit, if you mean the arithmetic of private gain: but for a sense of profit in works without gain, for the sense of it in deserving the good opinion of your fellow man, there is no science whatever. Division is toward or from a people's daydream. It may be governed by a conviction of things no one has yet seen. That is why there can be no science of it. There may be both an art and a philosophy of it This is to be approached.

In the work of creating wealth there are several parts. First, there is Nature's part, which is miraculous—the soil, the minerals and gases below the soil, moisture, sunshine, seasons and periodicities, the energy of matter, the mysterious principles of life, reproduction and subdivision. Fortunately the earth has never to be paid. She loves to be exploited.

A Normal Man's Objective

THERE is labor's part. This is to speak of manual labor. It is a definite part; yet in our arrangement no one is fixed in that part. One may stop in it or pass through it. Largely that is a matter of temperament or capacity. There is no caste of job. A job of some kind is every normal man's objective. Recently an English visitor, having addressed the students of a well-known American school, was asked by them to say what the difference was, as he

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The Great Error of Industry Had Been to See the Wage Earner Only as a Producer. Not Until It Began to See Him Also as a Consumer Was It Possible for a New Philosophy of Division to be Imagined

THE HUMAN CHASE

"Funny Sort of Show," He Confided. "Send No Travelers Out and Like to Do Their Bithneth for Cash"

THE GREAT WEST RAID

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

PHILIP BRETT sat up in bed with a sudden start. He turned on the electric light and glanced at his watch. It was twenty minutes past four, and the telephone bell by his side was ringing violently and insistently, with a weird note of alarm in its call through the darkness. He took off the receiver and recognized with a thrill the chief inspector's voice, hoarse and agitated:

"That you, Brett?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get down to Warren's Stores as quick as you can. Matthew's about again. Bad business, I'm afraid."

"Coming right away, sir."

In a quarter of an hour Brett had picked up a stray taxi and was driven to the West End. He found one of the side entrances of the great emporium open, and the moment he entered the place he realized the atmosphere of tragedy. There was, indeed, something sullenly dramatic in the strange scene—the vast room, with many of its show cases covered with linen spreads, the shadowy spaces where the lights had not been turned on, the little groups of men talking in eager, subdued voices, the three bodies crumpled up and grotesque upon the floor—two, in their watchmen's uniforms, dead, the third struggling to make a last statement to a sergeant kneeling on one side while a doctor held his hand on the other. In the far corner, near an open door, through which came faint gleams of the approaching dawn, an inspector was seated with a telephone on a small table before him, barking out quick imperative orders. The dying man, looking round, recognized the newcomer and summoned him feebly. The doctor held a restorative to his lips, and after a moment's gasping for breath, he gripped Brett's coat sleeve feverishly.

"You're Scotland Yard, ain't you?" he said. "I know. Listen! There was only three of them doing the real work. The rest were just packing up and getting the stuff away. They all wore masks, but they were big men, and they moved—just like them dolls, as though they were on springs. I got mine just here, by that third show case. He came round the corner sudden. 'Put 'em up!' he shouted. I suppose I'm wishing now that I had, but I didn't. I got him ——"

The man's breath for a moment failed him. The doctor wiped his lips. He continued, a little more feebly:

"I got him fairly in the mouth with my fist—thought he was going over, and then I'd have been on top of him. He just staggered back, and out came his gun, and that was the end of me."

"Did you see what the masks were made of, or notice any peculiarity about either of the burglars?" Brett asked.

The man shook his head feebly. "They moved about like ghosts, sir. Rubber soles, black clothes, masks that fitted as though they'd been boiled onto 'em. They didn't disturb the lights. Their torches were all they wanted to see with. It was Jim who tumbled to what was going on first. We met down here at three o'clock as usual, and he seed a white flame burning in the office where they were firing the safe, and directly afterward we heard a rumble as the door fell open. He jumped and started for the alarm—got within a foot of it too; but with his hand all ready stretched out to bang the knob, they shot him dead and he went over. Jim did—like a sack of carrots. There he lies, over yonder—never moved again."

The man's eyes were half closed. There was a brief ghastly silence. The doctor shook his head.

"It's about all over," he announced.

Brett leaned down a little closer. "Don't talk any more," he whispered kindly. "Are there any messages you'd like to send?"

The man opened his eyes again. It was only a thin thread of voice which came from his lips, but it was curiously distinct.

"The old woman's dead," he said. "Never thought I'd be thankful for it, but I am now. I've been in two burglaries, but I never seed anything like this. There were seven bagfuls of jewelry from the floor upstairs. They just worked the lift and brought them down as cool as you like—never hurried at all, never spoke—just like bloody machines, they were. As fast as they brought the stuff down there were men waiting in the yard who took it over to the shed. They must have had a wagon there. Perhaps, after this," he concluded, his voice dying away, "they'll let us chaps carry a gun. Instead—shot down like sheep, we was."

The last word or two had come lingeringly from the man's lips. The doctor bent over him and covered his face with his handkerchief. Brett scrambled to his feet. A lump had risen in his throat, but there was no time in those tense moments for regret or sentiment. He made his way to the corner where the watchman had struck the blow, and, with an electric torch in his hand, made a close search. There were a few drops of blood near the show

case, and among the kicked-up dust where the masked man had staggered and recovered himself, a small white object, inset with a glittering morsel of metal—a man's front tooth which had been stopped and the fang of which was still red. He wrapped it carefully in a piece of tissue paper and placed it in his pocketbook. Afterward he continued his search, but without avail. There was no other memento of the encounter

Six o'clock struck, and a slow unwilling daylight was bringing faint relief to the gloom of the streets outside. Police ambulances had arrived and the bodies of the dead men were reverently removed. A crowd of curious loiterers in a side street was continually being dispersed by the police. The managing director of the firm, Sir Thomas Callender, sleepy but agitated, arrived in his car from Richmond and bustled into the small office where Chief Inspector Absolom and Brett were talking.

"A terrible business, this, gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "Terrible! Is it true that three of the watchmen have been killed?"

"I'm afraid it is," the chief inspector admitted.

"And they've got away with a lot of stuff?"

"For the present—yes," was the regretful reply. "They've taken it off in one of your own vans, too, and a limousine. What we should like from you, sir, as soon as you can let us have it, is some idea as to the nature and quantity of the stolen goods."

"I'll have a look round," Sir Thomas proposed. "The heads of the jewelry department will be here by now."

He hurried off. The two other men walked slowly once more round the warehouses.

"I don't see that there's anything more we can do here," the inspector remarked thoughtfully. "Our finger-print experts are working on the show cases and Hovell has taken every possible photograph of the footprints in the dust. They've rifled seven safes, cleared out Lord knows how much jewelry, and they haven't left so much as a hand file or a collar stud behind them. Brett, you know whose work this is, of course?"

"Matthew's," his subordinate groaned

The inspector nodded. "There's no other criminal out of prison," he declared, "who could possibly have organized an affair like this. The detail of it all is perfection. The police were never for a moment suspicious. The sergeant tells me now that he is sure a crawling taxicab gave signals whenever the coast was clear so that they could get the bags across. When the van came out, the man on point duty simply thought that someone was making an early move into the country. There might never have been an alarm at all if he hadn't noticed the three men in evening dress in the limousine following it. He thought that was queer, strolled round to the back door, which was properly locked, stood on a case, looked in and saw the bodies on the floor and the whole place in confusion. . . . Brett, what was the last news you had of Matthew?"

"I saw him three nights ago, sir."

"Saw Matthew? Where?"

"Coming out of the Ambassadors Theater. I had dined late at the Ivy. I go there occasionally, because from something I once heard I fancy that it used to be a favorite haunt of his. Afterward I crossed the street to watch the people leaving the theater. I always imagine, I don't exactly know why, that Matthew's a theatergoer. Just as I arrived there, a man was handing a woman into a car. There was nothing familiar about his appearance at first—I don't even know why I watched him. He was well turned out, well set up, good-looking, everything correct, silk hat in his hand as he helped the woman in, and then, as he took his place beside her, he half turned and looked at me. He couldn't resist it. He laughed in my face—half a laugh and half a sneer. It was Matthew all the world over, and then the limousine shot away. I jumped into a taxicab, but it was hopeless All I know is that on the Embankment the car turned eastward."

"It isn't much," the inspector observed

"It's something."

Sir Thomas reappeared. He was more agitated than ever

"The whole thing is inconceivable!" he exclaimed. "The burglars must have known every inch of the place and every particle of stock. Three-quarters of our best jewelry is missing, and seven of our safes, with their cash reserves, are absolutely rifled. I should put our losses down at something like a quarter of a million."

"Any insurance?" the inspector asked.

Sir Thomas shook his head. "A firm in our position," he said a little stiffly, "is not able to insure itself, unfortunately. . . . Now tell me, please—Mr. Absolom, isn't it?—tell me just what steps you are taking. I must call a meeting of the directors at once and report."

"We've commandeered your telephone down here," the latter announced, "and they've been given government priority. The whole of what we consider the thieves' highway, from Aldgate eastward, is being watched and searched. Every police station in London is looking out for the car and the van, and we've fifty motorcyclists on the roads. So far as we can, we've drawn a cordon round every thoroughfare. Reports come in every few minutes to the inspectors in charge of each district, and if it's anything important we are notified at once."

Sir Thomas nodded approval. "Seems as though you ought to get them, eh?" he remarked anxiously.

"We hope so, but you must remember that these are no ordinary thieves. Their plans inside the place seem to have been perfectly framed and carried out, and no doubt they've arranged for the getting away just as thoroughly. Their danger spot was turning into the street here without exciting suspicion. Once away from the

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They All Gathered Round to Stare at It With Fascinated Eyes

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 7, 1928

Protection for Unskilled Labor

EVERY consideration of prudence and sound policy indicates that Mexican immigration must be put under quota restrictions. A determined effort to do so will be made during the present session of Congress. All the old arguments in favor of cheap labor, seasonal and migratory, will be used once more to combat such a proposal.

The careful studies of the Mexican immigration problem made in California are well known. In the bitter school of experience California has learned a great deal about the high cost of so-called cheap labor. It has learned that, however cheap it may look, unassimilable man power is always dear when one counts in the costs that persist from generation to generation.

Some of the chambers of commerce in Texas are all set to fight the restriction of Mexican immigration. They say they need agricultural labor to bring cheap lands into production. They want seasonal, migratory hands to get in the crops. The merchants, moreover, call these peons good spenders, and they want their trade.

This frank statement naturally provokes certain pertinent questions. If Texas is already shorthanded at harvest time, why make the shortage more acute by increasing the demand for seasonal labor? Will the planting of these new lands have a tendency to make the general condition of agricultural prosperity higher or lower? Is not the farming industry always threatened by the premature addition of new arable lands? Are not American farmers with American standards of living just as desirable customers as peons with the standards and wages of peons?

There is another angle from which the matter must be considered. American agriculture is the beneficiary of a protective tariff which creates a differential estimated at anywhere from half a billion to a billion dollars a year. Whatever the correct figure is, a great mass of farmers feel that this protection is so indirect and is of such dubious value that it amounts to little more than a talking point when compared with the direct and tangible benefits conferred upon the manufacturer. Why not, then, protect the labor of the American harvest hand from Mexican competition? Why should he be less directly favored than his brother who works in a machine shop or the employer his brother works for?

When the present immigration act was being debated in Congress some of its bitterest opponents were large employers of industrial labor. The law was passed over their protest, but the evil consequences of it which they professed to fear have not yet come to pass. The lessening inflow of cheap labor proved a powerful stimulus to the invention and adoption of an unbelievable number of mechanical devices for the accomplishment of rough and heavy tasks formerly done only by hand. They do the work better and cheaper and more quickly than it was done before and, best of all, they do not breed undesirable American citizens.

The widespread use of such machinery, both in outdoor and indoor trades, and the economic significance of this sudden shift can scarcely be overestimated. More than one authority has declared that the Johnson Act has proved a veritable godsend to American unskilled labor as a preventive of unemployment. There can be little doubt that the country is better off for employing a single well-paid American mechanic to run a machine that does the work of four or five underpaid immigrants than it would be under the conditions that prevailed a decade ago.

America was the first of all nations to discover that really cheap labor is often that which commands the highest wage. The fat pay envelope and the low unit cost of production go hand in hand. The prosperity they breed is sound, wholesome and enduring; and what is most important, it is not brought into being at the expense of racial values, decent living and American traditions.

Industry is richer for not having altogether had its own way in the matter of low-grade immigrant labor. Thrown upon its own resources, it has drawn upon our national inventive genius to an extent which only a few years ago would have been deemed impossible. In some fields invention has outstripped the demand for improved methods and machinery. Not every employer has mechanized his work as fully as he should, but even those who are not alert and progressive are being swept along with the tide. Every able-minded worker who is released from unskilled employment by new types of electrical or pneumatic machinery becomes a candidate for a job which involves more skill and judgment than were formerly demanded of him. In other words, circumstances invite him to use his head as well as his hands and to earn the higher wages which superior forms of production command.

Industrial leaders are too shrewd not to have perceived the benefits of altered conditions, and their demands for green immigrants are not nearly so loud as they were a few years ago. Labor, too, is more insistent than ever upon having the protection to which it is logically entitled. Large agricultural employers must be prepared to face the fact that our new immigration policies have set and hardened and are no longer plastic. Their problems are serious and difficult. They cannot be lightly brushed aside; but this does not mean that they will not yield to the ingenuity and persistence which have achieved such signal triumphs in the field of industry.

Racial groups are likely to remain unreconciled for a full generation, but they, too, must realize that the United States has committed itself to a definite immigration policy and that this policy will never be abandoned.

Nibbling

FAR up in the fastnesses of the Adirondack Forest Preserve of New York stands Whiteface, one of the noblest mountains in the East, which, because of its solitary position, miles removed from the nearest range of peaks, enjoys a dominant position in the landscape rarely found this side of the Rockies. By comparison with the surrounding country, its slopes present an appearance of unusual boldness and loftiness, which is enhanced by changing cloud and light effects and by the sparkling waters of Lake Placid at its base. Whiteface is an everlasting asset to the state, standing in its natural perfection as fashioned by the Creator.

But now comes a plausible scheme to build an automobile highway to the summit of this majestic peak, with the ultimate effect, if not the intent, of wresting from the mountain its charm of solitude, of strewing the country with tins and trash, of erecting hot-dog stands and ugly billboards, and of liberalizing the Forest Preserve in general.

Two arguments are advanced in favor of this proposal. In the first place the highway is intended to reach the summit, where a memorial is to be erected to the soldiers of the late war. But of course this must be a mere pretext, for obviously the mountain as it stands constitutes, as said by Louis Marshall, for twenty years president of the State College of Forestry, "a finer tribute than any number of artificial monuments."

The other and far more plausible reason advanced for building such a highway is to render access to the summit possible to others than mountain climbers and hikers. The ascent, though easy enough as mountain climbing goes, is of course unavailable to thousands who would make it by motor. The idea is to render the view accessible to all.

But this ambition requires a closer analysis than it has yet received. The assumption that views from mountain peaks are necessarily more rewarding than from other points is not borne out by the facts. It is like the assumption that the farther one travels the more one necessarily sees; the end of the trail, because it is the end, is not thereby the most beautiful portion. Who really dares say that the view from a mountain peak is finer than the view of the mountain itself?

If the state of New York really wants to render more available the values of Whiteface, it would better find out first from what point the greatest number of inspiring views may be had. But the truth is that people who want every mountain top reached by cogwheel railroads and motor speedways are not so much interested in views or in Nature as they are in stunts, a little sensational if possible, that will appeal to the tourist and scatter more dollars around.

There are even advocates of a railroad or highway to the top of Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the United States. This very fact—that it is the highest—could be sold to the gaping tourist. In other words, here would be a super-attraction, something of a maximum nature to beat rivals.

But coming back to Whiteface, there is an even more serious aspect to the matter. In 1894 there was inserted in the constitution of the state a provision that certain lands then owned or to be acquired by the state should be "kept forever as wild forest lands." The state now owns nearly two million acres of such land in the Adirondacks, and the policy has been to safeguard in this way important lakes and streams having their sources in this region, to prevent floods, to equalize climatic conditions, to maintain a health resort for the people and to keep unimpaired the natural beauty of the region.

To build a road up Whiteface it was necessary therefore at the last election first of all to amend the constitution to permit the cutting of timber on forest preserves, no such cutting being allowed under the time-honored policy of the state as expressed in its fundamental law. Under this policy only a minimum of absolutely necessary through roads have ever been built through the Adirondacks.

The Whiteface highway is part of no system or plan or chain of roads; it will go to the top and down again. Besides, if this section of the mountains is entitled to a scenic road for the purpose of stimulating gas-service stations, the hot-dog trade and the road-building business, we do not see why other districts of the Adirondacks have not an equal right to ask that highways be constructed to the summits of the many other noble peaks.

This is a time when, the country over, people are clamoring for reduced taxes and more economical government. Yet the voters of a great state actually amend their basic law, the very constitution itself, to permit the building of a road that can be constructed only by the appropriation of public money, for a purpose which is both unnecessary and in line with the gradual whittling away of one of the state's supreme heritages. The amendment seemed trifling and technical as compared with others that had to be voted upon, and was carried along with the rest in the general carelessness that always characterizes the marking of long and complex ballots.

The constitutional amendment is, however, permissive only. Perhaps there may be state officials with common sense and courage enough to refuse to spend money merely for a road which is needed in no possible sense of the word, and which, in addition, is opposed to the highest standard of values, which, after all, is the most worthwhile asset a state can have.

HALT! WHO'S THERE?

By REMSEN CRAWFORD

Where the Canadian Line Crosses Lake Memphremagog, Vermont. Bear Mountain, Nearest Across the Lake, Is Traversed by the Line. Owl's Head, in the Distance, Is in Canada

ANYBODY with the first flecks of gray about the temples can recall how Max O'Rell, French humorist, or satirist, or whatever you would call a fellow like Will Rogers, came over here some thirty-eight years ago and wrote a book called Jonathan and His Continent. If you were living here at the time you will remember how we all laughed with unashamed merriment at the good-natured wise crack with which he started off his book. It was this:

"The population of America is sixty millions—mostly colonels."

Well, the joke was not so much on us in 1889 as it is today. In less than a lifetime our population has doubled, being now near the 120,000,000 mark, and the colonels—meaning the distinct type of American householder of pride and dignity and gentlemanly bearing—have been made to feel ill at ease and a trifle lonesome in the great stampede of unrestricted immigration of the past thirty or forty years. Rising out of Slumberland, where he had been nodding all these years, Brother Jonathan, better known today as your Uncle Sam, aroused himself right after the World War and sought to check this mighty gold rush from over the seven seas. But the immigrant quota laws have left gaps under his gates and his side fences are badly down in places. In its final hope of restricting immigration, the nation has fixed its faith in a border patrol and the legal process of deportation.

Those That are Deported

TO STAND upon a pier in New York and view the sorry spectacle of expelled aliens after a nation-wide roundup, aliens of every type and tongue who have failed in the five-year limit to make good in America, and others just boldly arrived by the bootleg route from the borders, all bound back to the lands whence they came, is to be profoundly impressed by the Government's belated start to retrieve the fading heritage of Jonathan and his people. These shipments come about once a month to Ellis Island, either by special train from the Pacific Coast and intermediate points or by steamer from New Orleans. In each group there are from 100 to 200 deportees. Meanwhile a corresponding movement from East to West has been in progress to pick up all deportable Orientals and aliens from Central and South America. The former are deported from San Francisco, the latter from New Orleans.

A recent census of penal and charitable institutions shows that there are around 125,000 criminals or other public charges subject to deportation. A conservative estimate shows that there are from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 aliens in the country without legal entry. These, too, are deportable. The border patrol is picking up more of this latter class every day—picking them up by hundreds and thousands as they come sneaking over the Canadian and Mexican borders, and from Cuba by what they call the bootleg ferry to Florida. Deportations have increased since the immigrant quota laws were passed from 5000 a year to 10,000 or 12,000 a year, but that is a mere dent in the hundreds of thousands—the millions—now living on borrowed land in the United States.

A motley, sordid throng it is at Ellis Island on these deportation days. First go the ones who have already become public charges—the maimed and the halt and the blind, the insane, the physical defectives, paupers, gunmen, bootleggers, kidnapers, erring women, white slavers and what nots. Next the smuggled aliens, the ones who have defied the quota regulations. Not such a shabby bunch, these, for they have been dressed up in American toggery as a camouflage to make their defiant dash across the border. Some of the women who have been smuggled in have fine clothes, hatboxes and expensive luggage. They have faked the appearance of the girls one sees every day in bewildering abundance on the streets of New York City.

A House on the Line

Peak Times

THE writer of this article has never witnessed these periodical pageants of deportation at Ellis Island without being seized with an irresistible desire to visit the frontiers and see the border patrol, our youngest armed force, in action. Fiction writers have only whetted up the public interest in this work. News writers have rarely gone to the boundaries to get the real story. Accurate information is lacking about how many aliens are getting by, how many are caught, how they fight the issue out in court when captured, how the patrol is plagued by the puzzling intrigues of the ingenious smuggling rings, often shot at, sometimes killed. What are the facts?

Not a great while ago immigration guards brought to Ellis Island a party of deportees from St. Albans, Vermont. Two Finns, two Belgians and a big strapping black African from the Congo country made up the little group. They had been caught by the border patrol while "just walking through the woods," as the man from Africa put it.

"But how did they ever get into Canada?" was my query, for I knew how strict are the immigration laws of the Dominion, and how well enforced.

"Why, Canada is having her troubles the same as we are," said the immigration guard. "Don't think that Ellis Island has a monopoly on deserting seamen, counterfeit passports, perjured declarations. Canada has her share. And once these babies get in up there, it's but a short step to the border."

"Many coming through?"

"Alien running is now at its peak. A great many more are coming through than are caught. Say, why don't you run up to the Vermont border and get in touch with Allie Fuller? He's the head of the border patrol from Maine to Lake Champlain, and one of the best in the business. Go to Newport, Vermont, a little town hard by the international boundary. That's headquarters. Go now."

That settled it. I caught the next train for Newport, Vermont.

The trip is through the very heart of New England. Where could one

Continued on Page 193

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

What Some Returning Americans Should be Made to Declare

I hope he breaks a leg and chokes—
This youth who gurgles,
"Hello, folks!"
—Arthur L. Lippmann.

On the Brink

THEY stood at the brink of the Grand Canyon.

"How beautiful," sighed the Poet.

The Salesman mentally calculated how many signs could be placed down the sides and still be visible from the top.

"What a waste of power," muttered the Power Magnate as he took a pencil and tried to figure the force used in cutting the steep sides.

The Efficiency Expert wrote an essay on what could be accomplished by intelligent persistent effort over an extended period of time.

Pollyanna remarked what a blessing it was that the Grand Canyon was not around Chicago. So many people might fall in as they tried to escape the gunmen.

A number of City Pedestrians wore relieved expressions. Here they could not be run over by autos.

A Painter tried to catch the color scheme.

Three senators said in chorus: "We don't give a dam."

Then everyone went to the hotel, bought some colored post cards and wrote to their friends: "Having a fine time. Wish you were here." —*Katherine Negley.*

"Here Y'are, Brother; the Greatest Lit' ol' Book Ever Written—'Highways to Success.' Only a Dollar. It'll Make a Somebody Outa You in One Reading. You Can be Successful, Get Anything You Want, and Ride in a Regular Car! Now—er—What Didja Say the Name Was?" "Henry Ford"

Notoriety

SOME men are famed for genius, knowledge, power
And service to humanity; while some
Are talked about, like Pisa's leaning tower,
Because they're out of plumb.
—Arthur Guiterman.

Vaudeville

I LIKE the acrobatic pup
Who hoarsely bellows, "Allez up!"

My feelings, too, are rather tender
Toward her who chirps, "A song I'll render."

I grin at Leeys and Levines
Who sing of Ireland's Fair Colleens.

And up to date I've not gone looney
At imitations of Pat Rooney.

But there is one I'd slay with glee—
The Chap With Personality.

"Tell Me if I Hurt You"

The Correspondence School Student is Late for His Lessons

LEGUMES AND MORE LEGUMES - THAT'S MY MOTTO
LISTEN, MATE! I'VE SAILED THE SEVEN SEAS AND I KNOW —
IF IT'S ANY THING LIKE DANCING YOU SHOULDN'T DRAG YOUR FEET
AND THIRDLY YOUR MARKETING IS WRONG
WHAT! YOU PLOW ONLY FIVE INCHES DEEP? YOU MAKE ME LAUGH
I'VE TOLD HIM AND TOLD HIM
G.B.Dawson

Farm Aid

A Dragon Tale Hitherto Untold

A COMELY knight came cantering
Adown ye mountainside;
A youthful knight with face alight
And all aglow with pride.

(Continued on Page 50)

Campbell's Celery Soup

A delightful feature among well-chosen and varied menus

WOULDN'T you like to have a French soup chef in your kitchen? A chef who knows all the secrets of producing the finest savors and flavors? A chef who can supply your table, day in and day out, with an astonishing variety, including every popular, delicious soup in the world?

Do you realize that Campbell's famous French chefs are at your service every day? It is just as if they were in your own kitchen, subject to your individual direction, for they instantly answer your every wish and need in soup.

No doubt you constantly depend on these skilled Campbell's cooks for your favorites—Tomato Soup and Vegetable Soup. But you are really not getting the full benefit of the Campbell's household service unless you permit our chefs to vary and brighten your menus with frequent choices from the list of twenty-one different soups printed on each Campbell's label.

How often do you serve Campbell's Celery Soup? Here is one of the most charming of soups—laden with tonic goodness—so rich in wholesome vegetable nutriment—so delicate and irresistible in flavor.

Select it when you entertain; there could be no better proof of a skillful hostess. See that the family benefits from its healthful invigoration. Remember that it is especially good for the children. For this is the smooth blend of snow-white celery, nourishing golden country butter and the most deft of seasoning. Nature's own invitation is in Campbell's Celery Soup, for it is all good health and sunshine!

So easily served, too. You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer for a few minutes. Or if you wish a Cream of Celery Soup prepare it with milk or cream according to the simple recipe on the label—done in almost no time. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE STRANGER AT THE FEAST

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"Poor Abdul!" said Joan, Tears Starting From Her Eyes. "Don't Cry, Abdul"

XIII

JOAN was watching him read the letter. He looked over the edge of the note paper and met her intent gaze. "Why, Joan, my dear child, your eyes are brown!"

"They are not brown. They are hazel. Brown eyes are darker than hazel."

"Who said so?"

"Mother."

"Then yours have been out in the sun too much. They have become so freckled I'm sure she'll say they're brown now."

"They've always been freckled. It is never polite to call attention to people's deformities."

"What is a deformity?" asked Tappen, frowning.

"You know perfectly well. A cat with six toes is a deformity, and so is a game leg, or a very red nose."

"And freckles. You have seven adorable freckles across the littlest part of your nose. Without them it would be quite ordinary, but with them it becomes your individual property. I could pick it out of a whole basketful of noses and say, 'Here you are! This one's Joan's!' All on account of the freckles."

"Oh, Corny!" She flew at him and beat him on the stomach.

"Look out! That's my breakfast. And you'll tear your mother's letter."

"Then don't tease me." She desisted, stood away from him and fastened her eyes on his face.

"Don't you want to know what she says?"

"It wouldn't be polite to ask."

"But you are asking. Your eyes are raising the devil about it and I suppose I might as well tell you at once that your grandfather is coming back."

"And—and grandmother?"

"Yes."

"And—and Abdul?"

"Yes."

"And mother?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Oh, Corny!" She burst into tears.

He swept her into his arms. "There, there, you poor darling. I was a brute to tease you. Don't cry. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll lie down and let you stand on my stomach."

"All right," said Joan between a whimper and a new interest.

He lay flat on his back. After testing the surface with an exploring toe, as one trying out the first ice of the skating season, she ventured, caught her balance and held it. "Oh! Oh! Don't wiggle!"

Tine came into the room. "*Tiens!*" she gasped in horror.

Joan turned too quickly, lost her balance and fell off. "That wasn't fair!" she cried as Tappen, looking rather foolish, scrambled to his feet. "Tine scared me, Corny. I could have stayed on for hours—really, Corny."

He faced Tine's accusing eyes. "Madame is coming back," he told her; "everybody is coming back, including Abdul and a guest—a blind man."

"*Bon!*" boomed Tine. Everything was explained. "When is it they arrive?"

"Today, tomorrow or next day. What does it matter? They are coming back. I'll tell you the hour and the minute as soon as I know."

Tine cleared the breakfast table with lightning speed and frisked out of the room. Joan turned to Tappen: "A blind man, Corny? Who is he?"

"One of the finest chaps you ever saw. His blue eyes are beautiful, but they can't see any more." He frowned. "Come on, Joan, we've got to think things out. You and I have got to make up our minds where we'll put him."

"Didn't mother say?"

"She left it to us. It's an awkward business on account of his being blind. I'm afraid of his falling downstairs."

"My room is the only one down here," said Joan, her underlip trembling a little.

"So it is, but you're hardly old enough to be given one of the regular rooms upstairs."

"Oh, yes I am, Corny!" she cried, her eyes lighting up. "I've been dressing myself, all but my bath, for ages."

"Do you brush your own hair?"

"N-no. But I could. I'm sure I could."

He looked at her speculatively. "However old you are today, you'll be older by the time they get here. We ought to take that into consideration."

"Yes," she said, eying him doubtfully. "Of course, there's that, too, even if it does sound rather silly—to me, I mean."

"You win!" said Tappen with a laugh. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Joan. I'll agree to move all your things, including you, into the single guest room, and all the things from the single guest room into your room, if you'll agree to move back without a whimper if your mother decides you're not old enough, after all."

"I promise," said Joan.

"Not even a pout?"

"Not even a pout."

"It's done. Come on."

They told Tine and Tappen persuaded her. She washed and scraped a couple of farm hands and sent them in to help the maids with the heavier pieces. But even so, Tappen and Joan found plenty to do, though Joan was rather fluttery. She found herself carrying a pet dress up and all the way back again. "Oh, Corny," she whispered, "the single guest room! Aren't you afraid?"

"A little, perhaps, but not much. You see, Joan, I think it's rather foolish to keep such a nice room empty more than half the time. I say guests ought to be willing to put up with a northeast exposure—especially a week-end guest."

"But the blind man isn't coming just for Sunday, is he?"

"No; he'll probably stay here a long time."

"What's his name?"

"John Oliver—Capt. John Tennant Oliver."

"That's a nice name, but I shall call him captain."

"Better talk it over with him first. You never can tell ahead of time what a man likes to be called."

"What do you call him?"

"Oliver, because he's English and a gentleman. If he wasn't a gentleman, I would call him Mr. Oliver."

"And mother?"

"Oh, she just calls him John. It's shorter, you see."

"Yes, it's quite a little shorter."

Moving killed the day for them in satisfactory fashion, and at evening, while he was keeping Joan company through her supper, the telegram came. They were leaving the next morning—Mr. and Mrs. Newcombe by train, Paula, Oliver and Abdul in the car. Tappen sent for Tine.

"Tine, they'll be here tomorrow afternoon. That means four more masters' mouths to feed and a platter of rice for Abdul." Joan stopped eating, laid down her spoon and slipped quietly from her chair. "Oh, Joan," he said reprovingly, "you're not half through your supper."

"No."

It was a weak sound; the most plaintive, pleading sound he had ever heard. "Come here, you darling. Of course you don't feel like eating, and you needn't."

She threw herself into his arms. "I do love you, Corny. I'll love you always."

"Tell you what," he suggested. "You get into bed, and since you can't possibly sleep, I'll come up and talk to you all night."

Less than an hour later he left her sound asleep in her new room. He rather slighted his dinner himself and went out afterward to pace nervously up and down the terrace. Paula had evidently taken the bull by the horns with a vengeance. She might quite safely have charged Abdul with bringing Oliver by train, or she might have let the two

Continued on Page 38

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Butter··Eggs··Cheese

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(Continued from Page 36)

of them come by themselves in the car. But she had decided to risk offending, or at least puzzling, her mother in order to be with Oliver during the long ride.

Tappen saw in that move only a triumph of common sense over conventionalized sentiment. She would give Oliver eyes for everything along the way, and by keeping him interested help him to stand the fatigue of the journey. She would also have a chance to prepare him for life at the château. She could describe conditions in general, expatiate on the facilities for long walks within walls, safe from the hurly-burly of cabs and busses, and she could tell him about her father and mother. But what would she say about Joan?

That question refused to answer itself, and it was still dodging around in his mind the next day when he got out the spare car and started for the station to meet the Newcombes. Joan had politely offered to go with him, but he had read her mind and suggested that she stay at home on the bare chance that her mother might arrive before he got back. As it happened, there had been an accident on the railway during the morning and the train was more than an hour late. He greeted the travelers cordially, but with excusable haste piled their bags in the space beside the driver's seat and helped them into the tonneau.

"Forgive me for rushing you so," he said to Mrs. Newcombe, "but Paula is bringing up John Oliver and I'd like to be home to help him get settled. You've met him, I suppose?"

"No, we haven't," she answered, and it seemed to him she spoke with a dryness which could denote either resentment or mere weariness.

"Well, that's not surprising," said Tappen. "He's a bit of an invalid, you know—blind."

She nodded, opened her lips, but had no chance to make any further remark before he started the motor, and from that moment he was out of hearing until they reached the château. The main entrance was at the side of the house, and as they passed the terrace he caught a glimpse of Oliver sprawled beside one of the scrolled metal tables, with Paula facing him and Joan standing by.

"They're here already," said Tappen as he assisted Mrs. Newcombe to alight. He was disappointed. He would have liked to watch the meeting between Oliver and Joan, but it would have taught him little.

Joan had screamed at Abdul and Bazire as the car swung up the driveway, but she had greeted her mother only with a hungry wordless hug. Paula had merely said, "This is Captain Oliver, Joan. Go ahead and show us the way to his room."

They had stood in the doorway until Abdul brought in Oliver's one bag. Joan was tense and anxious in spite of her mother's comforting arm, thrown about her trembling little figure. She scarcely dared look up at Paula's face until the door was shut and they were alone.

"It was sweet of you to give up your room, darling. Where did Tine put you?"

"Tine didn't do it, mother. It—it's rather terrible. Shall I tell you now or—or wait till Corny comes?"

"Tell me now. I'm dying to know."

"Corny gave me the single guest room!" blurted Joan.

"How splendid!" said Paula.

"You're not teasing me?" asked Joan doubtfully.

"No, dear. Why should I? I think it's the fairest arrangement in the world. You gave the guest your room and took his in exchange."

"That's so," said Joan with a quivering sigh of relief. "Corny isn't as smart as you are," she added thoughtfully.

"Why not?"

"He never thought of that reason."

Paula laughed. She let Joan stay with her while she washed and changed to a cool frock. Then they went to call Oliver, and the three of them were just settling in the shade on the terrace when Tappen drove by.

He would have liked to have his first minutes with Paula alone, but it was not to be. She came into the hallway to meet them, kissed him and immediately accompanied her mother to her room. Mr. Newcombe followed them, and Tappen waited to have a word with Bazire, who had come to carry in the bags and take away the car.

"You must have had a good run to get here so early."

"Yes, m'sieur. Madame mentioned she was in a hurry."

"How did Captain Oliver stand the trip?"

"Very well. He talked a great deal. He could tell when we passed the telephone poles by the sound in the wires. That amused him. He counted them and laughed when madame said he was right."

Paula came out. "Haven't you spoken to John, Corny?"

"Not yet." He walked with her down the hall. "What did you tell him about Joan?"

"Nothing." She paused and looked up at him with a whimsical half smile. "I'm afraid you'll find I've become a fatalist since I left you."

"Burned your bridges?"

"Oh, no. I've done nothing definite except to stop worrying. I don't take actions any more, I let them take me. Besides, John is no fool."

It was Oliver who spoke first, to Joan's amazement and Paula's surprise. "Hello, Tappen, old man! Isn't this great? A bit off the crisp, only more of it. Never breathed so much air at once in my life."

Mr. Newcombe came out, and a moment later was followed by his wife. "Excuse me, Captain Oliver," said Joan in her politest voice, after the greetings were over, "but how did you know it was Corny?"

Paula and Tappen turned on her impulsively, but Oliver smiled with pleasure. "Knew his step—known it for ages. I know yours already, so you'd better not try any tricks, my dear."

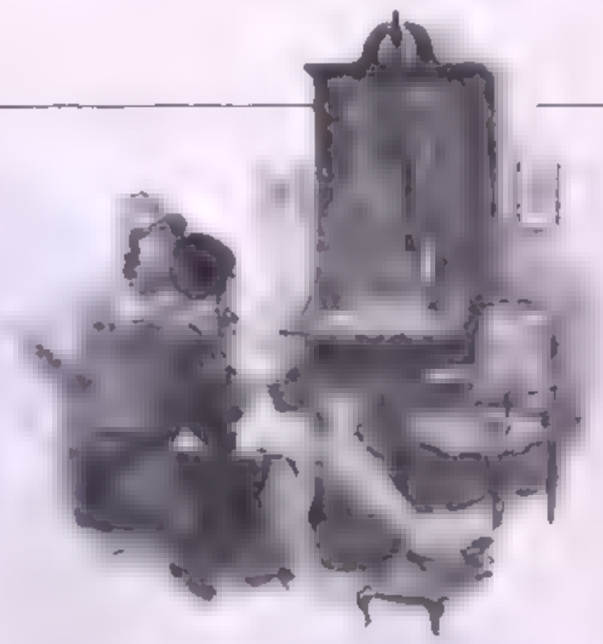
"Oh, I wouldn't dream of it!" exclaimed Joan. "I—I think you're wonderful."

"You do, eh? Well, what do you think of this?" He raised his stick carefully, laid it on the table and shifted it so that it pointed straight down the terrace. "There's the rose garden, and if you'll give me your arm I'll take you to it. What do you say to that?"

(Continued on Page 43)

"Oh, for Once, Can't You Stop Looking at Dead Things and See Me?"

Like The Beauty Standards In Her Home



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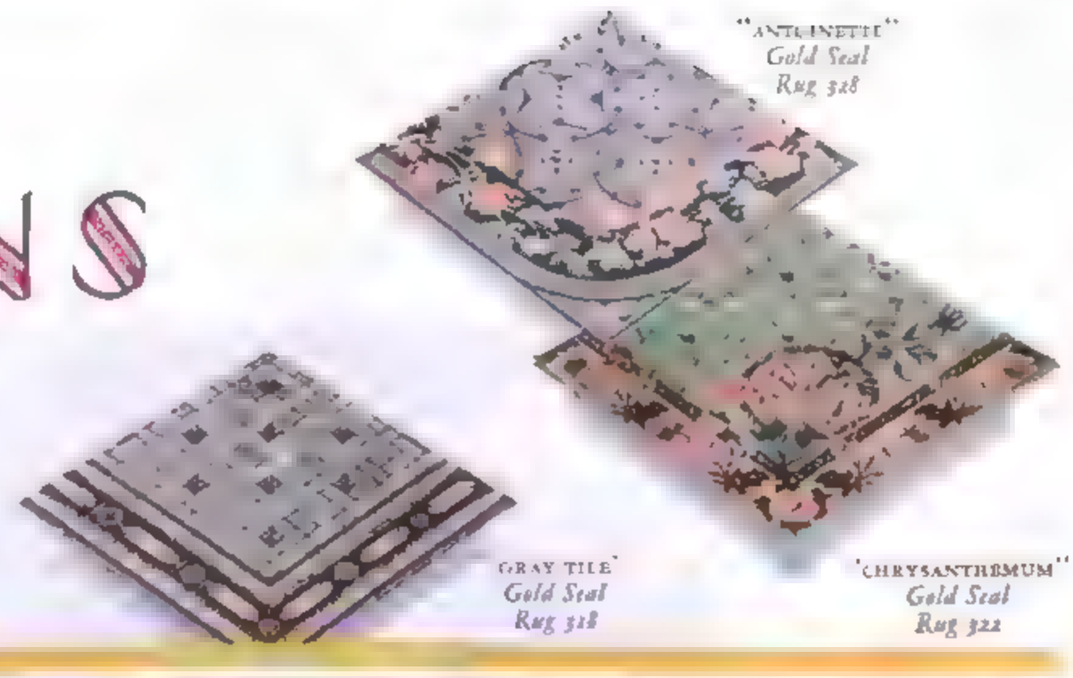

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ACCELERATING SENTIMENT

By William Hickman Pickens

The Lenglens, Suzanne, Her Father and Her Mother, Looking on While Helen Wills Has the Court

EVEN though the amateur athletic officials have plastered a bounty on the scalp of the sports promoter, I still claim that there is no difference between professional and amateur sport so far as the public is concerned. The ultimate consumer must plank his money on the line no matter if the sport be Simon-pure or not. Whether the arena be a college football stadium or a big-league ball park, there's a ticket for every seat and a price on every ticket. No matter how amateur the sport is, there is never an amateur gallery.

We will take the case of Suzanne Lenglen, who visited America twice, first as an amateur and second as a pro. It was the same Suzanne in both instances and the same price of admission The only difference was that she made her return tour under the benevolent wing of the famous Cash and Carry Pyle, a man who thinks that the laborer is worthy of his hire—and the higher the better. The idea of enticing the best known sportswoman in the world away from her silver cups did not originate with Cash and Carry The tip came from Damon Runyon one rainy February afternoon at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. About this time the sporting world was bubbling and simmering over the match between Suzanne and Helen Wills at Cannes, France. It was attracting such interest that Runyon asked me why I didn't grab Suzanne and exhibit her in America. I wasn't much interested at first, but Runyon kept ribbing me up and finally convinced me that Suzanne would be a wow in our big cities. I told Runyon that I had a hook-up with C. C. Pyle and that it would be necessary to sell the idea to Cash and Carry before we could do anything. On his way East, Runyon dropped off at Chicago to rib up Pyle, who wired me to sail for France. I want to say here that ribbing up sport promoters is Runyon's hobby and that some of Tex Rickard's biggest fight cards have been suggested to Tex by Damon Runyon, who never profits a slim dime from any transaction, but does extract keen enjoyment in keeping the pot of sports at a boil.

An Overproduction of Managers

THE night before I took the tub for Europe I warned Pyle that it was a gamble, involving all the way up to $15,000, a lot of valuable time, plenty of snappy Pickens diplomacy and no guaranty that I would be successful in inducing Suzanne to cough up an acceptance. Cash and Carry told me to go ahead and that the resulting front-page cable stories would be plenty of dividends for him. My trip was to be conducted in strict secrecy up to the time that Suzanne either signed on the polka-dotted line or threw the inkwell at me.

Two interviews I obtained in New York convinced me that there wasn't a chance of Lenglen coming back to America. Edward Moss, secretary of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, told me that he believed the U. S. L. T. A. would never sanction a professional promoter entering the consecrated ranks of tennis. Even if Lenglen did come over, she would be in the hands of the association from the time she skipped down the gangplank to the minute she waved good-by on her return journey. My old friend Georges Carpentier, who was in New York at the time, turned on the cold showers. Georges and Suzanne had been school chums in childhood and he knew her as a commuter knows his train. Georges assured me that if professionalism were an issue, she would never consent. Those two interviews amounted to zero. I didn't mind Moss so much, but I had wasted a good cigar on Georges.

Once aboard the lugger, I told the ship-news reporters that I was going over to smooth out a European tour for Red Grange and George Wildcat Wilson. I even showed them a Grange autographed football that Red had indorsed for the Prince of Wales which I was to slip the Prince the first time he invited me up to the family castle.

The first man I saw in Paris was Victor Breyer, editor of L'Écho des Sports, an acquaintance of bicycle-racing days. Breyer was sincerely shocked at my temerity in daring to suggest professionalism to Lenglen. I looked temerity up that night in my vest pocket dictionary. It meant gall, which made me a millionaire in the temerity business. I met many other French newspaper men and every one assured me that the prima donna of the racket would never accept rough American dollars. Every Frenchman I met claimed to be Suzanne's personal representative and each one refused his permission when I suggested that Suzanne come to America. Breyer told me that I was over on a hopeless task and the only way in which I could make expenses was to sign up some boxers and auto racers.

I finally decided to push all Suzanne's managers into strict quarantine and look for the lady myself. She was at Nice, on the French Riviera. I landed in that town on Easter Sunday and found she was to play on Easter Monday at Monte Carlo. I strolled up the Promenade Anglaise to mull things over, and after I got them thoroughly mulled, called at the Lenglens' hotel, the Negresco. The interpreter at the information desk of the Negresco informed me that the Lenglens were now living in a villa, but that he was thoroughly qualified to do business for Suzanne. I immediately took the air. A Paris edition of the Herald was the tip-off on the heavy increase in the French birth rate of managers. Pyle's picture was on the front page, with the startling announcement that Will H Pickens was in France to sign up Suzanne, and for that purpose had $200,000 in his kicks.

I got the Lenglen villa on the telephone and Suzanne's papa answered. After talking for twenty minutes, he hung up on me. I then enlisted the support of the Associated Press correspondent, who advised me to deal with Suzanne direct.

Monte Carlo is only a suburban haul from Nice and I was in a grand-stand seat on Easter Monday when Suzanne played in an exhibition match. Her skill, grace and rhythmic movements on the court were amazing. I figured that she would be sure-fire in America and from that moment never permitted myself to nurse a doubt about her signing the books. The Associated Press man told me that Suzanne would return to Nice following the game. I was to trail her car and grab an interview.

The last exhibition was at doubles and her side won. Hurdling the net, Suzanne rushed to the side lines and tossed her racket to an attendant, pulled a crimson sweater over her tennis costume and hopped into a limousine. That expensive gondola cheered me up, for only amateurs with large incomes can afford those cars. I ran for my rented car to chase Suzanne, but my newspaper friend told me that she had changed her plans and was off for a week-end trip in Italy with Lady Wavertree. Monday is a silly time to start a week-end, so I went back to the Lenglen villa to look up papa and ran plumb into Mamma Lenglen.

The Manager of Suzanne

NO ONE has ever written about mamma. It was always Papa Lenglen this or Papa Lenglen that. She assured me that she was Suzanne's business manager. Mamma said that Suzanne would be back Friday and we could talk the musical language of the dollars on that day. The Lenglen villa was opposite the tennis courts, which have since been dismantled, as only Suzanne's playing made the Tennis Club profitable. On Friday I was received by Suzanne herself. She was dressed in negligee, reclining on a chaise longue and holding a Pomeranian in her arms. Mamma introduced us and Suzanne apologized for not rising. Her motor tour with Lady Wavertree had been very long and tiring. Then Suzanne gave mamma one of those eyebrow traffic signals and mamma left the room, being temporarily deposed from the position of manager. Suzanne was managing herself and I could see that she was no schoolgirl tennis star who could be salved with one of those what-you-owe-the-sport arguments.

I proceeded cautiously, never mentioned the idea of professionalism, but explained that when she was in America she had only seen New York and the tennis cliques of Long Island. She had never given the real American public an opportunity to judge her playing. Suzanne complained, in very excellent table English, that the land of the brave and the free was too brave in panning an invalid visitor and too free with its unjust criticisms. My best logic here was to change the subject, so I patted the Pomeranian and it snapped at me, evidently being one of Suzanne's many managers. When conversation again became cooperative, I impressed Suzanne with the statement that my associates were sagacious gentlemen who would never criticize her under any circumstances. If there

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PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

THE STRANGER AT THE FEAST

(Continued from Page 38)

"I'd love it," murmured Joan, and came to stand beside him as he arose.

Finding her arm too low, he laid his hand across her shoulders. "That's better, eh?" They started off close together. "Tell you what, Joan, if I could only give tongue, I could hire myself out as a foxhound."

"I'm afraid I don't know what giving tongue means," said Joan.

"It's when the hounds stop whimpering and get down to business. Let's see if I can show you. Ha-ong! Ha-ong! Ha-ong!"

"Why, I think you give tongue beautifully," said Joan.

"That was pretty fair," admitted Oliver, "but I doubt whether I could keep it up and stay on the scent of the fox at the same time. But here are the roses; just a few of them in bloom, I dare say, but directly under us, eh? Look out for the steps!"

"I was just going to say that myself!" breathed Joan, thoroughly awed.

Tappen made up his mind that Oliver had not yet begun to think. If, on the other hand, the blind man had already sensed that he leaned upon his daughter's shoulder, then he was the most consummate actor ever lost to the stage. Whichever the truth, Oliver's ease in his new surroundings had spread like oil on troubled waters. It permeated the still air and appeared to enforce its peace on all who breathed it. Paula relaxed, her mother settled herself back in her chair and Mr. Newcombe blew a huge puff from his afternoon cigar with a sound like a sleeper's sigh.

"Jiminy, but I'm glad to be back here!" he breathed.

"So am I," said Mrs. Newcombe. "Paris is very tiring."

"But you know you had to do it, mother," said Paula with a lightness Tappen was glad to hear back in her voice. "You would have felt so foolish to have left without having done the Paris shops and stood for fittings before the kings and queens of fashion."

"I'm not at all sure about some of the things I bought," said Mrs. Newcombe in the mild tone which suggested a reed, swaying in the wind, and in reality veiled a moss-grown rock. "I shan't be sure until I get back to New York."

"Well, that's a long way off," laughed Paula, "so don't let's worry about it today."

One of the maids brought tea and almost immediately Oliver's head appeared, rising from the sunken garden, and after it Joan's. She was excited and could not wait to reach the group about the table before she called out, "He's simply amazing! We were smelling the roses—and there are only about a dozen left—and all of a sudden he said, 'Tea!' I said, 'You're wrong—you're wrong! It isn't a tea rose,' and he said, 'Watch me point.' And he did point, and we came a-flying, and it is tea!"

"Joan, Joan! Not so loud, please," said Paula. "Sit down and I'll let you pass John his cup and the toast and all the cake he can eat."

That first hour on the terrace, so subtly influenced by Oliver's mood, seemed to strike the keynote for the days which followed. The group of people brought together at the Château aux Hêtres by an accumulation of circumstances as logical in its hidden foundations as it was haphazard in its outer manifestations, settled down as naturally as any other of the strange clots of humanity which destiny forms into a unit.

Here was a strange pattern, and the strangest thing about it was that it had lost its strangeness. Abdul of Zanzibar and Islam, saying his evening prayer toward Mecca with obdurate unconcern, fitted smoothly against the Newcombes of Puritania, equally unyielding in their faith. Oliver, sometime of England and later of the Canadian Northwest, clicked with Tappen of Dobbs Ferry and Mozambique as David to Jonathan. Paula was the sole continuing thread upon the loom and Joan the untiring shuttle. For weft, there were Tine, Bazire and all that tiny world which for generations had complacently believed itself a universe.

Paula and Tappen could draw a long breath. They could watch the slow formation of a triumvirate of sport, made up of Joan, Oliver and Abdul, holding solemn council daily, and then putting their schemes into hilarious execution—if Abdul's broad but silent grin can thus be classified. With minds at ease, they could turn their backs on the contented trio and devote all their attention to the Newcombes in a willing endeavor to wipe out the impression, never actually voiced, of an apparent neglect. Mrs. Newcombe warmed and gradually thawed under the more constant companionship of her daughter, while her husband basked gratefully in the reflected glow.

The four of them went off together for long rides, sometimes even incurring overnight stops, Tappen at the wheel and Mr. Newcombe at his side. The little gentleman had the quality which expands to pleasant outward influences with no craving for lengthy speech. His quick eyes need miss nothing in this backwater of the ages where all sights were simple, however crude, and where modesty still wore her thickest veils and underwear. He was boyishly relieved at the change. Naturally, he could have become reconciled more easily than his wife to the city's brazen parade of pulchritude in and from the life, but much more than she did he welcome release from the necessity for innumerable decisions as to what was right and what was wrong. They were cut from the same cloth as nearly as man and woman can be, but with a fundamental difference. She appeared never to doubt, while he was obliged to battle through a swarm of questions to arrive at the selfsame goal. She plowed a straight and ancient furrow. So did he, but to him alone were the hornets' nests.

But within the peace of the countryside he found surcease from troublesome equations, and yet all was novelty. The straight-lined stone walls, the individual houses, the interminable avenues of trees, the incredible cleanliness of the forests in a land where twigs were money—all came to him as revelations. Their neatness spoke louder of economy than of intentional beauty, and threw into the greater relief the waste of labor and the loss entailed by primitive implements. Massive wagons of small capacity and with absurdly long trace chains were drawn by huge horses, miraculously guided by a single rein.

"How do they do it?" he could not help exclaiming, as time after time a team would draw aside to right or left at the sound of Tappen's horn. "The driver is ten yards back of them if he's an inch, and he has only that one line!"

They cut across to the Loire, with a stopover on the way back at Fontainebleau, and the illusion of a national simplicity, bred in the bone, was at once destroyed. He caught for the first time the full meaning of magnificence. "Empire" became a tremendous word, echoing from the grave with undiminished power. The feudal world took on form before his astonished eyes and made him feel uncomfortably small, as if he had been reading all his life books he had not been old enough to understand. He was dismayed to find the glorious armor of democracy itself shrinking into the semblance of a wet suit of woolens. It might still be a triumphant idea of government, but its adherents had nevertheless made monuments of what had once been palaces—the everyday homes of men and women. Like ants, they marched in line to look up at the shrines of grandeur.

It was all wrong. He did not care to be an ant. He resented with the entire weight of his own traditions the sensation of an immoral yet tantalizing loss. The feeling of having been left out of a resplendent pageant as wicked as it was imposing enraged him. The smiling curves of the lips and naked limbs of Diane de Portiers pursued him relentlessly. She became the symbol of an age, wanton yet provoking. That was the maddening feature of the whole business—that he, Mathew Newcombe, could be forced to look over his shoulder with a wistfulness as tainted as the desire of Lot's regretting wife. It was not true. He did not care a whoop for the fleshpots of a tyranny, however dazzling. All he wanted was to get back to the Côte d'Or, where he could drop into his accustomed rut.

Without putting these reflections into words, he managed to transmit to Tappen his discontent. Simultaneously Mrs. Newcombe was conveying to Paula a feeling of equal restlessness. Rides so far afield were too tiring for her. Thus it came about quite naturally that they should fall into a more humdrum routine, Mr. Newcombe puttering about the place in the mornings, while his wife loitered in their room, reading or knitting. In the afternoons the four of them still made the gesture of going for a drive. Tea became more than a formal function, and the long evenings took on all the earmarks of a home water-logged by the reiteration of a monotonous set of ideas.

At least outwardly, for there were moments when Tappen was conscious of an undercurrent of unrest, too faint in its pull to amount to a threat. It was natural that the disturbance should center on Oliver, for he still loved to talk. He did not seem to care particularly what he talked about as long as he could use his refound tongue. Inevitably an occasional light-hearted remark, even though made to a single companion in a distant corner, would fall like a stone into the pool of silence, to produce ripples and a far-flung wash. He had not altogether forgotten his blindness, though there were times when others had to remind themselves of his affliction, so easy were his manners and so little was he in the way.

It was he himself who elected to sup with Joan rather than wait for the more formal dinner. Such a sensible arrangement required little argument, for anyone could see that he was pretty well exhausted at the end of even a short day; but he explained that it relieved him of a certain amount of extra dressing and also gave him a chance to slip off to bed with the sun if he felt like it. Whatever influence Joan in person may have had on the making of his choice remained unexpressed, at least in words. But her delight at having a table companion knew no bounds. She never tired of showing her appreciation, perhaps led by nothing more than the instinct which had made her say to Tappen, "Isn't it wonderful to be alone for a while—just the two of us?"

After supper, the evenings having grown a bit chilly for the terrace, Oliver would take his place on a couch in the far corner of the salon. Joan would accompany and remain with him until the others had finished dinner and settled in other parts of the big room. That was the signal for her to go to bed. When she had gone, Paula, Tappen, or occasionally Mr. Newcombe, would come to take her place. Mrs. Newcombe never actually conversed with Oliver, but while she knitted, her eyes seldom left him.

XIV

ON A FINE evening Tappen drew Paula out for a walk. There was no moon, but the stars shone in the clear sky like bits of cut steel, and they traveled a path they both knew too well to stumble. As the pupils of his eyes dilated, the darkness seemed to become illumined and he could see her quite plainly, even when in the shadow of the trees. She wore a tweed suit, tailored to the figure, and like himself, carried a stick. The snug lines made her appear more girlish than ever, erect and surprisingly slender. He resented the stick, took it from her and threw it away.

She stopped and was silent for a moment, puzzled.

"Why did you do that, Corny?"

"You know," he said with a nervous laugh. "It was coming between us and I couldn't stand it any longer. Don't worry. I'll find it for you tomorrow."

"It isn't worth anything, except that you cut it for me yourself."

"So I did, but it was in the way just the same." He slipped his arm around her shoulders. "I've been feeling caged, Paula, up there in the house. We don't seem to be alone together any more, even in our own room. Somehow walls aren't enough to shut out such a lot of people."

"Is it John who bothers you, or mother and father?"

"Oh, no. I don't think it's an individual matter. Nobody could be less in the way than Oliver, and your own people are the salt of the earth. I don't always understand your mother, but I like her. As for your father, nobody could ask for a better pal. He's a thoroughly comfortable human being to have around."

"I think you're wrong, Corny; it is an individual matter. Mother and father are the salt of the earth, but not of this earth. Way down inside them they are restless, and you feel it. I have felt it myself."

"What can we do to make them at home—I mean more than we have done?"

"Nothing short of being different from what we are. We can't change ourselves, so you'd better take a leaf out of my book and stop worrying."

"The only thing that troubles me," he protested, "is not having enough of you. I see you more than ever, but somehow it isn't the same. It's as if you were divided in little pieces and I had to snatch for bits of you."

"Nobody possesses me but you," she murmured, yielding herself to him. "I love you every day more than I loved you the day before. It's because I've persuaded myself that nothing else matters, that I can be happy. What do you want me to do? If you ask it I'll make plans which will force mother and father to go home."

"Oh, no."

"Once or twice I've felt they would have proposed it themselves except that they were afraid of hurting our feelings. They are like that, you know. Their surface actions are not governed by what they want to do, but by what they think others wish them to do. I couldn't bring myself to hint at their going, but I'm sure I could arrange it somehow or other."

"No," said Tappen with decision. "I'm an imaginative cuss, but I didn't know I could be so mean. Forget I said anything, and I'll remember that I'm the luckiest man alive, in love with one woman."

She laughed indulgently. "Is that so lucky?"

"Sometimes I'm a great talker," he replied, "and then again I'd give my left arm to be able to say the thing that's filling my head. All I know is that once I could wonder whether you were more than good-looking. Today you're not only beauty itself but the window through which I see beauty. While you're with me I'm sure the world is lovely. Take yourself away and it would turn sour. That's only a little of what I meant when I said I'm in love with one woman and I'm the luckiest man alive."

"Corny, don't! You'll spoil me worse than you've spoiled Joan, and Tine and Oliver and father ——"

"Everyone but your mother," he interjected sadly.

"I don't know why I left her out," said Paula frankly, "but it's nothing to do with you. Perhaps it's because she has the habit of unchangeableness."

"You didn't quite mean it about Joan, did you?" he asked, frowning. "If I thought my being here had hurt one hair of her head I'd feel like a murderer."

"Stop where you are!" exclaimed Paula. "Corny, you're the greatest single good that ever came to Joan. She opened like a flower under your touch. That's one of your miracles you didn't plan, and it's the most wonderful of all, because it will grow as long as she lives. You came just when you should have come. You took her hare-brained qualities and molded them into form. You may not believe it, but you gave her the sweetness, the gayety and the lightness of heart that made it possible for John to be here. Because of you, I knew he would know her too quickly and love her too well ever to betray her or himself."

In wordless gratitude Tappen tightened his arm. "She's a divine child," he said. "When I see her I think of you. When I love you, somehow she's always around—a sort of a smiling, shining light."

For a time following that night Paula seemed closer to him than ever before, or else it was that he watched her with different eyes. She had regained all the poise which had first aroused his admiration, but added to that distant self-sufficiency was a calm glow as enveloping as the warmth of the sun. It did not invite adoration, but he gave it, picturing himself no longer as a suppliant, but as a devotee. He did not have to ask himself if she was the ideal which every man carries in the back of consciousness. He was too intent on the absorption of a reality that not only outdistanced dreams but embraced them. He had reached that pinnacle of devotion where beauty and tenderness cease to be attributes, visible to all, and become the heaven of the person beloved. Maimed or disfigured, she would have remained to him unchanged.

His eyes left her to pass to Mrs. Newcombe. They were so alike, he thought, and yet so unlike! He glanced at Mr. Newcombe, settling down contentedly to his evening game of patience, the cards immunized of evil because there was no money at stake. In appearance the little gentleman was the antithesis of Paula, but she shared him more intimately than she did her mother. Without quite defining the thought, Tappen was sure of it. Mrs. Newcombe, placid and unobtrusive, was nevertheless a barrier between Mr. Newcombe and his daughter. If Paula's mother should drop dead —— He pulled himself up with an inward gasp of self-rebuke. He reiterated to himself, a shade impatiently, that he really liked her. How dared his mind play him such a trick!

He recovered and was half smiling when Oliver's voice cut across the silence of the room. "Your hair is like glass, my dear, smooth as glass."

One of the most noticeable of Oliver's characteristics was his freedom from the desire to receive or give caresses. But now, as Joan stood between his knees to say good night, he sat unusually erect, passing his hand over the shining helmet of her hair and peering wistfully into her animated face. There was a strained eagerness in his expression, as if he prayed this once for sight.

"Is that nice?" she asked wonderingly. "I always wished it was curly."

"No, no," said Oliver quickly. "Bally rot, curly hair. Just as you are, old top, just as you are. Let me see now. How old are we?"

"We are eight," said Joan laughingly, "and we won't be nine till next June."

"Right you are. Eight it is, and a long time to wait till June. I know exactly how you feel."

"Oh, I don't mind. I like being a little girl."

Mrs. Newcombe had paused in her knitting. Her eyes as she gazed on the scene between Oliver and Joan took on a strangely frightened look, but remained fixed. It was as though half of her battled to turn them away, but a stronger half forced her to keep on staring.

Paula, watching her mother, seemed to Tappen to turn pale, but her voice was steady when she spoke. "Bedtime, Joan."

"Good night, captain," said Joan.

"Good night, lieutenant," said Oliver, slumping back on the couch, his face grown suddenly expressionless.

He pronounced the word "leftenant," which always made Joan laugh. She turned from him with a gay gesture, ran to kiss her grandmother, then Mr. Newcombe, then Paula, and finally Tappen. The order, which was of her own invention, varied as to the last two every night. If Tappen was honored by the final kiss on Wednesday, Paula could be sure of its accolade on Thursday.

That evening it was Paula who suggested to Tappen that they take a walk, but they had gone no farther than the big beech when she came to an abrupt stop and turned to face him. "I'm going to tell mother about John tomorrow," she stated.

He was silent for a moment. "I thought you had decided to let all actions take themselves," he said finally.

"This action has taken itself," she replied. "She's torturing herself, and there's no need for that to go on. I shall put an end to it—merely hasten the end."

"I'm not sure you can," said Tappen. "I'm beginning to think," he continued, frowning, "that I was wrong when I stopped you from getting your father and mother to go away. I think you had better do it now."

"It's too late," said Paula without hesitation. "It was too late when I suggested it."

She seemed sufficient to herself as she spoke, but with the next breath she crumpled up against him in one of those gestures of abandonment which wrung his heart, even while they made it plunge with exaltation. He held her so closely that they became one, standing by his strength alone. He knew instinctively that he had more to fear than she from any revelation to Mrs. Newcombe, but even in that first moment of stress he took his resolution.

"Let me tell her, Paula. I can put it so naturally, she'll be shamed out of making a mountain of a foothill."

"No."

"Please let me."

"It would only make things worse, Corny. To her it would look as if I were running away—as if I were too cowardly to face my own wrongdoing."

"But that's just the point," he argued. "You haven't done wrong—none whatever. You've done the right thing and the only cowardice would be not to stick to your guns. It's a battle, Paula, and it will be much easier for me to fight your mother than for you to do it yourself. I can do it with a laugh. But what I would say, coming from you, might sound merely brazen."

"You're deceiving yourself," she said quietly, drawing away from him. "You're fooling yourself into thinking words can dissolve a situation. I know they can't. They can change a mood or destroy affection, but they never eliminate a fact."

He tried to repossess her, but she had turned nervous and cold. "Are you sure you're not taking things too seriously yourself?" he asked as they walked back toward the house.

"Perhaps. Anyway, let's not worry." She spoke more lightly, turned to him impulsively, drew him down and kissed him, but it was the kiss of a woman who is mistress of herself.

The next morning was sunny and exceptionally warm for the season. Paula had gone to her mother's room and Tappen walked about restlessly, waiting for her to come down. Mr. Newcombe was sitting on the terrace, watching Oliver, Abdul and Joan at play on the lawn. She had just remembered the game Tappen had invented in the first hour of their acquaintance and now she had taught it to Oliver, with a single important modification. As his tremendous stride became too long for her she would nod imperiously to the silent, barefooted Abdul, who would place his strong fingers around her waist and lift her easily to the new position.

"Joan—Joan."

"Captain———captain."

"Joan—Joan!"

"Captain———captain!" And a high peal of laughter as he turned in puzzled dismay.

"You long-legged little demon," growled Oliver, "I smell a slave—a traitorous slave!" He snatched her to him unerringly and swung his stick around until it struck Abdul's unflinching legs. "I thought so. Spatchcock him. Tie him down while I beat him."

They laid Abdul out, face to the sod, spread his arms and legs and fastened his wrists and ankles with croquet wickets driven into the turf.

"Now," gasped Oliver vindictively, "give me the mallet. This stick isn't heavy enough. I'll mash him! I'll ——"

"No, no!" screamed Joan, pulling up the wickets. "Poor Abdul! You are forgiven. Run! Run!"

"So you've let him go," whispered Oliver hoarsely, already exhausted by the play but doggedly refusing to give up the game. "I wish I'd cut him open so there would be a blood spoor, but never mind. Let me have a whiff of his handkerchief and I'll track him down."

"But he has no handkerchief!"

"No handkerchief? Filthy blighter, but it only makes it easier. Come on!" They disappeared on the trail of the fugitive, and Mr. Newcombe, mildly curious as to what would happen next, arose to follow.

When Paula entered her mother's room Mrs. Newcombe was still in bed. She was neither reading nor sewing, nor were her eyes closed. On the contrary, they were wide open and so brilliant that one could easily believe she had not slept all night. They stared at Paula's face, but only for a second, and then turned from it as if frightened at what they saw.

"You're not very happy, are you, mother?"

"What makes you say that, Paula? Of course I'm happy. I have your father and you and Joan, besides every comfort. It would be wrong for me to be unhappy."

"I'm afraid you're guilty of what Corny calls a fib of the constitutionally unselfish," continued Paula in a matter-of-fact tone. "You have been unhappy for days. You are haunted by the fear of something you don't know and don't want to know. Why don't you go away before you find it out?"

"Paula!"

"Don't let's play the old game of subterfuge and evasion. We're both grown up and I can't stand it any longer. Why don't you stop tormenting yourself and go?"

Mrs. Newcombe turned gray and she began to tremble, but her eyes were now fixed avidly on Paula's face. They did not seem to belong to her, but rather to be engaged in a quest totally independent of her will. Nevertheless, it was she herself who whispered, "I—I can't. I couldn't leave you if it were true."

"It is true," said Paula.

"No, no!" gasped Mrs. Newcombe, half rising as if to throw herself out of the bed. "John Oliver is Joan's father. Now that there's nothing hidden between us, perhaps we can talk as I've longed to talk with you for years—as we have never talked, mother."

Mrs. Newcombe sat erect from the hips up, braced on her extended arms. The pallor of her face matched the dead white of her severe nightdress and threw her staring eyes into all the more startling relief. She had become all eyes and no body.

"Horrible!" she said hoarsely.

"Mother!" cried Paula.

"Horrible!" repeated Mrs. Newcombe. "To live with two men, and to bring me here, and your father—your poor father!"

"Mother, look at me," begged Paula desperately, falling on her knees beside the bed. "Oh, for once, can't you stop looking at dead things and see me?"

Mrs. Newcombe snatched her hand inward. Her arms collapsed and she fell across the pillows, away from Paula, a crumpled figure. A moment before, she had still held some of the roundness of youth, but now she was old, and the raucous weeping of the old is far more terrible to hear than the sobs of the young.

Paula arose distracted and went to the window. She caught a glimpse of the fleeing Abdul and presently of John Oliver, his arm around Joan's shoulder and leaning on her more heavily than he knew. Then her father passed and a moment later appeared Tappen, not following the others, but striding restlessly around the house. She felt that he was about to look up, and she drew back. She turned toward the bed, where her mother still wept with an abandonment which was terrifying, and waited till the sound diminished to a weak groan.

"Mother, there's really nothing to cry about if you would only listen—if you would only let me tell you everything, just as it happened. I'm not ashamed of anything I've done and you haven't the right to be ashamed for me. You are finding ugliness where there has been none. You are making me into something vile as deliberately as if you rolled me in mud. If anyone has reason to cry, it's myself, because you won't listen, because you don't dare to see me as I am."

Mrs. Newcombe turned her head slowly. "Because I hate the thing you've done, do you think I don't love you?"

Immediately Paula was at her side. She lifted her and made her comfortable against the pillows before she spoke. "I've never doubted that. I believe nothing in the world could keep you from loving me, or Joan, and Corny, too, if you only could let yourself go. But you can't step over the line of your own restrictions. They are cruel—cruel to you yourself most of all. Loving us doesn't help you; it only makes a horrible growing wound. Unnecessary. That's what hurts. It's so tragically unnecessary! There are thousands of people who would burst out laughing ——"

She stopped herself, but Mrs. Newcombe's face had already drawn into set lines. She spoke with difficulty: "It isn't for you or me to say what is necessary. All we need do is to divide right from wrong."

"Mother, before you decide, will you let me tell you everything, just as it happened?"

"How a thing comes about doesn't change the thing itself, Paula, but I'll listen to you."

Paula caught at her listless hand and held it tightly. "Please try to feel me as I talk. Please do!" she begged with a sinking of her heart. Then she threw up her head and plunged into the rapid relation of the sequence of events. She did not attempt to dress them in any way. She narrated them with a cold precision, but with as logical an interdependence as the bricks in a wall. Only when she had finished did she look at her mother's face with a desperate eagerness. It had softened, but not melted.

"Perhaps it was wrong," she concluded, "for me to be swept away in the beginning from the things you believe the things you had taught me to believe. Perhaps the force that carried me—those days of the war I couldn't possibly make live again for you now—wasn't really greater than myself. I won't lie to you. My will went with it, not against it. But the act itself wasn't ugly; it was clean—the cleanest thing I ever did—and once it was done, where is the wrong in what has followed? Whom have I harmed? How could I have given greater happiness to myself, or to you, or to others?"

Mrs. Newcombe breathed a profound sigh, more of weariness than of relief. For the first time her hand showed signs of life. It turned and closed with a nervous grip on Paula's fingers. With her eyes fixed unwaveringly on the far wall of the room, she began to speak. "Right and wrong, Paula—that's the only sure guide. Once you let it slip from view, all life becomes a maze of bewildering paths, coming from nowhere, going nowhere. In the long run of an eternal scheme it doesn't matter in the least if you and I are happy momentarily

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happy. All that really matters is the assurance of a final peace—a peace that isn't the property of individuals, but of all those who believe. If you have done wrong it is against that peace in yourself and in others. What you have forgotten is that sin can lead to forgiveness only through expiation—the payment in full of the debt incurred."

"Didn't I pay with nine years of misery?" murmured Paula.

"You have paid, my dear girl, but not in full. Even what you gave yesterday with one hand you are snatching back today with the other. It can't be done, Paula. Either your marriage to John Oliver was the thing of beauty you believed it to be—a union before God—or it was license, unbridled and ugly."

"Ugly! Never!"

"Or you can stand by the lawfulness of your marriage to Cornell Tappen," continued Mrs. Newcombe steadily. "One of the two is right. Both together can only be horrible in the end, however smoothly your pleasant days are passing."

"Horrible only because you make it so," said Paula, sinking beside the bed. "John isn't a man. He's only a lovely ruin—a sweet presence cut off from its decent past."

"He's the father of your child."

"Can't you see that it's because he's Joan's father that I can never turn him out? Oh, mother, why did you ever come here? I could have loved you always, and you could have loved me!"

"I do love you. I shall always love you. I was sent here because you are blind, and I shall lie on this bed until I give you eyes. In your madness you are preparing the ruin of the peace of your own soul and the destruction of your child. How can you imagine that the world will ever see the hidden truth inside these walls? You comfort yourself day by day with the hope that if only you can keep your head covered you'll never be found out—that the heartless world can look on Joan and her true father for years without seeing what I've seen in a single month."

Across the cold emptiness of the room Paula caught a memory of the warm flash of the passing of Lucie de Chelnes, who had stopped in at the château on her annual pilgrimage to Dijon. Lucie was far from being heartless. She was the most indulgent of confidantes and the gentlest of critics, but her amazement at meeting Tappen for the first time was unforgettable. She had thought of him as the ogre husband who could hold malice for years on end. Face to face with his instant charm, the reversal had been too much for even the supernal tact of the Comtesse de Chelnes. When she left at the end of an hour a tiny frown was still puckering her highly arched brows.

"How can you deceive yourself," continued Mrs. Newcombe's thin but implacable voice, "into believing that some day Joan won't have to face the unforgiving verdict of those who read by fact and not by fancy? Can you picture her face under the first taunt that her mother dared to live with two men—to bring her up between her father and a paramour?"

"Oh! . . . Oh!" Paula sprang to her feet and rushed from the room. As she flew down the stairs she caught a blurred vision of Tappen's face, staring up at her in open-mouthed dismay. She felt herself whirled past him by the forces that were driving her into the open lest she stop to scream and beat her head against a wall. She plunged across the terrace, down the steep bank to the lawn and over to the shelter of the trees. She walked blindly, stumbling sometimes, and raising her arm to brush her eyes futilely with the back of her hand. She was puzzled to find that her cheeks were dry.

Tappen started after her, slowly at first, and then faster. When he had her in view he measured his pace to hers and held it. For once in his life he was afraid. Never had he seen anyone change in a week or a month as Paula had changed in a single hour. She had gone to her mother's room a nervous but collected woman, conscious of her own strength and prepared to be tolerant of the weakness of others. She had come out a tortured creature, harassed by something deeper than the hurt of an ordinary quarrel. It was because he could remember the agonized look of an animal tearing for cover under the spur of a mortal wound that he was frightened, and for the same reason his fear gradually dissolved into pity.

He found her crouched on a bench near the break in the wall where he had first entered the grounds of the Château aux Hêtres. She was holding to the back of the seat with both hands, her back twisted and her head bent, every muscle in her body visibly tensed. He stood away from her and spoke to her quietly.

"Don't touch me," she whispered hoarsely. "Go away."

"Do you mean it, Paula?"

"Yes."

"Go away and—and not come back?"

"Yes."

He stood quite still, looking at her and frowning. He had forgotten himself—lost himself in a moment of spontaneous immolation—but he was searching, not altogether blindly, for the reason behind what she asked. He could guess at what had happened, but that was not enough. He had to know whether what she demanded was what she truly wanted.

"All right," he said at last, "I'll go."

He turned and immediately a half stupor possessed him. He was Cornell Tappen once more, free to think of himself alone. Where had he been and where was he headed now? Where could he go, and why?

"Corny!"

He stopped. "What is it?"

"Come here. Listen to me."

He sank down on the bench beside her, locked his hands around his knees and waited. He was still half dazed, but when he saw she did not change her position, and that she was at a loss how to begin, the haze seemed to clear from his mind. In a moment everything—things animate and things inanimate—took on precise form, line and value. It was he who broke the silence.

"You don't have to tell me what your mother said, Paula, if that's what's bothering you. I know. I read it in your face as you came down the stairs. If life is only a gamble where you must take every trick to win, perhaps she's right. There's the chance—more than just a chance, to be fair—that you and I and John and Joan can't make a whole world to ourselves. If that's so, it's ugly. But if it's so ——"

"Oh, Corny ——" She turned and with her head still bent crept into his arms like a child trying to hide. He could not misread her action, for there was no yielding in it—only a tense and quivering appeal for refuge. He held her lightly, and the longer she rested against him, the steadier became her pulse and the colder her body grew. "You understand more than I," she said thickly. "I don't know what happened—to me, I mean. You told me the only cowardice would be not to stick by my guns. I don't know how and when I lost them. I'm either a coward or a weakling. I'm beaten, Corny—terribly beaten."

"You've trusted me a lot," he said presently; "trust me a little longer. Will you?"

"I'll try—but you've got to be alive even to trust."

"There's a way out of everything," he said, striving to reassure himself as well as her. "There must be, because I've always believed it. Will you believe it too?"

"I want to, Corny, with all my heart. But something has gone through me—something like a knife."

"Paula, my dear, there's just one thing to remember—one thing you've got to remember, or we haven't a hope. Whatever others do, you and I don't have to hurt each other. Will you remember that?"

"Always, Corny."

They started back toward the house arm in arm, but as they drew opposite the big beech he brought her to a stop and frowned. She looked up, followed the direction of his eyes and saw Abdul, Oliver and Joan grouped beneath the tree, Abdul enthroned on the bench, the others sitting cross-legged on the ground, their faces lifted toward him.

"Cheek!" muttered Tappen.

"What's the matter?" asked Paula.

"The nerve of him!" continued Tappen, glowering. "He has no right to sit in the presence of a white man, and he knows it. He needs a real drubbing, and he's going to get it."

"Don't be foolish, Corny. It's probably just some game they're playing."

"But a game he knows he has no right to play. They are actually looking up to him, listening to him discourse. It isn't a favor to be easy on him, Paula. Once one of those boys gets cheeky, he's ruined two ways. He's no good to anybody and he loses the only profession he knows. From purely unselfish motives, I'm going to beat him up."

"You're speaking a foreign language—some African dialect. In other words, you're mildly crazy. You would no more dare hit Abdul while Joan is around than you would dare chop down the beech because it dropped a leaf on you."

A blank look filled Tappen's face. "You're right, I wouldn't. I'll have to take the rascal for a walk."

"Let's slip around behind them, Corny. I want to hear what he's saying."

A moment later they could realize for themselves why Abdul was holding the rapt attention of his hearers. He was not talking to them, he was soliloquizing—moaning, wailing to himself, moisture in his voice, in his black-brown eyes, and even on the backs of his hands, placed on his round bare knees:

"No good this place. Every tree this country make believe she *temba* tree. *Temba* tree drop leaves, that's all right. But not every tree go do same thing. Me, too, me Abdul, I drop leaves. This country too much cold, blood no run no more. My country warm country. I want to go my place. Plenty sun, plenty woman. One good wife, know how to work, two pound ten shilling. Two good wife, five pound. Three good wife, seben pound ten shilling. Bye em bye, plenty pickanin'. No good this country. I want my country for me."

"Poor Abdul!" said Joan, tears starting from her eyes. "Don't cry, Abdul."

XV

IT IS one thing to promise never to hurt a person beloved, it is another to keep the pledge that slips so easily from the tongue, propelled by an impulse of the heart.

A test was to come to Paula sooner than she expected, but in the meantime she was destined to pass through a transition, a vaguely sensed culmination of forces she had not yet identified but which were rapidly tearing away a scaffolding it had taken years to build. Every individual can be divided at any stage of existence into two basic elements—the rock core, inherited, devised by shadowy generations, and the loam of a single life's accretion. The top soil may be stripped by any catastrophic tremor, but it takes an internal earthquake to shake the immemorial core.

That night, with her mother sticking stubbornly to her bed, a subtle change seemed to pervade the expansive living room, drawing it by some magic into a single compact circle centered on the couch where John Oliver sat with Joan at his side. Tappen was there, looking at the blind man intently but without a shade of rancor, and she, Paula Newcombe, was between them—between Joan's father and the man Joan believed to be her father. Even Mr. Newcombe had joined them, driven from his game of cards by a vague uneasiness. He seldom spoke to his wife during the evenings, but her simple withdrawal was enough to destroy the balance of his habitual equilibrium.

The talk was of Africa. Urged perhaps by Abdul's panegyric, Oliver had started it as soon as Tappen and the others wandered in from the dining room. Joan had risen dutifully to go, but he had drawn her down again with an almost possessive movement. "No, my dear. I'm sure Paula will agree you oughtn't to miss this. It's educative, you know. Travel while you sit—that sort of thing. As good for you as spinach, only a lot nicer. Eh, Paula?"

"It won't hurt her to sit up for once."

Oliver's questions were those of one who sees what he hears. They led naturally from scene to scene. They held Tappen to the sequence of a story, and by building tale upon tale, began to lay the foundations of a saga. That a vague continent should assume definite limits was a mere detail. Here, spread before the eyes of a pseudo-sophistication, was a new world, old and magnificently strange, taking on form, peopling a lamplit hour with breathing prehistoric monsters, linking the age of man to the aeons before it, reviving the traditions of the supremacy of lore over the finicking tunes of the troubadour, but not scorning on occasion to break out into the vaunting chant of the victorious hunter or the cadenced song of black men on the march.

"Really, Corny," exclaimed Paula, carried away for a moment from concentration on herself, "you're rather wonderful!"

"It's Oliver," said Tappen shamefacedly. "He made me do it."

"Always knew he had it in him," muttered Oliver.

His face, which had been unusually animated, settled back into its accustomed lines, but Tappen, watching it keenly, was conscious of a profundity in its expression he had never caught before. He began to wonder to what point Oliver was aware of the actual constriction of the world around him. Was it possible that in spite of his sightless blue eyes he saw its involuted intricacies with a surer vision than could Tappen himself, or Paula, or Mrs. Newcombe, lying on her bed upstairs in a rôle of unyielding, passive resistance? Did his quiet acceptance of things as they are spring from a mere unfeeling negation, or did it have for its source a well of wisdom and strength?

As Tappen looked and wondered, all these people—Oliver, with an arm fallen negligently around Joan, Paula at his side and Mr. Newcombe beyond—appeared to begin slowly to recede.

But it was not they who moved. It was he himself—Cornell Tappen, once of New York and sometime of Mozambique. He seemed to withdraw without volition, backward and still backward, until he saw them as a distant group, complete in itself, amalgamated by the alchemy of some master soluble in which he had no part. He was seized by such a feeling of desperate loneliness as no hour in the wilderness had ever been able to produce. He gazed upon the deep contentment in the blind man's face and forgot that he was all splendid head and no body. Though Oliver was stripped of sight and apparently devoid of all those appetites of flesh and emotion which are commonly thought alone to make life worth living, Tappen envied him with a despairing envy.

Paula moved restlessly. "It's way past bedtime, Joan."

Even the sound of her voice could not bring the man who knew she loved him back into the charmed circle. She remained far away—so far away that without doubting her love he could still think of it as one thinks of a treasure locked in a coffer whose key has been stolen. He could even see the hand that had stolen it, see it as clearly—vein, sinew and faintly mottled skin—as if he were sitting in Mrs. Newcombe's bedroom. And yet he could not bring himself to regard Paula's mother as a malign force directed toward his individual destruction. He was far past all such bickerings of the mind. From the dead calm of his isolation he saw her with a truer vision than ever before as a placid, likable woman, transformed into Nemesis by the insertion down her spine of the extraneous ramrod of an inherited conviction.

Joan arose to go and Oliver got up with her. They went out together, and Mr. Newcombe followed so quietly that neither Tappen nor Paula realized he had moved until his good night drifted back to them from the doorway. They sat for a moment in a strained silence, and Tappen, almost startled, awoke to the fact that even alone with her he was no nearer. Something impended, some danger that he must either ward off or confess himself utterly defeated. She turned and started to say something, but could not phrase the words. On her feet, it seemed for a moment that she was going to leave him without speaking, then she turned again and stood looking down at him with frightened pleading eyes.

"I'm going up now, Corny."

"No," he said, rising quickly. "Let me go first, please."

Without giving her a chance to answer he hurried out and upstairs. His dressing room was between their bath and bedroom. He entered it, undressed swiftly, tore off the chintz slip from the day bed and slipped under the covers. He heard her come up a few minutes later. With his face to the wall he listened avidly and applied the sixth sense of the hunter to reading all her movements. He felt her startled pause beside him, heard her move lingeringly into the bathroom and sensed the swiftness of her return past him into the bedroom. He listened with all his ears. Here was the test. If she locked the door into that room which had been his as much as hers, she would have hurt him irreparably. He would slip out into the night and never come back.

He felt rather than heard the key turn, so silently was it done, and now all was darkness. But he could see his path. He straightened and lay flat on his back. Although he was looking directly upward, he had the illusion of a leveled gaze, and the wheels of his mind set to work with a smooth precision. He began to think out details. He would go in the suit of clothes he had worn that day. There was a fair amount of money in its pockets, and he could get his check book from the drawer of the desk downstairs—the big desk he had shared with Paula. He would take the spare car. He must find Abdul, of course, and send him to get the key to the garage from Bazire.

So completely was his brain absorbed in planning that he did not hear the door open, and when Paula came to him he thought for an excruciating moment that he was in the grip of an agonizing dream. But her silk-clad body was too cold for the stuff of dreams. Her feet and her hands were like ice. Even her lips, brushing his neck as she settled her head against his shoulder, were frozen in their touch. There was a faint shuddering in all her limbs as he drew her close and held her, but presently his stillness became hers. She relaxed with a quivering sigh and fell into sleep as a plummet falls into deep water. It was as though Joan, exhausted, had crept into his bed.

He lay awake for a long time, tasting a keener and far more subtle bliss than ever blessed the vaunted pinnacles of passionate possession. Love took on a new meaning—an unimagined fullness that left his spirit gasping. He ached with the realization that the heart of man can be too small a vessel to contain its own brew and the mind of man too short a measure to encircle its own broad range. Thinking he loved, he had never known love before. Thus was he doomed to wonder from now on where its ultimate limits are fixed.

Sleep engenders its own warmth. Paula's blood, pulsing naturally within the peace of unfathomable slumber, added its glow to the heat she borrowed from his body. She grew tender, soft and malleable—fluid without motion. He felt her flowing into and with him, and they became indissolubly one. Drowsily, protestingly, he floated away from the consciousness to which he clung into the Nirvana of a supreme content. When they awoke it was broad daylight. They turned sleepily in the narrow bed, stared solemnly at each other, and like children newly awakened, suddenly smiled. Then they grew up and Paula hid her face against him. She began to tremble and presently to turn cold. He sprang up and left her.

Mr. Newcombe, puzzled by his wife's continued immobility in the face of apparent good health, and totally at a loss as to its motive, hovered disconsolately between her as a duty and the dozen little chores he had made it his pleasure either to attend to or to watch. He sought out his daughter on the third morning and appealed to her, by no means for the first time. "What on earth can be the matter with your mother, Paula?"

"You had better ask her, father. I still don't think it's anything serious."

"Are you fooling me—keeping me in the dark?"

She glanced at him quickly, startled. "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, nothing, except that you're the one who really looks sick. I suppose I'm a doddering fool, but I'd be willing to wager you've lost a pound in the last three days. If it isn't your mother you're worried about, it's something else."

"Just how much will you bet?" asked Paula, her face clearing and breaking in a teasing smile. "In cash, father—real money."

"Oh, well ——" began Mr. Newcombe, and broke off. He went in search of more intelligible sympathy and happened upon Tappen. "What do you think, Corny? Oughtn't we to have in a doctor?"

"For whom?"

"Paula, for one."

"Paula!" exclaimed Tappen, genuinely surprised.

Then his expression turned to gravity, touched by a shade of wistfulness.

"Yes," continued Mr. Newcombe. "If she isn't sick now she's going to be, or I miss my guess. Then there's my wife, sticking to her bed like a barnacle to a post. Says there's nothing the matter, but I worry about her."

"I wouldn't if I were you, sir," said Tappen slowly. "Let her stay in bed for a while longer, and I have a notion she'll start to pick up pretty soon without your knowing why."

"You take things pretty coolly, don't you?" said Mr. Newcombe, still dissatisfied. "I suppose you feel just as easy about Paula."

"Yes," said Tappen after a pause, "in a way, I do. But I hadn't noticed she was looking so badly." He frowned and presently continued: "I've been wanting to have a talk with you about something else. Do you mind coming for a walk?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Newcombe, glad of the excuse to get away from the house. "The woods are great just now. They don't have the color of our autumn, but I like the smell of the fallen leaves. It's just like home."

They were well on their way before Tappen spoke again: "I don't know if you remember saying to me you couldn't understand how a man could live without work."

"Yes, I remember," said Mr. Newcombe, "but I've been wondering ever since if I was right. Perhaps it's a question of the mind, Corny. If you've got enough in the back of your head to feed on, perhaps I was wrong."

"I don't think you were. I've never told you about the Bennington Reserve, have I?"

"Something, but not much—or maybe it was Paula. I know you made your money out of it."

"Yes, what little I have. It's a fine property, but the war knocked the bottom out of it. No man but me knows half its possibilities. I've come to the conclusion I'm too young to be a loafer, so I've been negotiating by cable with the receivers to give me another shot at the management."

"You're no loafer, Corny," said Mr. Newcombe quickly. "Just because you work without appearing to work, do you think I can't see what you've done and are doing all the time for this place of Paula's? I dare say not only the château but the entire estate is worth a third more than when you took hold of it."

"That's nothing," said Tappen, but his cheeks flushed faintly at the older man's shrewd appreciation. "Now it's moving, Paula can run it easily enough."

"How did the Bennington people take your proposal?"

"Jumped at it gratefully. They think I'm a fool for more reasons than one, but they're willing to accept me as a sacrificial goat."

"But you feel sure it will pay?"

"While I live I believe it will pay like a gold mine."

"What do you think of my putting some money into it? Might make things a bit easier for you if you had one substantial stockholder in your pocket."

"That's fine of you, sir," said Tappen with a warm smile, "but I would rather you didn't. I don't need more than I've got to win my own battles. I'm leaving with Abdul for London tomorrow to close up the deal."

"Coming back this way?"

"Oh, yes. We'll be gone for less than a week, I hope. Suppose you tell Mrs. Newcombe what's in the air, will you?"

"Why? She isn't the kind that mixes in men's affairs."

"I have an idea it might do her good. Perhaps you're not the only one who thinks a chap ought to work if he wants to live. Try it anyway."

"All right, I'll give her the information; but in exchange you've got to let me go along with you to London. I tell you, Corny, that sort of trip would do me a world of good, and you might find me useful after all."

"Great!" said Tappen with a laugh. "I couldn't ask for better company."

When the two, accompanied by a changed Abdul, returned from London five days later, Mr. Newcombe was overjoyed to find that his wife had so far recovered as to be able to resume her ordinary habits, but Tappen did not share in his surprise. In the days which followed he did not openly avoid her, but on the other hand he gave her no chance to express either sympathy or approval. He sought opportunity to show her courtesy while others were about, but he dodged any sort of conjunction. More than that, in so far as he could do so, he excluded her from his mind.

This week of waiting for a steamer from Marseilles to the East Coast belonged to him as had no other period in his whole life, and he was niggardly in his manner of spending it. He portioned it out carefully among the people, things and places he loved best. Paula came in for most of it, Joan with Oliver for more than usual, and even Mr. Newcombe for a few hours devoted to such a minute description of the interests which were soon to absorb Tappen's attention that the grizzled little man felt a vague longing to renew his youth by going to the front in person.

"Wouldn't be the place for me, I suppose," he ventured.

"Hardly!" exclaimed Tappen with a laugh. "But I admire your sporting blood, sir."

"Of course, it's a terrible way off. A month, you say, from Marseilles."

"All of that," confirmed Tappen.

"Do you think Paula quite understands what that means?"

"I haven't told her much about it. She must know I'm planning to go somewhere, but that's all."

"My boy, you're running a great risk. Never let a thing like that hit a woman by surprise or come to her through a third party. It hurts her pride if it doesn't smash anything else." He looked at Tappen curiously. "Didn't you have some lesson of that kind once before?"

"Not exactly," said Tappen. "But there's no reason to worry. I have an idea that it will be a great tonic to Paula to have me actively at work again, even if it does mean a long absence. She hasn't said anything about my loafing, perhaps because you and she are the only ones who appreciate just how busy I've been. You can write me how she takes my going."

"We won't be here long after you're gone, you know," said Mr. Newcombe doubtfully. "Mrs. Newcombe wants to sail about a week after you do. You knew that, didn't you?"

"That's so. Paula told me."

"Joan will miss you, of course, but she'll miss Abdul like the very mischief."

"She's missing him already," said Tappen. "Haven't you noticed how the trip to London changed him? He smelled home, and he's been puffed with self-importance ever since. He's so surly at being ordered around that they've about given up having him in their games."

"So that's why you've been taking his place—so Joan wouldn't notice. You have a lot of nice ways about you, Corny."

"But that doesn't happen to be one of them," said Tappen with a nod of recognition for the compliment, and a smile. "I'm with Joan for the good of my own soul, and because I like tremendously to be with her."

That evening Mrs. Newcombe read something in the latest number of the Paris paper besides the list of Americans abroad. "Well, Mathew," she remarked, "you are in the news tonight."

"Really?" said Paula, only mildly puzzled. "Let's hear it, mother."

"'Mr. Mathew Newcombe,'" read Mrs. Newcombe in a precise voice, well under control, "'accompanied by his son-in-law, Mr. Cornell Tappen, of New York, Paris and Nuits-St.-Georges, stopped the night at the Meurice on their way back from London to the Côte d'Or. It will be recalled that Mr. Tappen, who remarried Miss Paula Newcombe under such romantic circumstances a couple of months ago, was at one time field manager of Bennington Reserve, Limited, exploiters of vast East African properties now in the hands of receivers. He is expected to return to Mozambique at an early date to report on present conditions and possibly to resume active charge.'"

Paula showed no sign that the news came to her as a shock, but Oliver threw up his head with unusual abruptness, while Joan jumped to her feet and stood staring at Tappen with a puzzled expression. "What does it all mean, Corny? Are you going back to that place you were telling us about the night they let me stay up?"

"The very same," said Tappen, "and I'm awfully sorry, Joan, but I think I'll have to take Abdul along to look after me."

"Take me too," said Oliver suddenly, projecting his head forward. "That's a fine chap now. Swear I won't be in the way. Just lead me off the ship and you'd never have to think of me again." He threw out one arm in a gangling gesture toward Paula. "You wouldn't mind, old girl, would you?"

Paula felt a lump rise in her throat. "Why, John," she said thickly, "are you so unhappy here?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Oliver. "Unhappy? Just tell me what I could ask that I haven't got! No, my dear, nothing like that. Only, people are apt to think that a blind man can't see. More rot. New sounds and smells, and the sights I've never seen! I would start living all over again. They say copra stinks. Great! I'll wager I can spot it and name it a mile away. Niggers, too—they have a smell of their own. I'll wager I can tell if they're long or short, thin or fat, traveling fast or lying low. Think of the rhythm of the tom-tom, and of the chanteys of a *safari* on the march. Do you think I won't be able to see all that, and follow?"

Paula could have cried aloud in protest against the pain—the sheer waste—of all futile sacrifices. She had known for days that Corny was planning to go away, but not how definitely, nor how terribly far. Why was he going, if all it meant to John was that he wanted to go too? That question beat flutteringly at the windows of her

(Continued on Page 50)

Feel that smoothness, men! That's what you call an honest-to-goodness shave. No stinging . . . No smarting . No razor-pull. Your face feels smooth, fresh, invigorated.

You can thank science for this! Colgate chemists worked a long time to banish razor-pull and give you a really up-to-date shave. And they did it with this "Small Bubble" lather.

You know the result . . *Now here's the reason*

Why Shaving is Smoother *Small-Bubble Way*

Razor-pull banished. No more sting or smart. Off come whiskers clean and smooth when beards are softened this scientific way. There's a big difference in shaving creams that you can prove by test . . . see offer in coupon below

IF you think all shaving creams are alike, there's a surprise for you in this advertisement.

It's the story of a new way . . . an easy way . . . a quick and scientific way to get your whiskers off.

A way that banishes razor-pull . . . stops smarting. Leaves your face amazingly comfortable . . . delightfully smooth throughout the day.

It's a completely new shaving idea . . . based on the proven principle of small-bubble lather . . . perfected for you by Colgate chemists.

Already millions have adopted it. Thousands use it daily. From coast to coast the news has spread like wildfire. Today a nation-wide test is being offered——see coupon below.

What it is—What it does

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

A glance at the photographs in the circles proves this better than words.

Good-bye, Razor-Pull

We've told you the principle. Now you want to know what this means to you.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water, right at the base where your razor does its work.

Instantly your beard gets soft and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened . . . ready for your razor.

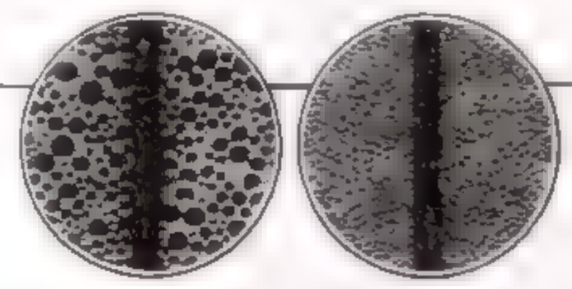
Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting. Twice-over shaves aren't needed now. Your face feels clean, fresh, smooth, invigorated.

ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.



This remarkable photomicrograph shows the actual globules of oil after they have been removed from the beard by the Colgate "small bubble" lather.

You can see the difference in the mirror. You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort.

You be the judge . . . for 7 days

These astonishing improvements are so easy to judge that we ask you to make a test.

We'll gladly send a 7-day trial tube of Colgate's to any fair-minded man. Compare it with the shave cream in your bathroom now.

See how smooth it makes your face . . . how clean without the usual dryness. Do this, please, at our expense.

Try it . . . we know you'll like it . . . and when you do, tell your friends. For news like this is too good to keep.

• • •

As an extra dividend we will also send you a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men. Try it after shaving!

SEVEN WONDERFUL SHAVES . . . FREE

Here's our proposition, men. If you're willing to judge Colgate's on its merits and abide by the verdict . . we'll cheerfully pay for the test. Mail coupon below.

COLGATE & COMPANY
Dept. 502 A, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name

Address

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

MARIAN NIXON

Look for this beautiful girl in

"The Fourflusher"

The picture-play, ***"The Fourflusher,"*** was adapted from the stage success by Caesar Dunn, and produced by Universal, merely to arouse laughter in your hearts. Up to a certain point, serious subjects, and drama, are fine, but good comedy must be interspersed so as to make your enjoyment complete.

"The Fourflusher," a Wesley Ruggles Production, is light, airy, always laughable, and with MARIAN NIXON, GEORGE LEWIS and EDDIE PHILLIPS in the principal parts, you are assured an evening of delightful entertainment. So much did I think of it when I saw it that I immediately gave it a place of honor on our list of unusual pictures. Be sure to ask the manager of your favorite theatre to show ***"The Fourflusher."***

Please take my advice and watch for CONRAD VEIDT in ***"A Man's Past,"*** in which this splendid actor takes the part of a celebrated surgeon who has been sentenced to ten years in a penal colony, where most of the action occurs. It is a most unusual drama and will arouse your emotions, all of them, to a high degree. He is supported by an all-star cast consisting of ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW, GEORGE SIEGMANN, IAN KEITH and BARBARA BEDFORD. Directed by George Melford.

If you contemplate a visit to New York, be sure to go to the Central Theatre on Broadway at 47th Street and see Universal's great production ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin."*** Don't let anything interfere with your seeing it. And please write me a letter about it.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c for autographed photograph of your favorite Universal star

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 48)

confused brain. It seemed to suggest some monstrous absurdity, but was powerless to come to rest on a definite answer. Something was in the way, some lack in herself. No, not a lack. Rather a subtraction, practiced by another's hand as surely as if a surgeon had performed an operation.

"I'm afraid you wouldn't be up to it, old man," said Tappen, answering Oliver seriously. "Frightfully hot for five months out of twelve, and the food isn't particularly nourishing. No horses to ride and no cows to milk. You couldn't possibly make the grade."

"Think so?" asked Oliver with a touch of belligerence. Then he sank back in the depths of the couch. "Perhaps you're right. Perhaps I would gum things a bit, after all." But presently his head came forward again and he sat staring toward Paula with a peculiar expression gathered and knotted around his vacant eyes.

Joan moved quietly to stand before Tappen. "I like warm weather, Corny," she murmured breathlessly. "I'm always happiest on the hottest days, and you know how I eat almost everything—even Abdul's horrid dry rice."

He slipped his arm around her and drew her down on his knee. For a moment he thought he was going to choke; but hugging her close, he managed to whisper, "God bless you for that, darling. If ever I take a little girl to Africa, or anywhere else she wants to go, I promise it will be you."

"But not this time," said Joan with a wise nod of her head.

"No, not this time."

"Cheer up, Joan," said Mr. Newcombe. "I'll tell you a secret. He wouldn't let me go either."

Paula arose hurriedly and left the room, followed by the accurate turning of Oliver's head. Everyone, she was thinking, her father, Joan, John—even Abdul—was free to ask to go with Corny; everyone but herself—and her mother. She started down the hallway to the front door, but changed her mind, turned back and went upstairs. She threw herself prone on her bed, dragged forward one of the pillows and buried her face in it

What had her mother done to her, and how? What had she taken from her? Her soul cried out loudly it was not mean, while her shrinking flesh declared stubbornly she was her mother's daughter. She buried her face again, tears of impotent anger stinging her eyes.

Tappen grew restless and arose as soon as he could rid himself of Joan without seeming to do so. He, too, went into the hall, but passed out the front door and stood wondering which path Paula had taken. Had she intended he should follow? How could he tell if she wanted him to come to her or if she wished only to escape—from him most of all? He had been living strange silent days, and nights, at her side, in a sort of sentient trance of content. That was what he had not been able to make her feel—this tenuous thread of spiritual happiness which bound him to her more securely than had the hoops of physical possession. He knew she was not afraid of him, but she was curiously ashamed. How could one battle against that sort of thing except by a meticulous forbearance? He could not make up his mind to seek her out, and wandered back uncertainly into the hallway.

Joan ran out to him. "The captain says to tell you mother went upstairs."

"Really?" exclaimed Tappen. "How did he know?"

"Why, that's nothing for him, Corny. He saw her with his ears." She held up her lips. "You get two kisses tonight, one to give to mother."

He climbed the stairs slowly, went to Paula, and stood for a moment looking down at her quivering body, indistinct in the dim glow of a night lamp. Then he sat on the bed and took her in his arms with a gentle firmness born of resolve.

"There's something I've been trying to tell you. Please let me. Are you listening?" She nodded her head but could not stop trembling. "I want you to know that I've never been so happy as in the last few days. There's no tag to that, my dear, no mental hold-back whatever. I mean it just as simply as I said it."

She slipped her arms around him and clung to him desperately. "I've been trying to tell you something too," she whispered hoarsely. "I despise myself, Corny. I'm sorry that I was true to John for nine years. If I had been what everyone thought I was—a woman with a hidden lover, or worse—nobody could have made me into the coward I am today. I would be live flesh and blood and I'd cling to you in the face of mother and father, Joan and John and the whole world."

"Hush, dear."

"No, no, don't stop me. What hurts most is that Joan—the only person besides you who really matters—would love me for it. If she ever finds out the thing I am she'll hate me and despise the smug happiness I'm buying for her."

"Paula, it's you I love—what you are, and not what you do. How can I make you believe it? I can only tell you I'm going away owned body and soul by the memory of you—the lover you were and the sweetheart you still are."

"When must you go?"

"Tomorrow."

The word stunned her. She lay breathlessly still for a long moment. "What time?"

"Any old time. I can go by train, or Bazire could drive us down to Marseilles later. The ship sails day after tomorrow at ten in the morning."

He felt her melting in his arms. Her hands stole up around his neck and he could feel her face, warm and wet, against his cheek. "Corny, dear boy, I'm your wife—anything you want, my darling, anything you ask."

He cradled her, and the beating of her heart against his breast brought a lump into his throat. She throbbed like a frightened bird held in the hand. He wished only to set her free, but knew that if he let her go she would still be within a cage.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

For he had slain a dragon fierce,
And blade in hand didst bring
Ye dragon to hys lady true,
A knightly offering.

Behind him over stock and stone
He dragged hys slaughtered game,
Until a guye with frosty eye
Across hys pathway came.

"Now out upon thee!" cried ye knight
To him of frosty eye.
"Who art thou, pray, to bar ye way,
My knighthood to defy?"

Ye stranger with ye frigid mien
Now forth a tapeline drew
And measured down ye dragon's crown
Ye dragon's tail unto.

"Methought as much," ye stranger saith.
"It is as I surmised.
You'll come with me, fair sir," quoth he.
"Yon dragon's undersized."

"Od's whips and wheels!" now fumed ye knight.
"Base vandal, let me by!"
With shake of head, ye stranger said:
"Ye Dragon Warden, I.

"For slaying chicken dragons, knave,
Ye'll answer to ye state."
For lack of bail, ye knight's in jail;
Hys dragon confiscate.

—*Arthur H. Folwell.*

Perfectly Simple

THE Total Stranger accosted the Friendly-looking Man and asked: "Would you be kind enough to direct me to the home of Mr. Augustus Wimple? I am told he lives somewhere in this neighborhood."

"With pleasure," replied the Friendly-looking Man. "Go down this street until you come to a house with a *syringa vulgaris* growing by the front gate. Turn left there and cross the street, going east until you see a large *fagus grandifolia*. Near it you will recognize an *acer platanoides* and here, if I may make a suggestion, you should be careful not to confuse it with the *acer saccharinum*. Three doors from there you will note a yard inclosed with *ligustrum ovalifolium*. You cannot miss it, because there is an especially fine example of the *quercus rubra* on the lawn, near an *alba lacinita pendula*, and there is quite a clump of *diervilla amabilis* hard by. To help identify the place, I might say that there is a planting of *thuja occidentalis compacta* near the house, and the building itself is almost hidden under *hedera helix*."

"Thank you very much," said the Total Stranger. "That simplifies matters immensely."

"Glad to have been of some slight service," answered the Friendly-looking Man.

The Friendly-looking Man, it might be explained, was Proctor Learned, professor of botany at Freshwater University.

—Tom S. Elrod.

Biological Notes

MOSQUITO AND BEE

THE grown mosquito's stingaree
Is fastened to his muzzle.
Quite different is the buzzing bee,
Who wears his on his buzzle.

SPIDER

A papa spider's love affair
Ought to worry him a bit.
The wedding breakfast finds him there;
He's got to be—because he's it.

RABBIT

The rabbit moves her progeny
From hole to hole and hutch to hutch,
And if she loses two or three,
It never seems to matter much.

TRAPDOOR SPIDER

The trapdoor spider builds a hall
Which serves her for a parking place.
And when you go to pay a call
She slams the front door in your face.

FLY

A good fly's buzz expresses cheer,
Or joy, or woe, or disappointment.
Almost always one can hear
A bad one singing in the ointment.

—*Theodore Merriman.*

Nothing like a pipe, *I* say

WHENEVER I want a real, honest-to-John *smoke* (and that's pretty often!), I get out my old pipe and pack it with Prince Albert. I know in advance what it's going to be like, but I get a new thrill out of it every time. A pipe and P. A. are so downright *dependable.*

Just to open the tidy red tin and drink in that P. A. fragrance is a treat in itself. No more appetizing aroma ever greeted a pipe-hungry man. And when that cool, comfortable smoke comes rolling up the stem, you know that the taste more than matches the fragrance.

Cool as the old town pump. Restful as an easy chair after a hard day. Mellow and mild and long-burning. So mild, in fact, that you're always ready for another session, no matter how much you load up and light up. I've smoked P. A. for years—I ought to know!

If you don't know the contentment and satisfaction of a pipe, I urge you to go and get one right now. Fill it with good old Prince Albert and smoke up. You'll enjoy it as you never enjoyed a smoke before. You'll want your pipe for a constant companion from that time on, or I miss *my* guess. Try it!

Not only quality, but quantity, too—TWO full ounces in every tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

How to Evade The BIGGEST Motor Tax

80% of repair bills are needless—and these cost you eight times as much as gasoline taxes

THERE is much ado today about the gasoline tax. But the greatest tax of all goes on unnoticed. It is the tax you pay for needless repair bills caused by *one simple thing*, lack of *proper lubrication*.

Six years ago, the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System was announced to the motor world. This system made it possible, for the first time, to lubricate a motor car properly. And it proved that a motorist can eliminate 80% of repair bills by lubricating his car regularly every 500 miles. Today practically all cars are equipped with this system.

Now we have a new announcement to make—equally important.

We are now ready to announce a nation-wide Alemite-ing Service. A convenience and a safeguard for you.

The Reason

Since Alemite was invented, thousands of "greasing stations" have sprung up everywhere to take care of the tremendous demand for lubrication. Many of them use cheap greases. Greases made of soap, fatty acids and cheap fillers that freeze solid in cold weather, that heat up—due to friction—and literally eat up a bearing. Cheap grease is worse than no lubricant at all.

So to protect *you* and to protect ourselves we organized official *Alemite-ing* stations in every community.

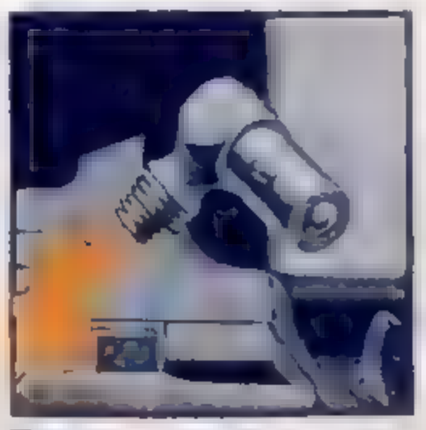
Alemite-ing?

To *Alemite* your car means to lubricate the entire Alemite system on your car with genuine Alemite lubricants. Only dealers displaying the sign shown above are official Alemite-ing stations. They use genuine Alemite lubricants.

And inasmuch as ordinary greases are much cheaper, they submit to frequent inspection so that you may be sure of getting genuine Alemite lubricants.

What To Do

Just drive in wherever you see one of these official Alemite signs. The service consists of the following:



THE above cut shows the modern dust-proof Alemite fitting which is installed on the chassis bearings of your car. Lubricant is shot through under high pressure to the heart of the bearing. Old grease and grit are thus forced out

1. BEARINGS:—

Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. (The picture above shows how this is done.) This lubricant is a pure, solidified oil that will stand up under 3,000 pounds pressure. (Average grease breaks down under 200 pounds pressure.) It resists heat up to 200°. And will lubricate bearings properly at 30° below zero. Thus service eliminates burnt-out bearings and rattles in your car that come from worn, corroded bearings.

2. GEARS:—

By means of the Alemite Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all grit, dirt and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant. Most of the grinding noise and rumbling you often hear in a motor car comes from the use of cheap grease in transmission and differential. Such grease thins out in summer, allowing gear teeth to run dry. In winter it "freezes" up, and makes gears hard to shift. The grinding gears act like a dragging brake on your motor.

The use of special Alemite Gear Lubricant usually adds 1½ to 2 more miles per gallon of gasoline, due to freer running. It lubricates freely at 15° below zero, thus giving you an easy gear shift in coldest weather.

3. SPRINGS:—

Having your springs sprayed with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. It penetrates thoroughly, spreading a thin layer of graphite between every leaf of your springs. Makes your car ride easier and eliminates spring squeaks.

The above is what we mean by *Alemite-ing* your car. It is the easiest way to keep a motor car running sweetly. It is a service that will eliminate 80% of ordinary repair bills.

[Chassis bearings and springs should be lubricated every 500 miles. Gears every 2,000 miles.]

These instructions, however, are only a general average. Don't take a chance. Whenever your car seems slow on "pick-up," look to your chassis bearings. Whenever you hear squeaks or rumbles or a grinding noise, look to gears and springs. If you do this you will avoid the biggest tax of all—the tax of needless repair bills.

Bassick Manufacturing Company, Division of Stewart-Warner, 2638 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Canadian Address: The Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication

OUR WAR AGAINST THE INSECTS

(Continued from Page 17)

"In the meantime, we worked out other schemes to control the pest. Our problem was to find the weak point in the life cycle of the insect and then train all our guns on that weakness in order to gain control. Well, after getting the whole life history worked out in research and laid on the table, we found that the corn borer, in its larval stage, lies seven months, absolutely defenseless and quiescent, in the lower portions of the cornstalk. In those months it is perfectly helpless and can be easily killed by man. At this time it passes through the winter, and if the old cornstalks, refuse, and so on, are destroyed during this period, the corn borer is destroyed also. The problem then is simple. All we have to do is to make sure that the cornstalks containing the larvæ are destroyed before June, because then the worm turns into the pupa, then into the moth which lays eggs on the corn leaves, and the eggs in turn hatch out in a week or ten days into larvæ, and then the corn borer begins his career. First, he starts with the tassel and goes right down the cornstalk, eating as he goes. It takes six or eight weeks for the borer to gain his full size, and during that time he bores all up and down the cornstalk. Four or five borers in a single stalk do not amount to much, but sometimes more than sixty are found in a single plant—which means total destruction, and complete victory for the corn borer.

"The imported parasites, as I have said, have not as yet made much of a dent in the immediate situation, though undoubtedly they will in time, once they've begun to multiply. We sent experts over to Europe to study the corn-growing conditions there, and from their reports it was very evident that the European farmer's method of disposal of the cornstalks and refuse had much to do with exterminating the pest. In those countries in which a complete clean-up of the cornstalks and refuse is followed, damage from the borer is absent. That gave us our cue."

A Gaudy Gourmand

"Well, we put over a $10,000,000 campaign. But in spite of our publicity education, some of the farmers wouldn't clean up—didn't even believe there was a corn borer—no such animile. So with these farmers we had a compulsory clean-up. We controlled an area of 2,500,000 acres and the net result of the campaign was that we killed 95 per cent of the corn borers in that area. There was no hope of exterminating the pest, for even that 5 per cent which was left gave 120 new corn borers where there were 100 before. No, the farmer must learn to live with this pest, work out clean-up processes and adjust his prices to match. It was a big, expensive campaign, and in spite of that the corn borer spread to new regions and, with that 5 per cent leeway, maintained itself in the old ones. And yet the campaign was a success, for we learned a few things. First, that the control problem boils down to the complete destruction of corn remnants during the fall, winter or early spring. That is the optimistic point of the problem—we have seven months in which to kill the corn borer when he's lying perfectly helpless at our mercy, and without loss to the crop. If we don't kill him then—watch out! It's a first-class pest. It is not so bad in the United States as in some parts of Canada. For example, in the counties of Kent and Essex, Ontario, there was a total destruction of crop in an area of 400 square miles. It took five years, beginning with slight infestation, for the corn borer to gain 100 per cent control in these districts. In New York and Ohio our campaign did reduce the numbers of the pest. Pennsylvania and Michigan showed an increase. In Lucas County, Ohio—probably the worst infested area in the United States—the demonstration resulted in a decrease.

"Summing up the present situation, we may say we have made progress in two directions: First, we have discovered a method of mechanical control by disposal of the cornstalk remnants, whereby the farmer can kill the pest in its quiescent stage; and second, we have successfully imported a large number of parasites which feed on the insect, and in time these will establish a natural, or biological control."

So much for the fight on the corn-borer front, where the head of the enemy is bloody but unbowed. And now for another war area where all summer heavy, concentrated fighting has been going on. This is the Japanese-beetle front, with New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania the main battlefield.

"The Japanese beetle," said one of the officials in charge of this salient, "certainly chose a grand location when it picked the region around Philadelphia in which to start operations. If it had hunted the whole country over it could not have found more ideal conditions for its purpose. There is a great variety of agriculture, the food supply is boundless and the climate is just about perfection from the beetle point of view. They are excellent flyers, robust and vigorous, and possess the migrating habit. They fly five, six or seven miles in a single flight, stop over for lunch in some orchard en route and then continue on their way. Their greatest activity is in hot, clear weather; their season is from the middle of June until October. As larvæ, they feed on the roots of grasses in the soil—they love expensive golf courses. Then, as beetles, after they have emerged from the ground and have eaten everything down below, they feed on fruit; on both the leaf of the tree and on the fruit itself; on vegetables, beans, corn, and so on; on ornamental shrubs and plants and shade trees. They have a very wide range, and because of that they annoy not only the farmers but the general public—the householders and owners of gardens and private estates. When the beetle goes on the rampage and the bug stream really gets going strong, it holds the front pages of the Philadelphia papers, along with the latest murder and the foreign debts. Between July third and July fifth of this year we had 600 inquiries from the general public asking us what to do.

"There are so many angles on this fight that it's hard to know just where to begin. But suppose we begin at the beginning. In 1916 twelve beetles were found in this country, but undoubtedly they had been here some time before they were discovered and identified by the Bureau of Entomology. It has been established that they came over from Japan in the roots of some iris plants. They dug in around Philadelphia and New Jersey, liked the climate and the food, and began spreading rapidly."

Insect Hitch Hikers

"The Japanese beetle is a great menace to American agriculture because it eats such a wide variety of food; and although it is bad enough in its present region of infestation, we do not know what it might do in other localities; it might be much worse. We do know that it has a wonderful taste for corn silk and for cotton, and if it spread to the South and Middle West, it might prove as great a pest as the boll weevil and the corn borer. It is therefore an extremely important insect, not only on account of its present destructiveness but also, potentially, because of the damage it might cause in other regions if allowed to spread. For this reason it is absolutely necessary to keep it quarantined within its present borders. Short distance or local spreads we cannot control. But the long-distance spread into another section of the country we can arrest by a rigid quarantine.

"Already we have five different species of parasites established and our parasite hunters are spread out in India, China, Korea and Japan. But restoring the balance of Nature, once it has been upset, by importing the natural enemies of the insect, is a long process, and so we are forced to have two strings to our bow—the permanent control by means of the natural enemies of the pests and the immediate or direct control by insecticides and quarantine.

"First of all, I should like to say that there is absolutely no hope of completely eradicating the Japanese beetle; it is here to stay, and the best we can do is to protect ourselves from its ravages and prevent its wider spread. We cannot prevent its natural short-distance spread by flight, for it eats practically everything, it flies far, and it climbs aboard automobiles, trains, busses and trucks. But its long-distance spread can be and is regulated by quarantine of all those articles which are likely to carry it out into other sections of the country. That means strict inspection of all farm produce, all nursery stock and all transported soil. For example, last year we inspected and certified more than 33,000,000 nursery plants that were transported out of the quarantine zone. You can catch a glimpse, perhaps, from that single item, of the immense amount of labor necessary to keep the beetle within its borders."

Ambushing the Beetles

"This is how we handle the enemy: We draw a line around the infested area and on the periphery of that area we maintain a cordon of inspectors who stop and examine traffic to prevent the movement of any contraband—that is, uncertified—goods. To carry on this fight requires a personnel of approximately 1000 men, and the funds, Federal and state, amount to around $800,000 annually. That does not, of course, include the private expenses of fruit growers and householders who spend annually hundreds of thousands of dollars in insecticides.

"Now as to the methods of control. As I said, we have parasites at work which will be effective ultimately, but in the meantime the beetle is with us, and so we use direct methods to keep its numbers down. We now have an inexpensive spray consisting of coated arsenate of lead which can be applied just previous to the time the beetles appear in June and which lasts until the end of their season. In this manner the crops, trees and shrubs can be effectively protected against the onslaught of the pest. Then, second, we have a contact spray of pyrethrum, so that if people do not get the other spray on in time, they can still apply the contact spray effectively.

"Several communities have established spraying campaigns to take care of all the trees and shrubs in their respective communities, and have charged up the cost to the property owners. In some cases the state has loaned the committees the use of high-powered spraying outfits. One of the methods used by our field laboratory is to spray a tree with geraniol, which is a powerful attractant. The beetles smell it for a distance of half a mile, swarm in thick clouds from all directions and simply plaster the tree until the branches droop from the burden. We then apply the contact spray of pyrethrum and kill the beetles by bushels. But for an individual this method is risky, as he is likely to catch all of his neighbors' beetles.

"In our research laboratory here in Moorestown, New Jersey—one of the finest of its kind in the world—we are studying the physiology of the beetle, and in our chemistry department we are experimenting with poisons in order to discover the most effective and economical insecticides. Our chemistry studies include the treatment of soil and nursery stock. We now have an effective poison for the soil of golf courses which is good for five years. This is a region where great nurseries are concentrated and stock is shipped out to all parts of America. If we had not worked out a

RESOLVED: that I will stick to candy made the Home-made way

That means Oh Henry! of course—for who has time in these fast-going, modern 1928 days, to stop and actually *make* candy at home? Yet folks *must* have the real home goodness that comes right out of the kitchen pantry. So they stick to Oh Henry! the candy made the home-made way:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¾ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk, ¼ teaspoon salt

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed)

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

And it hardly takes a second, no matter where you are, no matter how you're hurrying, to stop at the counter and shout "Oh Henry!" to the candy man.

Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

successful method of treating this stock, the nurserymen would have faced ruin, for the other states would have immediately put on an embargo.

"In the laboratory, as I have said, we study the complete physiology of the beetle in all its stages, its likes and dislikes with regard to food and temperatures. We are very often asked how it will survive in the hot regions of the South or in the cold climate of the North, and we must know absolutely everything about it if we are to control it successfully. Outsiders who are watching the battle with apprehension may be assured that we are doing everything possible to control it within its own borders and to prevent its long-distance spread.

"To summarize the main points of the fight against the Japanese beetle: It is an extremely serious pest, not only actually but also potentially. It can never be completely eradicated; we have to live with it and our problem is how to do so in the easiest and most economical fashion. We have developed methods whereby growers and householders can protect their plants against serious loss, but also not without some expense. We should like to warn the public against fake insecticides. And don't wait until the beetles have got you; get the beetles first. Spray with coated arsenate of lead before their season begins. The farmers and fruit growers are alive to the menace of this pest, but the general public does not seem to comprehend the danger which would ensue if this stalwart little rover should spread. Finally, our parasites are doing well, and these will eventually restore the balance of Nature between the beetle and its new environment. Until then, quarantine, insecticides—and still more and better insecticides."

Altogether, a magnificent campaign. But isn't it a high price to pay for a few trifling iris plants?

A word about these parasites which our parasite hunters—a new type of explorer—are now out gunning for in all quarters of the globe. And it might be added in passing that these men in foreign parts—in India, China, Japan, Europe and South America—do not always find life a bed of roses. The natives do not always understand their goal. In China, to lull the suspicions of the hinterland coolies, they gave out that they were seeking for medicine. And in France, where the parasite hunters were searching for the natural enemy of the gypsy moth, the peasants were curious and suspicious. What deviltry were these Americans up to? What hidden treasure did they seek? Finally the mayor of the little hamlet where the experts had their headquarters worked out the mystery. The Americans, he said, were after diamonds, for, as all the world knows, in the head of every thousandth moth a large, fine diamond grows.

A Blow at Insect Morale

Speaking of these parasites, one of the officials who has done some parasite stalking himself said, "What we're always trying to find is a good, serious, industrious and ambitious parasite—a real go-getter—that will colonize well, that's a fine, hearty eater and that will make life hard for the insect. For these parasites are the natural, biological control of the pests The direct control—by poison, for example—does indeed kill large numbers of insects, but more and more waves of them keep coming on, which require more and more spraying—it's a vicious circle—and in the meantime the plants and fruits are destroyed. But the natural control keeps down the number so that the successive waves do not occur.

"Biological control, therefore, is just another example of the old principle of prevention, an ounce of which is worth a pound of cure make it several tons in this case. Insecticides, after all, are emergency methods, the last line of attack, with the enemy right in our trenches. If we rotate crops right, clean up right, and get the parasites to playing our game, we won't have so many injurious insects to plague us. We have to use our brains in this war—and that's the trouble—we're not doing it—not enough. Let us put it in another way. By using these natural, biological methods and importing the parasites, we're nagging the insect, weakening his resistance, destroying his ambition, breaking his heart, instead of feeding him up on our crops and then poisoning him. The direct method by poisoning hits our pocketbooks coming and going, and leaves us at the end just where we started in."

We might, in turn, visit the gypsy moth or the Mexican bean beetle salient and find the same situation—no hope of extermination. Control, yes, but only at the price of eternal vigilance and constant expense.

There is, however, a new front where heavy fighting has recently broken out, and the goal in this case is not merely control but complete and absolute extermination. This new danger point in the battle line is on the Mexican border, at Brownsville, Texas, in the Rio Grande Valley. The invading enemy is the Mexican fruit worm which attacks the citrus fruits. In Mexico this pest has been known for fifty years. Since 1912 we have maintained a strict quarantine against the Mexican fruits which carry this pest, and stationed inspectors along the border and at the ports to prevent its entry. Should that insect become established in our midst, it might easily become a great menace and cause enormous damage to the whole grapefruit industry in California and Florida. Luckily, most of the border line is desert and so has been comparatively easy to inspect; the citrus groves of Florida, California and Arizona being too remote to cause trouble from the operations of the fruit fly.

On Starvation Diet

"And then," said one of the officials in charge of this sector, "came the development in Texas of the citrus culture—a little strip in the southeastern tip of the state, in the Rio Grande Valley, with a big future in grapefruit. About 5,000,000 trees already planted. Everything going well, but just across the Mexican border bad infestations. That gave the fly his chance. He buzzed across and dug in. He loves a hot, moist climate. You can imagine how he would thrive in our Florida groves.

"Well, last April we got word that the pest had hopped across the border and had invaded that strip. Some of the fruit was sent up to the Bureau of Entomology in Washington and larvæ of the pest were found. The fight was on! Doctor Marlatt, chairman of the Federal Horticultural Board, immediately called a meeting of the grapefruit interests and decided to put a strict quarantine on that valley to prevent the movement of infested fruit and thus to protect the fruit industries in California and Florida. You see, we had caught the pest right at the start, before it had a chance to be distributed over the country, and this time it was going to be a fight to the finish, not only to control but to eradicate completely the insect. And so we got busy on the firing line. It was an emergency in which speed was an essential factor of success, and at that particular moment we had no money for the purpose, and no men. But we collected both in a hurry. We wired our man down in the Canal Zone, who had charge of a field laboratory where we were working on fruit worms, to come up and take over the fight in the field. For, you see, he knew all about this pest. Then we lined up a few cotton-boll-weevil inspectors and they agreed to help out. It was a great emergency and we had not a minute to lose.

"The way we figured the proposition out was this: The fly comes in and lays eggs in the fruit as it begins to ripen. So first of all we inspected all the fruit in the valley that was on the trees, and we found the worm in the fruit all up and down the valley from one end to the other, showing that the pest already had a good foothold. We decided, therefore, to clean the valley absolutely; to strip off every bit of fruit in which the fly could lay its eggs and to keep the whole area clean of all such fruit until the next season's crops came out. A starvation treatment, drastic in the extreme.

"Well, that meant a decided financial loss to the fruit growers in the valley, but they realized the menace and got behind us to a man. We divided the valley into districts based on the various towns, and in each town we appointed a local committee whose duty it was to see that all the fruit on that district was cleaned off the trees. The trees were to be stripped absolutely clean and the fruit either buried or burned. That included everything the fruit fly could live in—peaches, grapefruit, oranges, guavas, and so on.

"Then, having organized the situation on our side of the border, we went over to Matamoros and got the Mexican authorities to coöperate with us in the fight to starve the pest. They were very cordial, gave us a Mexican official, who took the prisoners out of the jails, and under the supervision of one of our men who speaks Spanish like a native, they went through the Mexican gardens and all the fruit there was destroyed, so that we were able to get the same program carried through on the Mexican side that we had instituted in the valley. By June the clean-up was finished and the entire valley was stripped.

"The next move was to work out regulations for the quarantined area, and that was done. These regulations, you understand, were of the severest character possible. We did not mean to leave a single loophole by which the fruit worm could crawl through our lines. Then two of us went down into Mexico on a scouting tour, for there were certain technical things we wished to know about the pest. That Mexican trip was an adventure all by itself, for it was a troubled period politically, but the Mexican officials were most courteous and coöperated heartily with us. I wish that to go in the record, for there seems to be a general impression that our neighbor republic is not too amiable to Americans, but our experience was all on the other side. The Mexican officials were most courteous, coöperated heartily and went out of their way to smooth our path. One of the things we wished to discover was whether the fly could live in the frost belt, and we found that it could. In certain groves in the mountains of Monterey where there is heavy winter freezing we found infestation of the fruit. Freezing does not daunt this pest.

"Upon our return we again went through the infested strip in Texas. The first thing we discovered was that the guavas which had been thoroughly stripped in the first clean-up had some more green fruit coming on. The guava is a tree which is in continual blossom, so that there is a continuous series of blossoms, then fruit, and so on. This situation had to be taken care of at once, so we got all the committees working again on guavas. The cotton men in the area followed through the second inspection as they had the first."

Against Bootleg Fruit

"I knew, of course, the conditions of citrus ripening. The little fruit on the trees—the fall crop—was still so hard and green that the fly could not attack it until late September. When it ripened, the next problem would be that of inspecting the crop and getting whatever was clean ready to move out of the valley. I had to report to Washington, and upon my return I found some of the fruit already beginning to color up. That meant the time before the second phase of the campaign was very short. For now we had to divide the valley into inspection districts and appoint men to take charge of them. Boiled down, it was a problem of rapid mobilization of troops, and not a moment to lose.

"We scorched the road to San Antonio—200 miles in four hours; you can figure our speed—wired Washington to appoint a list of men we wanted to handle the job, and then we interviewed local automobile concerns for trucks. Inside of ten days our army was in the field—districts allotted, men appointed, trucks delivered and inspection under way. It was now the middle of September. The fruit was supposed to start moving on October first. None of it could move from any grove until it had been thoroughly inspected and found free from flies. I felt rather sure we had caught most of the worms in the spring before they had a chance to go into the ground. Nevertheless, we dug up some of the buried fruit and also sifted the soil under the trees where the larvæ had been, to see whether any pupæ had survived. There were none.

"Well, we covered the entire valley in the first inspection before October first and we did not find a single fruit worm. Since then the fruit has been moved in carloads and no fruit worms have been seen at all. That proved our starvation tactics had been O. K. But we are still a long way from success. We also made an arrangement whereby all the culls should be taken to preserving plants inside the quarantined zone, or else destroyed, because if any fly got by us it would probably be in injured or second-rate fruit. Then we went after another loophole. We were told that some of the fruit would without doubt be bootlegged out of the valley by trucks, and so we plugged that leak. We found, fortunately, that there is only one single highway by means of which fruit can be smuggled out of the valley. And on that road the border patrol of the United States Immigration Service operates and examines every vehicle for aliens and liquor—a fine lot of men. They have given us every assistance and no contraband fruit has passed along that road. The men of the valley are solidly behind us in this clean-up campaign and have pocketed their very considerable financial losses cheerfully. They realize the bigness of the fight."

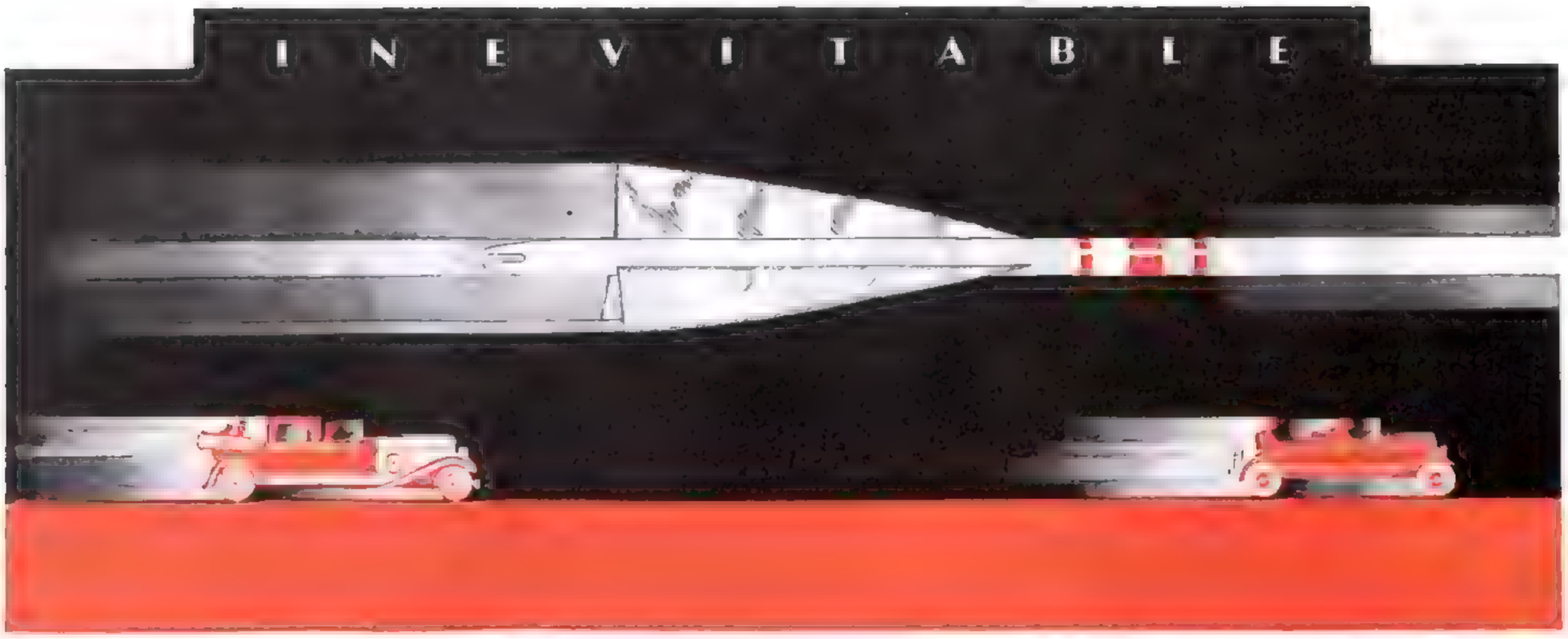
The Watchword

"What we now propose to do is to continue the inspection every thirty days. If no insect is found, we certify the fruit and out it goes. Next March we will again go over the valley and make a clean sweep, stripping the trees just as we did last spring. To prevent the pest coming over the border, we have inspectors on the bridges and ferries, so that these entry places can be absolutely safeguarded. Next year we shall have our own organization operating, and with unremitting vigilance we hope to exterminate the pest. In the meantime, to make assurance doubly sure, we are starting a research laboratory in Mexico, with all kinds of control equipment, where we intend to study the pest with regard to temperature, moisture, and so on. We will match up the climatic conditions with those of Florida and California, so that if there should chance to be an infestation of those areas, we will know exactly how to hold the insects down. That laboratory work is what might be termed the second line of defense. But I do not believe that the fruit fly will spread. I believe that we are going to lick that pest right out on the advance firing line."

So much for the fight on the southern border against the Mexican fruit pest. The watchword along that little strip is a significant one for success—"They shall not pass!"

Thus far I have purposely refrained from mentioning the names of these unknown soldiers who are fighting our battles for us, both at home and on foreign soil, for the roster would be too long; but there are two names which will always be linked with the history of this scientific warfare against injurious insects. The first name is that of Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the Bureau of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture for thirty-three years, retired October, 1927, a great scientist of international reputation who has built up the Bureau of Entomology into the finest fighting organization of its kind in the world; who has put the modern economic entomologist on the map as an important

(Continued on Page 59)



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NEW INSTRUMENT PANEL—trivluster type. Indirectly lighted.

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(Continued from Page 54)

individual—as necessary in our present commercial civilization as the doctor or the financier—who has fought the battle against the insects for the American farmers year after year, counseling them and experimenting incessantly with inexpensive insecticides. He is the man who has won big appropriations from Congress for the prosecution of the fight, sent out the parasite hunters—those new-style explorers of the wilds—organized the various battle fronts against the foreign insects, fed ammunition to his soldiers out on the advance firing lines from his pure-research laboratories, and still found time to reply to a little girl who wrote in to inquire, "How does a fly wash his middle legs?" A gentle, mild-spoken man, he is the greatest murderer on earth—of injurious insects.

An Army of Pioneers

Speaking of his thirty-three years of service as commander in chief of this far-flung battle line, Doctor Howard said:

"Few people realize the critical situation which exists at the present time. Men and nations have always struggled among themselves. War has seemed to be a necessity growing out of the ambition of the human race. It is too much, perhaps, to hope that the lesson which the world learned in the years from 1914 to 1918 will be strong enough to prevent the recurrence of international war. But there is another war, not among human beings but between all humanity and certain forces that are arrayed against it. Man is the dominant type on this terrestrial body; he has overcome most of the opposing animate forces; he has subdued or turned to his use nearly all kinds of living creatures. There still remain, however, the bacteria and protozoa that carry disease, and the enormous forces of injurious insects which attack him from every point and which constitute today his greatest rivals in the control of nature. They threaten his life daily; they shorten his food supplies—both in his crops while they are growing and in such supplies after they are harvested and stored, and in his meat animals. They affect his comfort, his clothing, his habitations, and his life in countless other ways.

"Now it is obvious that if we are going to control these small creatures we must use all of our intelligence; we must know absolutely everything about them. We are beginning to realize that insects are our most important rivals in nature—in many ways better fitted for existence upon this globe than we are—and we are beginning to plan our defense. But it is clear that we must have a great army of finely trained economic entomologists; we must study all aspects of insect behavior, problems of parasites and of natural control, we must know all about the physiology of the insects and how they react to various poisons, to heat and to cold. And it is this pioneer work—this pure-research exploration in a great many different directions—which constitutes the real work of the bureau.

"But we are constantly being called away from our real work to fight against these spectacular foreign pests; we are always out on the firing line with our field laboratories trying to hold them in control. And we have plenty of our own native injurious insects to engage our attention; we do not need these undesirable immigrants to keep us busy. They require great appropriations, retard our research work and deflect the bureau from its real purpose. It is as if a citizen were periodically forced to drop his business and go forth to fight a foreign foe—his own affairs would suffer. Our great army of entomologists is constantly forced to drop its important tasks in order to fight these foreign pests which should not have been permitted to enter the country in the first place—and that is why we must have quarantine laws. We must be protected against any further entry of these injurious foreign pests.

"Some of these quarantine orders, notably Number 37, have caused some hard feeling, not only among individuals in this country but also on the part of foreign growers. All of these laws, however, have been promulgated for the sole purpose of preventing the entrance into the United States of destructive insects and plant diseases. All nations should protect themselves from introductions of this character, just as they try to protect themselves from the bubonic plague or Asiatic cholera.

"The man who framed the present Quarantine Act and has stood firm as a rock for its effective execution is Dr. C. L. Marlatt, chairman of the Federal Horticultural Board, and also, since October, 1927, chief of the Bureau of Entomology. To Doctor Marlatt, more than to any other single individual, belongs the distinction of putting through this constructive legislation."

That brings us directly to Doctor Marlatt himself, a gentleman with a fighting chin who has proved himself a kind of Rock of Gibraltar against which the waves of controversy over the Quarantine Act have dashed themselves in vain.

"We cannot swap injurious insects with other countries," said Doctor Marlatt. "We cannot let down our bars and say to foreign countries, 'You let in my injurious insects and I'll let in yours.' We cannot have a reciprocity treaty on injurious pests."

Danger From the Gardens

"As a matter of fact, the embargoes of European countries against American plants are much more drastic in nature than are ours against Europe. The net result of their embargoes is that American plants do not go abroad, although we import millions from Europe each year. The truth is this country receives more plants from Europe in one year than Europe imports from us in 10,000 years.

"International complications do occasionally arise when shipments of foreign goods are rejected at our ports by our inspectors because they contain injurious pests. But what are we to do—let the pests in—let them damage our crops and lay waste the country as they have done in the cases of the corn borer and the Japanese beetle? Then there are the plant diseases—the pine blister rust, for example, and the European poplar canker, both of which came from Europe—can we risk the entry of more dangerous diseases like these? The plant life of America merits the same protection that is given to animals and man to ward off foreign scourges. Whatever complications arise from the carrying out of these laws must be met fairly and squarely, for we cannot let down the bars. If foreign goods entering our ports are not clean, we are bound to exclude them.

"The farm, orchard and forestry interests of the United States realize the seriousness of this menace and stand solidly behind our efforts. It is the amateurs, the owners of large private gardens and estates from whom a certain amount of opposition has come, and this opposition, I believe, is due in large part to the failure of these citizens to visualize the whole vast battle line. They do not realize that once these foreign pests get a foothold in this country the game will be up and we shall be fighting in our last trenches without hope of wiping them out; their carrying charges must then go on forever, a burden on the farmers and the nation.

"If these amateurs and owners of private gardens could visualize the importance of the battle we are waging, I feel sure they would not be willing to risk the entry of an injurious pest or plant disease which might cause millions of dollars' worth of damage, merely for the sake of a few bulbs or ornamental plants. The fact of the matter is, a good deal of the propaganda against our quarantine regulations is of foreign manufacture and has been traced to its sources. No one can deny that quarantine laws against injurious pests and plant diseases are necessary in our modern commercial civilization, and to be effective they must be rigidly enforced. Our war against the injurious insects must go on."

HOGS, HOGHEADS AND TALLOW POTS

(Continued from Page 11)

The man in the white collar spoke for the first time.

"Hey, boy, you the fireman?"

"What do you think I am?" demanded Greasy indignantly—"a milch cow?"

"Don't get funny!" advised the man. "You get some waste and wipe off that back boiler head; it's dirty."

Greasy was hot and tired. "Listen," he said, "you been sittin' over there pretty near an hour. You seen me break up the coal an' clean out the pan, an' I filled the lubricator an' burned myself, an' I've washed down with the squirt hose an' wiped up an' I gotta good fire. Now what I wanta know is just who you are!"

"You're a new fireman, aren't you?" questioned the white collar.

"What of it?" retorted Greasy.

"You'll learn," observed the man. "Now you clean off that boiler jacket."

"I wanta know who you are," said Greasy obstinately.

"I'm the traveling engineer," said the man.

Greasy looked at him for a minute. "So you're one of them traveling engineers, are you?" he demanded in a nasty voice.

"I'm the traveling engineer," corrected the man impatiently. "Now you clean off that boiler jacket!"

Greasy slipped off his seat. He eased himself back to the coal bunker, he picked up the coal pick. He swung it once or twice to test the heft. He approached the man in the white collar and he shook the pick under his astonished nose.

"I've heard about you guys!" he yelled. "All you do is bum rides an' insult people an' have engineers feed you an' do nothin'. I ain't gonna have no tramp run over me! Get offa here or I'll bend this pick over your head!"

The man in the white collar hopped. A little later the engineer came aboard.

"You the fireman?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," said Greasy, "that's me."

"You the crazy man that kicked an official off this engine?"

"An official?" demanded Greasy.

"Your boss," said the engineer coldly.

"You must be wrong," replied Greasy. "The only guy I kicked offa here was one of them traveling engineers—you know, one of them tramps. All they do is travel around and bum meals an' get the engineers an' firemen in trouble. The firemen told me all about 'em. I ain't gonna have no hobo run over me!"

I don't know exactly what the engineer told Greasy, nor what the traveling engineer told him later, but I can imagine it very easily—and it wouldn't do to tell.

Working on Orders

After a specified period of time, precise duration unknown, Greasy sought more verdant fields. He got a job on the extra board out of an Iowa terminal on the Burlington; they were hiring firemen to take care of some work trains. This, the following, is a first-class example of the lopsided loyalty between engineer and fireman. The convolutions and evolutions that engineers and firemen go through so that they can still declare they have been loyal to their code—and still have their way—would do credit to a Chinese puzzle.

Greasy dead-headed out to the engine. The regular fireman wanted to lay off on account of sickness. He wasn't really sick, this regular fireman—he was sick of the engineer. When Greasy came aboard and relieved the man, the engine was standing, waiting on the ballast cars behind to be loaded. Right in front of them was a grade. Greasy knew they were going up that grade as soon as the cars were loaded, so the first thing he did was to look at his fire and his steam pressure and his water.

She had steam pressure square on the pin, one hundred and eighty-five pounds of it ready to pop, and he had water up to the dome cap. He had a nice-looking fire; but it was thin, it wouldn't last long—not if the engine worked hard. The engine was going to have to work hard to get over the hill. Greasy couldn't put any more water in the boiler to lower his steam pressure, because she was full; and if he built up a better fire, a heavier fire, his safety valve would lift. But he had to have this heavier fire or he wouldn't be able to maintain his steam pressure when they got strung out. So he started heaving in the coal. The engineer stopped him.

"She's popping off," said the engineer. "Leave her alone."

"You're the captain," replied Greasy; "but we won't get over the hump with this light fire. I can't help it if she pops; the water's up in the neck of the bottle."

"You leave her alone."

"I'll put in my kick now and then I'll shut up," said Greasy. "I know good an' well that we ain't gonna get those ballast cars over without doubling unless we got a better fire. I'll do what you say. If you don't want no more coal, I won't put in a scoopful until you tell me to. But we won't make it with the fire we got."

"Don't you put no coal in now," warned the hoghead.

"All right," said the fireman, "from now on I don't put in nothin' till you tell me to. You're the captain; whatever you want me to do, I'll do. But I don't do nothin' without bein' told."

They pulled out when the cars were loaded. They got about halfway up the hill and the pressure began to drop. The engineer yelled to Greasy to throw in some coal. Greasy tied into the scoop and fed her the fuel. The fire had got so light that the green coal wouldn't ignite any too well; they stopped. She was knocked out of steam, the fire looked bad.

"You better take a look at this fire," suggested Greasy.

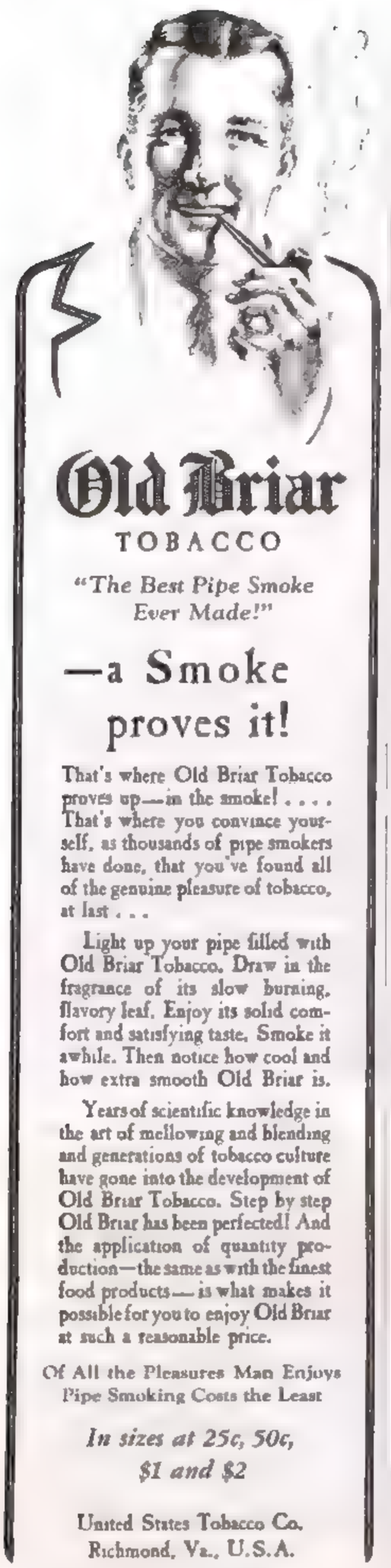
The hoghead looked her over. What he told Greasy to do, Greasy did to the very best of his ability. The engineer practically killed the fire. They were on the main line; they couldn't get off the main line until they got steam up. They finally got up enough to pull the first section over the fence, but when they set out they had to wait again to make steam.

Going It Alone

The engineer said Greasy was double-crossing him. Greasy denied it vigorously. He had done everything he had been told to do; he had fed the fire exactly as he had been instructed; it assuredly was not his fault that the engine wouldn't steam. They went back after the second section, with a passenger train waiting on them to clear, and when they got down to the second section they lost their steam again. The work-train foreman had been beat out of four hours' work by this one hour's delay; the work-train conductor came up and threw fits all over the deck. Greasy was doing exactly what the engineer told him to do.

Finally things got so bad that the engineer said, "You see what you can do with her, you know so much!"

"Will you stay over on your side and keep your face shut?" asked Greasy.



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The engineer said he would. Greasy cleaned the fire the way he wanted to, the way he knew he must; he threw in a few scoopfuls where they were needed, he built him a fire. Twenty minutes later they pulled out and let the passenger train by. For the rest of the day Greasy kept the needle on the pin despite the Herculean efforts of the engineer to beat her out of steam.

Yet despite this accomplishment, when they tied up that night, the engineer said to Greasy, "I'm going to take this engine in to Ottumwa and get another fireman off the board. I'm not satisfied with you."

"You're the captain," said Greasy. So they took the engine in.

Later that night Greasy went down to the roundhouse to get a line-up on any possible calls that might come his way. The roundhouse foreman saw him and called to him. The roundhouse man had a work ticket in his hand—the work ticket off the 1224, the engine that Greasy had just come in on.

"Didn't you just come in off the 1224?" demanded the foreman. He had, said Greasy. "What was the matter with her?" demanded the foreman.

"Didn't the engineer turn me in?" asked Greasy.

"Never mind what the engineer did," retorted the foreman. "What was wrong with her?"

"Don't the work ticket show what was wrong with her?" asked Greasy uneasily.

"See any leaky flues?"

"Don't the work report show leaky flues?" asked Greasy.

"I asked you somethin'!"

"I don't know nothin' about it," replied Greasy calmly.

The foreman considered the fireman.

"Have any trouble keeping her hot?" he asked.

A Generous Bouquet

"Not me," answered Greasy. "I can keep any of 'em on the pin."

"She steamed pretty good then?" asked the foreman.

"I make 'em steam," said Greasy.

"I suppose," sneered the roundhouse man, "that you had one hell of a time with the water."

"The water was all right," replied Greasy.

"It was, was it?"

"Yep."

"Somebody," said the foreman, "is an awful liar. I hope it ain't you. What does a man want with a boiler wash if he don't have no trouble with his water?"

"I don't know nothin' about it," declared the fireman uneasily.

"Now listen to me," said the foreman, beginning to get disgusted. "I'm going to ask you some questions and you'd better answer them. Because if you don't answer them, I'm going to have to fire that engine up again; and if I don't find any leaky flues when I do, I'm going to see that the engineer gets turned in, and I'll turn you in along with him. Now were there any flues leaking on that engine?"

"I don't know nothin' about it," said Greasy doggedly.

"You didn't have no trouble with the water, though, did you?" demanded the foreman, trying to pin him down.

"Come to think of it," said Greasy, "we did have to blow her down right frequent. Looked just like milk, it did."

"Aw, hell!" said the foreman.

He made Greasy come into the office and made him sit down. He phoned the master mechanic and the master mechanic came down to the roundhouse. They dug up the records, found that the day shift had given Engine 1224 a washout two days before! The master mechanic and the foreman were fit to be tied! They went out in the house, making Greasy go with them, and all three got in the fire box of the 1224 and the front end of the 1224, and they failed to find any marks such as flues that leak are bound to make, particularly if the water is dirty. They worked Greasy over verbally. They might as well have held a conversation with a dummy.

The master mechanic and the roundhouse foreman knew what had happened; the engineer had sent the engine in to get rid of Greasy. The repairs he wanted made were totally unnecessary; they merely served as an excuse to get the engine in. Some fireman with more seniority than Greasy would get the engine when it came out.

"I'll make him sweat for this," said the master mechanic. "I'll make him a present of thirty days, and if he opens his yap I'll make it ninety!"

"Don't do that, chief," said Greasy.

"You flathead," said the master mechanic, "he kicks you in the pants and you hand him a bouquet!"

They Know Their Water Tanks

"He's got a right to send that engine in," argued Greasy, "and if he don't want me as fireman, that's his business. You gotta have harmony in the cab; he done just right."

"I've known all degrees of fools," declared the master mechanic, "but engineers and firemen get the gaboon. I'll let him off with a reprimand this time, but if he ever does it again I'll run him off the railroad."

They're a peculiar tribe, engineers, but a very human tribe. Very proud too. Don't forget that there is not a boy in this country who does not look up to them with awe and admiration; don't forget that there is not a man in any walk of life who does not respect them more than he does any other body of men. A man would be twice a fool to deny them this respect, this admiration. You don't get something for nothing in this world; the engineer didn't land on top of the pile for no reason whatever. If there is anything to this apple sauce about the nobility of labor—if there is anything noble about driving rivets or squaring up engine frames, I never could find it—you'll find it typified in the hold that an engine has on engineers and firemen. The sailor respects his ship—often he loves it. That doesn't mean that he can't call it all manner of foul names and swear that he leads a dog's life. The ship doesn't mind. An engine doesn't mind either.

They're a human tribe, these engineers and firemen. Their reactions are the same as yours and mine, their superstitions are arrived at naturally. If you were in their shoes, you would come to believe as they believe, according to the nature of the individual and the general experience. Once in the far-distant past an engineer went past a water tank and didn't stop for water. As a result he ran out of water and the engine failed. The legend further states that the management fired this engineer and that he wandered about, finally ending up in a desert. He failed to find water in this waste land, and after enduring horrible agonies, he died of thirst.

As a result of this sad occurrence, the engineer of today still stops at every water tank, whether he needs water or not. You can't drive some of them past a spout with a shotgun. The only way the management can combat this obsession is to indicate in black and white where and when a train can stop for water. You don't believe this? Ask any railroad man which is harder to do—run trains without rails or drive a hoghead past a water spout.

There used to be an engineer who had a run between two great Western cities; we'll call him Eddie Albert. He was a little bit of a runt, not much over five feet, and he had the fastest passenger run on the division. It was about as fast as railroad schedules ever get. He had it all the way from city to city wide open and no stops. He was utterly fearless and entirely devoid of mercy on the fireman; the tallow pot had to keep the fire door open all the way and bale in the coal.

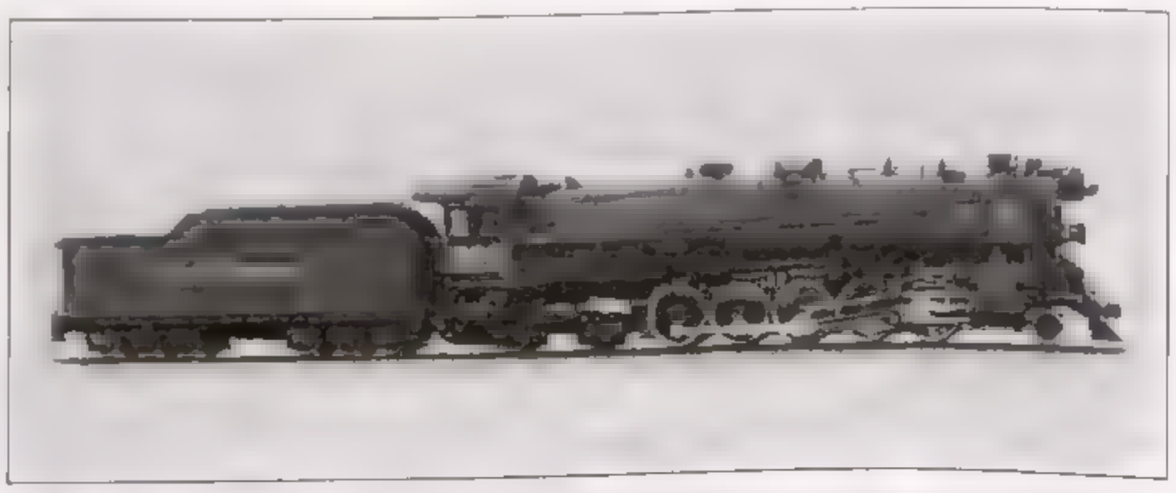
Yet that wasn't the reason why he couldn't keep a regular fireman. Even the traveling engineer didn't like to ride with him. His idea of how to get over a rough piece of track was to run like the devil before dawn. He would get a reprimand every month as regular as clockwork, and he would get laid off too; but he would come back and run just as fast and be just as inconsiderate of the fireman. Now this may sound like an exaggeration, and you are privileged to doubt the statement; but the main and primary reason why Albert couldn't keep a fireman, and why the traveling engineer didn't like to ride with him, and why they were always giving him a lay-off on the slightest provocation was because he cursed so much.

Completely Cured

He was never known to sit down. He stood up all the way, one hand on the reverse bar and the other on the throttle, and from leaving time to arrival he cursed her over the road. When he'd hit a low joint he'd break his singsong to scream, and when a board wouldn't turn green quick enough he'd howl; but singsong or scream or howl, it was profanity. It was the kind of language that got under the skin and worked on a man, especially if you happened to be plunging through the night in a rotten fog at better than sixty miles an hour.

Well, he was coming into town one night with the throttle back on the last notch when she hit a spread rail and she rolled like a barrel. There was a factory alongside and they went smashing into it, knocked a wall out, all but tore the factory down, and finally came to rest with all the bricks in the universe either on them or falling on them. It had happened so quickly that Albert hadn't had time to shut her off; the throttle was still wide open, and as a result the drivers were still spinning and the exhaust came whipping out of the stack. Albert had been thrown forward and he lay alongside the stack, pinned down by bricks and demolished machinery and general débris. His nose wasn't

(Continued on Page 63)



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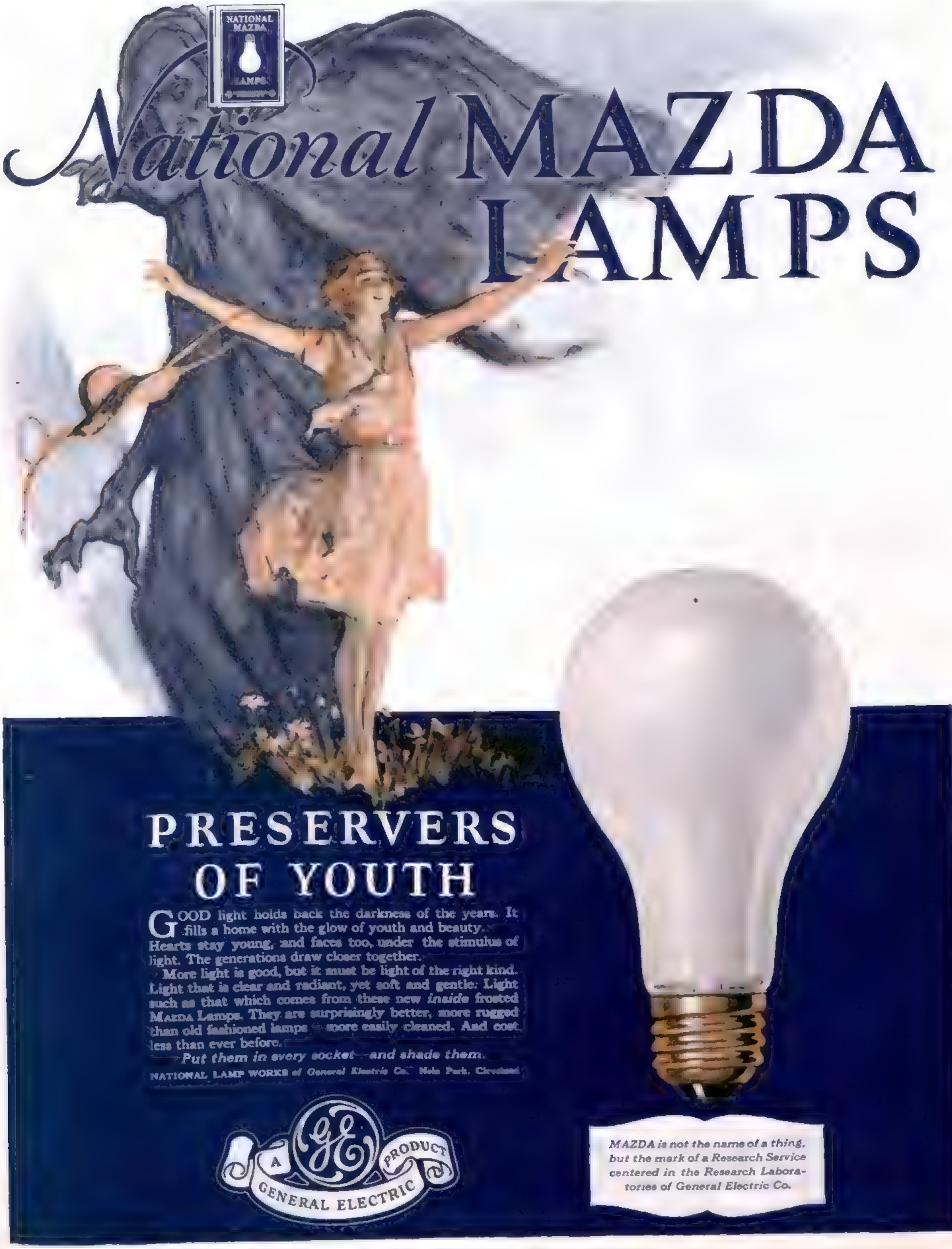

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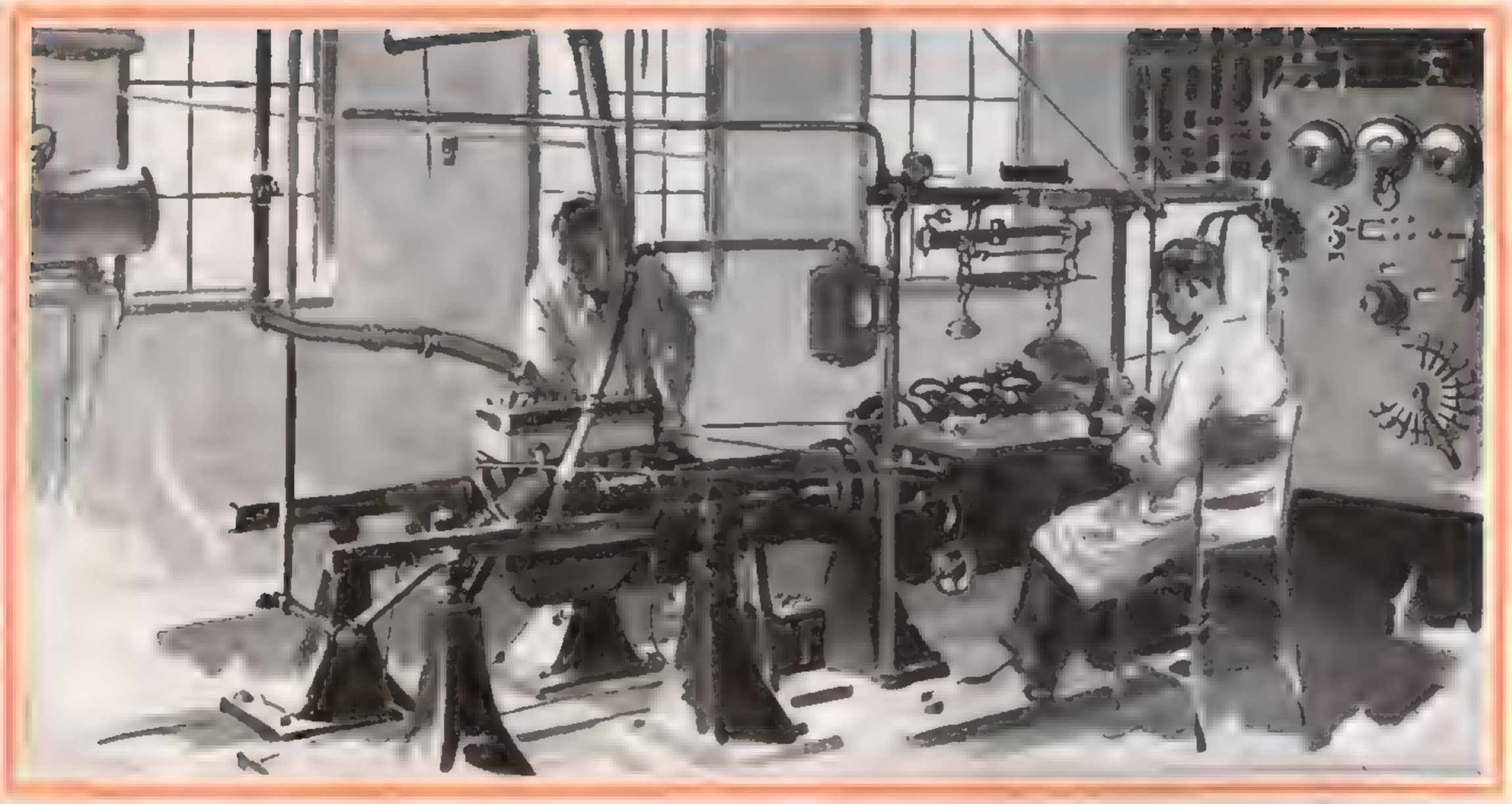

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PERFECT CIRCLE
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(Continued from Page 60)

more than six inches from the mouth of the stack, and the exhaust, superheated steam and an occasional dribble of hot water for variety, came shooting out practically in his face as fast as the wheels would spin. The wheels spun until she worked herself out of steam, and Albert was conscious all the time. He must have enjoyed it thoroughly.

They finally dug him out and collected his parts and shipped him to the hospital—and in due course of time he came back on his run. He continued to bring his train in on the money. He wasn't afraid of fast running; the accident hadn't hurt his nerve at all. He got a regular fireman and worked him as hard as ever, but the fireman stayed. The traveling engineer liked to ride with him. He was never known to curse again. When he'd hit a low joint in the track or when a board wouldn't turn green for him, he'd say, "My, oh, my! My, oh, my!"

There never was an engineer but what there was something about him that was interesting, particularly in the cab. Most of them seem to drop ten years off their age the minute they come up the gangway and start pottering around—especially the old heads. There was an old-timer I used to ride with every time I got the chance—he's out on pension now. I believe I've sat across from him at least two hundred times. Every time I did, as soon as he could get loose from what he was doing he'd beckon me to come over to his side. I'd cross over and he'd pull out his watch and point at it.

Ananias at the Throttle

"See that watch, bub?" he'd shout. I'd nod my head. "The only difference between my watch and my engine," he'd yell, "is size!"

The engine was a Pacific type, in passenger service. The train got so heavy that it was found necessary to put on heavier power, so the railroad ordered some Mountain-type locomotives, which have one more pair of drivers and develop a much greater tractive effort than the Pacific, for this and for other trains. The railroad sent three of us, three mechanical-department employes, to the locomotive works to inspect these engines prior to acceptance, and between the three of us we nearly drove the builders nutty. Everything had to be perfect or we didn't want it. Every rivet had to have a full head, every bolt had to be so tight that dynamite couldn't move it, every moving part had to fit to a ten-thousandth. We even raised sand about the paint job. The painter foreman swore that he would a sight sooner varnish a piano. Through no fault of ours, they finally got the engines built and messengered them down to our railroad.

The state fair was going on and the railroad put on an exhibit—new freight engines and new passenger engines; they were the biggest and the finest power that had ever come to our section of the country. I went out to the exhibit as a visitor and found the engineer who had always shown me his watch and made the comparison between it and his engine, in charge of the latest word in passenger motive power—in charge of one of the engines we had seen built and lavished attention and sleepless nights over. I asked him what he thought of this eight-drivered passenger hog.

"It's all right, I guess," he says. "But hell's bells, bub, it's too big! How they gonna keep all these wheels on the track? Got one too many pairs of wheels. An' they got everything hung on this monkey but the kitchen stove. Why, shucks, I bet you I could take my old engine and run circles around this big booger and still stop for water every half mile! I know I could!"

The interest of the public in this exhibit took precedence over everything but the football games. We kept the engines steamed up and everybody and his brother came aboard and blew the whistle or pulled the bell cord. I spent a whole afternoon sitting on a tool box on the front deck of the tank, listening to the answers this engineer gave to a curious and exceedingly dumb public. He told more lies than I had ever dreamed could be told in one short afternoon—convenient lies for inconvenient questions.

"What makes the engine run?" asked an old lady.

"You just pull this thing open, ma'am," said the engineer.

"What makes it stop?" asked the old lady.

"You just put on the air," said the engineer.

"How funny," said the old lady.

"It's kinda complicated," explained the engineer.

"Do you know all about engines?" queried the old lady.

"Of course, ma'am," declared the hoghead.

"We came down on your railroad yesterday," said the old lady; "we were late. Maybe you could tell me what was the matter."

"I might," said the engineer, "if I knew what train it was."

"It happened yesterday," said the old lady, as one makes a complete explanation.

"Do you remember the number of the train?" asked the engineer.

"Oh, do you number them?" queried the old lady.

"Yes'm," said the engineer, "we generally do. We lost one once and we been numberin' 'em ever since."

"Well, now I never knew that," declared the old lady.

A little later a farmer got the engineer in earnest conversation. Sparks from a locomotive stack had set fire to and burned down a hay barn of his at some time in the far-distant past. He wanted to know if such a condition as this couldn't be eliminated. Wasn't it nothing more or less than carelessness on the part of the fireman? If the fireman was careful he wouldn't make such big sparks, would he? I could never put on paper the explanation that the engineer gave, nor the remedy for it. A part of the answer was that the fireman was mad at the engineer, and that the engineer also got mad at the fireman and blew his fire out the stack—some such conspiracy against agriculture.

This engineer was having the time of his life. For once he could say practically anything he wanted to and his hearers wouldn't discredit his statements. Then a middle-aged dame that gushed came along and ruined his entire afternoon—he told the literal and the actual truth, as he believed it. He certainly ruined his record.

The Lady and the Hoghead

This woman asked him if he didn't think that this engine was the personification of all mechanical achievement. Wasn't this tremendous mass of machinery typical of the strides that man had taken during the past century? Didn't he feel honored to be intrusted with this exponent of mechanical perfection? The old head grunted. You could almost feel the blood rush to his head. And to the dame that gushed he made reply:

"This pile of iron? Lady, you ain't never seen a real hog, have you?"

The lady very nearly fell down the gangway.

The engine—the big hog, the heart and the spirit of the railroad. To the public, the organization behind the locomotive means less than nothing; the big long-legged hog is the railroad. All the rest is more or less uninteresting detail. There is a photograph—it won first prize in some national exhibit a few years ago—called the Spirit of Transportation. The picture is simply a view of two sections of a famous passenger train, headed out of a train shed on a cold but sunshiny day. Simply two engines headed out of town—that's all—and that's enough.

There is nothing particularly hard to understand, nothing particularly complex, about the various types of locomotives. There is but one universal classification of locomotives, whether they cross the snow-topped Alps or whether they follow the water-level route of the Mississippi. They are classified by wheels. Under the engine there are three different kinds of wheels. Those that lead the engine, under the cylinders and adjacent to the pilot, are called engine-truck wheels. Next come the driving wheels—the wheels, the big ones, that carry the piston thrust. Next, under the fire box, under the cab, are the trailer wheels. That's the crop. Now here is how they classify motive power:

A type of engine that you will meet on almost any American railroad goes by the popular name of the Sante Fe type. She has two engine-truck wheels, ten driving wheels, two trailer wheels. The technical classification is 2-10-2. Another is popularly known as the Mikado type. She has two engine-truck wheels, eight driving wheels, two trailer wheels—2-8-2 is the technical classification. A switch engine has no engine-truck wheels, no trailer wheels. If it happens to be an eight-wheeled switcher, it is classified 0-8-0. The popular names for the two high-speed types, the present-day passenger engines, are Pacific type and Mountain type. The Pacific is 4-6-2, the Mountain is 4-8-2. They can disguise an engine with all the jewelry and knickknacks in creation, but if you count the wheels you'll never be fooled. In the final analysis the wheels tell the story—the more powerful an engine is, the greater its number of wheels.

The Fashion in Engines

The advantages of one type over another will start an argument among railroad men that nothing short of starvation will stop. A good many years ago box cars were built of greater capacity; sixty and eighty thousand pounds capacity were accepted as more or less the standard. Recently tonnage has increased by leaps and bounds; the capacity of a box car, or any other kind of car, has been almost doubled. The problem of how to move this increased tonnage became paramount.

Here was the way they apparently figured some ten or fifteen years ago:

"The main thing," said the engineers, the technical men, "is to be able to start the train. A body at rest is hard to get into motion. Our problem is not to keep the train moving after we once get it started; it is to start this tonnage; after we once get it started, we know we can keep it moving."

So they built the engines with this object in view—to be able to start the train. Everything was sacrificed for this object. They built the simple engines on that fundamental idea. They cut down the size of the driving wheels until they were the approximate size of saucers—the smaller the wheel, the greater the leverage.

The fact that a boiler as large as an auditorium and a fire box the size of a flivver coupé wouldn't make for economical fuel consumption was more or less disregarded. The fact that a small wheel would make a good many more revolutions than a large wheel would over the same distance was also disregarded. The fact that time is the guiding element in any economy was totally ignored. The idea was to start the train. After they got it started, it might take it a long while to get anywhere, but at any rate it was started.

A modern locomotive isn't built for the sole purpose of starting trains. There are four requirements that it must fulfill before it can be called a smart engine. First, it has to start the train, and do it without pulling all the drawbars out by the roots. Second, it has to get that train over the road and get it over fast. Freight trains on passenger-train schedules are not uncommon; in fact, they're required. Modern business couldn't get along without them. The diameter of the driving wheels tells you what speed an engine can attain; it's called diameter speed. If an engine has sixty-three-inch drivers, that engine can attain a speed of

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sixty-three miles an hour. Freight locomotives are built with these size wheels; it's common practice now. The modern hog can take its full tonnage and walk down the railroad at an average speed between thirty and forty miles an hour—and it may be added that when you average that you move freight.

Third, an engine must be economical to operate. It must show maximum gross ton miles and still have coal left in the bunker. In speed and economical operation the modern hog makes a wasteful sloth out of its predecessor. The fire box looks like a parking station. The more heating surface an engine has, the less fuel it takes to heat it per gallon of water, especially if you use water fast—and high speed eats water. They now build the fire boxes so big that four wheels are required under the back end instead of two.

Too Much Jewelry

The Berkshire type—2-8-4, the Texas type—2-10-4, the Hudson type—4-6-4, the Confederation type—4-8-4—all these engines have heating surfaces that can turn water into steam with a tremendous saving in fuel. There are other features that show the trend for economical operation. The feed-water heater is no longer an experiment; it is a proved factor leading to a saving. The feed heater utilizes the exhaust steam, heretofore wasted, to raise the temperature of the water, so that when it enters the boiler very few heat units will be required to turn it into steam. Back of the engine you will find a tank, with a water capacity of from twelve to twenty-two thousand gallons. Yet the coal bunker isn't much bigger than the ones on the old seven-thousand-gallon tanks. That tells the story.

Fourth, an engine must be economical to maintain. Heat-treated steel, alloy steel, has taken the place of the old carbon rods and frames, and saves weight and at the same time has tripled the life. Floating bushings of high-grade bronze are at bearing points, high-pressure lubrication takes the place of the old hit-or-miss arrangement, a double main rod distributes the smash of the driving piston over four wheels, where before a pair of wheels had to take the shock. Cylinders are cast from steel instead of iron and are bushed with high-grade stock. First-class welds are substituted for complete renewals, and standards are rigidly enforced. Efficient sturdy machinery with a capacity previously unknown handles the classified repairs of motive power quickly and cheaply; the repairs and assembly of an engine are not a matter of a strong back and a weak mind, but of skilled labor and modern equipment.

Lots of old-timers don't like the accessories that are hung on the newer power. I've heard one engineman express it in this wise: "Too much jewelry and not enough engine." Yet the so-called jewelry is what makes the engine what it is—a source of economical power. The engine is there too—don't ever think it isn't. There is more engine than the hoghead of fifteen years ago ever dreamed would be put on wheels, and there is more efficiency got out of that engine than some technical engineers can be made to admit.

When you happen to ride some crack passenger train, go up ahead and take a look at the locomotive that hauls you. If you happen to be west of the Mississippi, the chances are that you will find a Mountain type—4-8-2; if you are in Canada, it will probably be a Confederation type—4-8-4. Both these types of engines are also used in high-class manifest-freight service, high-balled stuff, particularly in the East.

If you are in the East you will probably find a lighter type of power on your passenger train, for where an Eastern railroad will run sections composed of only ten or possibly twelve Pullmans and day coaches, the Western railroad strings out fifteen to twenty-three. The East uses the Pacific—4-6-2 almost altogether, and for a ten or twelve car train this type is pretty hard to lick. The Mountain—4-8-2—and the Hudson—4-6-4—also are used. Regardless, however, of what type locomotive it may be, it will not have less than six driving wheels and it will not have more than eight, and it will be capable of a sustained speed of seventy-five or more miles an hour.

The freight locomotives of today, so far as speed is concerned, are almost on a par with their sisters in passenger service. They are bigger, more powerful, and in many cases the freight hog is by far the better-looking job. They still build the Mallet compound types, but the general trend is to realize the possibilities of the simple engine, and in pursuit of this, tremendous strides have been taken. Two and three cylinder simple engines with ample heating surfaces, with a supplementary engine hung on the trailer or the tank wheels, with feed heater and siphons and mechanical stokers, with limited cut-off and back-pressure gauges and pyrometer and two hundred and fifty pounds of steam pressure, with a load of coal and a reservoir of water behind—these are the engines that save the pennies out of the operating dollar. Engines like these are the backbone of the railroad and the pride of the mechanical department.

We had a big ten-drivered hog headed out of the yard, a monster of steam with four wheels under the fire box. From pilot to back coupler head she was as long as a city block, and from her bell-mouthed stack to the ball of the rail she was polished metal and varnish and brass. The engineer was waiting on the yard board to let him go; he had a mile of box and gondola and flat cars strung out behind.

Being a good engineer, he was down on the ground with his long-nosed oil can, making sure that everything was up to snuff. He saw a man standing near the pilot, a well-dressed man—just standing there looking up at the engine. He went on with his oiling and his inspection, and the next time he looked up and noticed this stranger the man had moved over to the side and was getting another view of the hog. When the engineer had finished he pushed his long-nosed oil can up the gangway and the fireman took it, and the engineer stood at the bottom of the gangway and watched the stranger. Presently the stranger realized he was being watched and he came over to the engineer.

Just Between Artists

The first words the stranger said were these: "I could sing to this engine!"

Now this happened in the yard, and the railroad yard is private property. The man was obviously a trespasser, and possibly he was a nut. The engineer thought he might be. He asked him who he was.

"You wouldn't know any more about me if I told you my name," answered the stranger.

What did he do for a living, asked the engineer. The stranger acted as though the question embarrassed him. He said that he didn't really work. The engineer wasn't dumb. The man was carefully dressed, he spoke with a trace of accent, there was an impressiveness about him that more than offset his very obvious embarrassment. The engineer said he was an easy man to talk to, that they talked about engines, mostly about this particular engine. The board finally showed Clear and the fireman called down, "Highball!"

When the stranger started to leave the yard a railroad dick stopped him and demanded to know what he was doing on company property. The man had to identify himself; he did it very easily. He is one of the best-known artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

A hard-nosed railroad man isn't sentimental? Listen to this: I knew an engineer—he was so tough that you couldn't drive a track spike in him. He had been with one particular railroad better than twenty-five years. He had started out as a call boy, he'd been an engine wiper, a machinist, a fireman. He was so mean that even the switch shanty gave him credit. He was plain tough; the only thing anyone ever heard him say in favor of the railroad was that they paid off on time.

This man got sick. The doctors told him that if he didn't get to a dry climate right now they would ship him on a much shorter trip in a box. So he cleared out, went to another state.

He had a small place out in the back of beyond where he raised a few necessities of life, and near his place ran a jerk-water branch-line railroad; one train a week was the total traffic. When that dinky plug, that bull of the woods, went by, it was an event. He never failed to stop work to watch it pass. One day they had a hot box right in front of his little farm and they stopped. And this tough old bruiser, this man who was meaner than mean, marched out of his front yard and over to the right of way, and I'll serve time with Satan if he didn't plant a kiss on a box car! Try to tie that! The box car was lettered with the name of the railroad he had served for twenty-seven years.

A Change of Mind

There is an old engineer called Jumbo, running out of a Western terminal, who is, to my mind, exemplary of all enginemen. He has had a multitude of hair-raising experiences. They appear to have had no effect on him whatever. He owns to a sense of humor, but there are limitations to his ideas as to what constitutes humor. He will talk to you—not many engineers will do this; most of them are close-mouthed—and when he talks to you he will emphasize the important points of the conversation by shoving his elbow into your stomach or into your ribs. He prefers the stomach, however, for greater emphasis. He is now in passenger service, but not so long ago he was pulling chain-gang freight.

He was in freight service at the time of this anecdote. Coming east out of a place called Arroyo Gorda there is a bad grade, and it was the accepted custom to double this grade with a full-tonnage train. When you double, you cut your train in half and pull it over in two sections. Jumbo decided that he was going to quit doubling this hill; he was going over in high—just a little extra was all he needed. If he had about ten pounds more steam pressure, he could make it easy. So he used to get two full buckets of cold water and climb up on top of the barrel of the boiler and pour cold water on the safety valves.

A pop, or safety valve, opens when the steam pressure becomes too high and relieves the engine of steam. If you keep one cold, it will not lift at the pressure it is set for, for a pop is set while hot; and if it's cold, it will take from eight to ten additional pounds pressure to raise it—the old principle that metal contracts while cold and expands when hot. The scheme worked fine. Jumbo went over the hill rolling, with the fireman heaving in the coal. Jumbo did it not once but several times. He made good time over the division—better time than most. The dispatcher asked him how he did it.

"Oh," said Jumbo, "I got a damn fine fireman!"

Jumbo tried it once too often. He was up on top, leaning over and pouring water carefully where it would do the most good, when the fireman got overindustrious and gave her a little too much for her to digest. The pop lifted with a wham! Jumbo sailed off the top of his engine and all but cleared the right-of-way fence. A few days later he saw the master mechanic.

"How 'bout me havin' another fireman?" demanded Jumbo.

"What's the matter with Jim?" asked the official.

"That fool," said Jumbo, "he never did have no sense!"

Jumbo comes into the terminal on his passenger run, and as he enters the city he crosses a grade crossing. He will not cross this street until someone flags it for him, and there isn't any watchman there. It takes time for the railroad porter to come up ahead and flag, and Jumbo doesn't like this delay, so this is what he does: His wife drives down to meet him at arrival, and before she goes to the station she comes to this crossing and flags it for her husband. She'd better be on time, too, for Jumbo wears the pants.

This peculiarity of Jumbo and his spouse always interested me; it is one of the most generous, unselfish gestures that I have ever heard of. I wonder how many wives of motorists, riding beside their husbands, so much as even take the pains to look when the car crosses the tracks. And who ever heard of anyone getting out of a car and looking before he crossed the rails?

I'll tell you something else that Jumbo does in regard to crossings. Out in the country he comes to a highway. He whistles, two long and two short. He looks ahead. He can see straight ahead and he can see the road to his right; he can't see the road to his left on account of the barrel of the boiler. He calls over to the fireman "All clear," meaning his side is clear. The fireman watches his side. If he sees no cars, no trucks, he calls "All clear!"

But if there are cars approaching this highway crossing, the man that sees them calls them, and they come down on that crossing with the whistle howling, and if Jumbo can avert a disaster, he'll stop. This particular engineer has never yet had a serious collision with automobiles, but it hasn't been because idiot and half-drunken drivers have been careful.

It costs the railroad, a good-sized trunk line, as high as five thousand good round dollars every day to blow engine whistles two long and two short. As a rule, they estimate the cost at double this figure. Five thousand dollars, however, is a goodly sum. You'll have to admit that if the hard-hearted railroad company puts out that amount, it is at least making an effort to keep grade crossings clear of demolished cars and funeral hearses.

In the final analysis, the public pays this sum. Don't forget that beautiful little item—the public pays for it. So when you hear that nice brass chime whistle telling you please to stop and look and listen—and you ignore it—and then you hear harps instead of whistles, let your last weak murmur be, "There goes five thousand bucks!"

On the subject of whistles there is a great deal that can be said that, so far as I know, never has been said. Paderewski is acknowledged a master of the piano, and you hear a lot about how Kreisler can handle a violin; but I shall never believe that either of these two can get any more out of their instruments, in proportion to the range, than an old-time hoghead can get out of his chime whistle.

An Artist on the Whistle

There was a passenger train that used to run through a little Louisiana town. I was down there nearly all one summer in work-train service. She was due past the east switch at 4:51 in the morning. The mist would be so heavy that you could hardly see your shoes. This town was a flag stop and the engineer had to whistle for the board. He'd call for the board, out in the mist somewhere, asking for a clear board. At the precise moment when you would see his headlight rising up out of the fog he'd answer the board with two sharp notes, and before you realized it he was out of the mist and past you and gone. You could see the red markers on the back vestibule die out at the same time that he whistled for the crossing below town. I got more kick out of that engineer I never knew who he was than I'll ever get out of an orchestra.

I know an old-timer that has had one tough time with his whistles Way back in the old days he had a nickel-plated whistle given to him and he put it on his engine. At about that time the practice of assigning one particular engine to one particular engineer, making him responsible for the upkeep, was discontinued. The roundhouse took over the maintenance, the hogheads

(Continued on Page 69)

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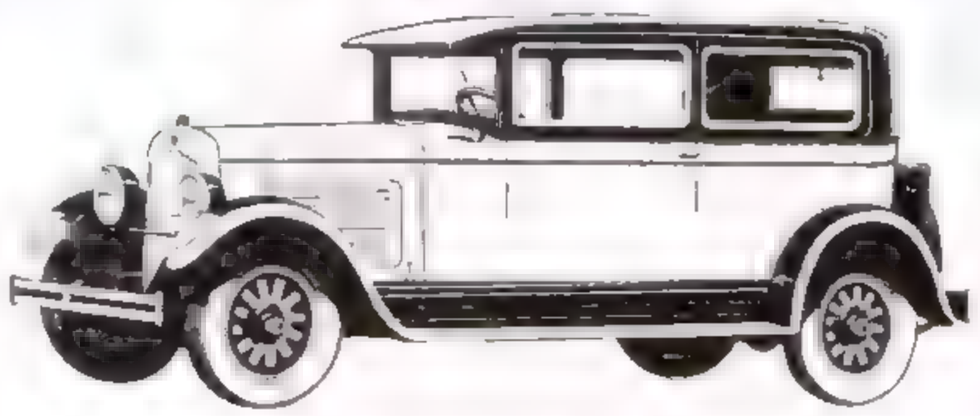

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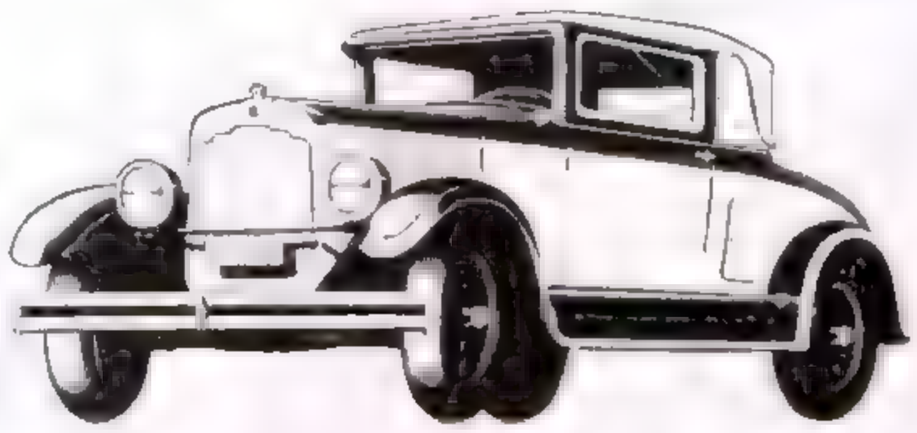

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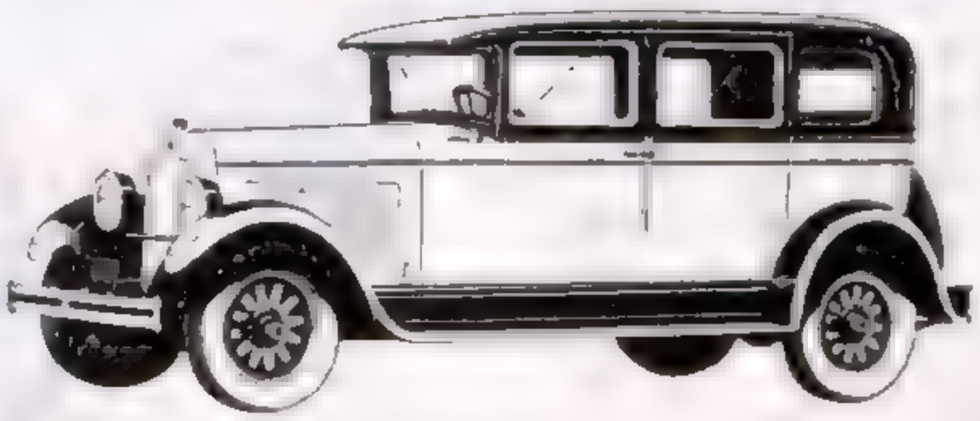

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40 Body Styles Priced from $725 to $6795

52 · 62 · 72 · IMPERIAL "80"

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TIMKEN BEARINGS FOR ALL MODERN TRANSPORTATION

(Continued from Page 64)

got what the dispatcher assigned them. So this engineer took his whistle off. He was going to be the only man that whistled that whistle, or no one was going to whistle it. He got the standard-equipment whistle, one tone, and after so long a time he finally mastered it and succeeded in getting more than the one note out of it. Then the railroad changed to another standard whistle; not exactly a chime whistle, but somewhere near it; and after a lapse of time, this engineer got right handy at producing melodies, where only warnings were required. Then they put on the present-day chime whistles and he experimented whenever he could and used up in the neighborhood of a thousand tons of good coal—and eventually he put the chime whistle on a satisfactory basis. He was an expert with the whistle cord. His gloved hand had the delicate touch of a *maestro*. He was old in the service now. He had a regular run, a regular engine, every day the same engine.

The company bought some new power and one of these new locomotives was assigned to his train. And as a climax to all these years of research into the possibilities of a whistle cord, he found that he had to blow his new whistle by pressing a button, exactly as you'd ring a front-door bell! It nearly finished the man. He moped around for days and no one could figure out what was the matter with him. Here he'd spent all these years developing a delicate touch, all for the purpose of pushing a button! He utterly despised the new engines, until one day he found that you could get different tones out of the whistle by light or strong pressures on the button. He's going strong again; you can't keep a good man down.

The railroads, particularly the mechanical departments, have been accused of shortsightedness, of backwardness. Their enemies point out that they ignore the fact that the trained man, the university graduate, would be of benefit to them. The trouble lies not so much in the disinterest of the railroads as it does in the inability of the university or technical school to train men properly. The man that gets ahead in the railroad game is the man who does more work than anyone else, who hits the ball twenty-four hours a day—they often have to—who not only knows the duties of a supervisor but realizes the importance of a call boy.

You Have to Railroad

You can never tell exactly what men will do under any given circumstances. Experience and long years of service may enable you to get a pretty good idea of what they won't do, but the young man with a degree in his hand and a ton or so of undigested theory under his belt will do well to keep his yap shut and learn what he must learn by watching the wheels go around. Experience is the only real teacher, whether the subject matter is the genus homo or railroad locomotives. A quick mind and a trained mind may enable a person to forge ahead quicker, but this person will never get far in the railroad game unless he's willing to hit the ball on the nose, keep his sleeves rolled up and get his hands dirty. Universities and colleges don't turn out trained railroad men; neither do correspondence schools. They can turn out men that can become trained railroad men. I'm not knocking education, but to be a railroad man you have to railroad.

A knowledge of thermodynamics does not make a man a locomotive designer, but a man with a knowledge of thermodynamics plus the knowledge that oak ties should be used on curves, of standard locomotive practices, of back-shop conditions, of local water conditions, of the sizes of locomotive parts already in stock, of the conditions under which trains are operated, of all the intimate details of the railroad that he has either absorbed or had knocked into his head, including the number of threads on a lowly one-inch nut—that kind of man would make a first-class designer of locomotives. The place to get actual market-value knowledge as regards engines is not off an etching but up in the cab, not in a classroom but out on the erecting floor, not out of a textbook but out on the main line.

We had some engines—some passenger engines—that were undoubtedly designed by a gentleman who knew all there was to be known about thermodynamics but not so much about a railroad. They were a knock-out on the erecting card, but in service they were just plain foul balls. The expenditures for maintenance looked like the national debt.

Out on the road these engines were the world's worst. One defect spoiled the whole works. A locomotive fire box—furnace—has water above and around it, and it is common practice to keep this water out of the fire box. Water never was considered a particularly good fuel. Would these engines leak? Gentle reader, they never failed to leak. If the fireman let the back flue sheet get chilled for a single second, every flue in the boiler started raining water. The back flue sheet forms the front part of the fire box; the flues that run the length of the boiler end in this sheet. On any engine it is mighty poor policy to let the fire go dead or light around this flue sheet, for if the metal chills it will pull away from the flues because of the contraction.

A Temperamental Journey

You could nurse these darned engines as a mother watches over her first-born, but sometime during the run the flues would start leaking in spite of all your efforts. Why the sheet was bedeviled no one ever satisfactorily explained.

There is one railroad president who will never forget these engines—also an engine crew—also a traveling engineer. We had these engines in fast passenger service, Chicago to New York, and at one of the intermediate points they hooked on behind the train, one sweet and balmy day, a sweet and balmy brass-railed car—the president's car. Mr. President sent his compliments to the engineer, stressing the point that he had with him a most important international personage; that this important personage had to be aboard a boat in New York Harbor two hours after train arrival. Would the engineer do those little things necessary to getting in on the money, such as keeping his fat hand off the air brake?

"We own the railroad all the way in—let's go to town," said Mr. President.

In the cab were the fireman, the engineer and the traveling engineer. They lit out for New York as fast as they could get the wheels to turn. They had one of those lovely engines with the temperamental fire boxes; and primarily because the fireman got nervous, the flue sheet got chilled. The flues began leaking, one of them very badly. Right ahead of them—they were on top of it—was a tunnel. It was a dischargeable offense to go through this tunnel working steam or with the blower open, with a passenger train, because this tunnel was of great length and the passengers would practically strangle if the smoke was forced through the stack—which either the blower or the exhaust steam would do very efficiently.

An electric dinky pulled trains through this tunnel. They hooked onto the dinky at the mouth of the tunnel and they had the blower wide open. If they cut the blower off while going through the tunnel, or if they didn't work steam, with the flues leaking the way they were and with the flue sheet banked in green coal that hadn't ignited yet—good-by, little flue sheet! It would be all over but getting another engine to tow them home, to tow the important personage down to his boat, to tow the engine crew and the traveling engineer to a place where they would be formally run off the railroad. So they didn't cut off. They notified the skipper of the dinky that they would push him through the tunnel working steam, and they went through that tunnel working all the steam they could get past the valve ports and all the steam they could get through the blower, and the smoke that this steam sucked out of the stack was equal in volume to the burning of Rome. I believe that after the first smear of good old carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide that hit the coaches, the international personage was more interested in finding a wet towel than he was in catching a boat.

But for reasons best known to combustion experts, the green coal in front of the flue sheet didn't catch any too fast and the leaks got worse. As they cut loose from the dinky one of the flues broke open at the safe end—the weld—and the steam and water came out over the fire until you couldn't see anything but a red glare through a mist when you opened the fire door. The fireman had to keep that fire going. He worked wonders. The two other men took a peek every few seconds and wondered how long it would be before she gave one last grunt and paid off.

For reasons known only to sorcerers and magicians, they kept steam on the gauges and water in the boiler, and the fire stayed good enough to get them by.

They were out on the main line now, going down the railroad. They traded water for steam, they traded steam for water. When they kept up the steam pressure they lost on the water column, and when they gained on the water column they lost on the steam gauges. By tricks of the trade they kept a working pressure going past the valve ports and held enough water in her so that the crown sheet wouldn't come down around their ears, and they ran the legs off that old hog.

They finally came to the bottom of a hill and the pressure dropped to one hundred and five pounds and the water wouldn't even show in the water column, and the only proof that they had that she had water in her was the wet stuff that came out of the bottom water-gauge cock and the bleeder on the water column. So they stopped. They were better than ten miles from a telegraph or a telephone in either direction. They were in one swell pickle.

The president sent word up: "What do you think this is—an excursion?"

They sent word back that a flue had opened up to give them a chance—they'd do their best to get in—that if anyone could make that boat, they would.

The leak was so bad that the water almost came back to the fire door, and the miraculous part of the whole business was that the water didn't put the fire completely out. They expected it to; they were ready to see her die any minute. As fast as they made steam they lost it, as fast as they put water in it seemed to come out. The fireman did the impossible.

A Miracle in Steam

After better than an hour of prayer and profanity—all this while the conductor or the brakeman or the president's secretary was wanting to know how long, dear Lord—they had steam pressure showing at one hundred and twenty-five pounds and they knew they had water because the stuff that came out of the bottom cock was wetter than steam is supposed to be. They began to have hopes.

Then the needle wabbled and began to droop. She dropped from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and ten, from one hundred and ten to one hundred, from one hundred to ninety-five, from ninety-five to eighty-five!

"Watch her die!" said the engineer disgustedly. He sat down on the seat box. The fireman threw his scoop in the bunker and relieved his mind verbally. All three watched the needle on the right-hand steam gauge. It dropped wearily to seventy-five. It stopped at seventy-five. It held at seventy-five. Then very slowly it crawled up to eighty! The three men thought the gauge was on the blink—was in the same shape as the engine. The needle crawled up to eighty-five! It swung up to ninety! The fireman jumped up, kicked the fire door open, looked inside.

"Yee-ow!" he yelled and made a grab for his scoop.

The broken flue had plugged herself; the fire box and the flue sheet were dry as old bones! The engineer nursed an injector along, the fireman put his back and his head behind his scoop. Ten minutes later they had one hundred and fifty pounds of steam and water showing at better than a full gauge.

"Highball!" shouted the engineer and bent the whistle cord.

They started down the railroad. The engine could eat eighty miles an hour and like it, and they widened her out and stretched her legs. They took the bridle off and they threw it away. The international personage, going down to the sea, declared that the safest thing he could think of was a boat! The president told him that if he wanted to catch a boat, there were some boys up in the cab that would not only put him aboard but would also check his luggage.

A Leak in Time

All the way down the line the men in the cab knew they had something coming to them and that it wouldn't be cake. You can't strangle the president of a railroad in his own tunnel, on his own smoke, and get complimented for the deed. The only reason why the president hadn't been up in the cab long ago was because he was engaged in soothing the international personage. This official was one of those troublesome kinds of presidents. Before he rose to high estate, he was an engineer, and what he didn't know about an engine wasn't in the book. The flue sheet was tight as a drum; he'd take one look at it and call them all liars—and fire them as an afterthought. Not one man in the cab but knew that the president would be up ahead as soon as they got to town and that he would take a hearty peer at the fire box—and none of them wanted to be around when he peered!

They came down the hill to the drawbridge; it was the last short mile of the run. The men in the cab were down in the mouth; it looked like a hard winter ahead. But you can never tell what an engine will do, and on the last short mile this engine with the bedeviled flue sheet did her stuff. The flue broke open again, water and steam came out as it does in Yellowstone National Park.

"Yee-ow!" yelled the fireman, and kicked the fire door shut.

They rolled down to the bridge, across the bridge and into the terminal. It was downhill; all they had to do was let her drift. She was half full of water and the pop was lifting when the flue broke open; inside, you could hear the water and the steam cracking and roaring. They stopped. They sat in their respective pews and waited for the president. They didn't wait long.

"What the hell's been the matter up here?" demanded the head of the railroad.

"We had a flue open up on us," explained the traveling engineer. "We pretty near lost her back there at Mile Post 143, but we managed to get in."

"Sounds nice!" sneered the chief executive. "I suppose you expect me to believe you can come down the railroad the way you idiots did with a busted flue! You'd better save your breath. Open that fire door, boy!"

The fireman kicked the fire door open. The hot water actually shot through the door clear back to the end of the coal bunker! The president stared at the steam-filled fire box, at the dead fire, at the water shooting out of the mouth of the fire door.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he finally said. He shook his head. "How you did it I don't know!" He turned to the engineer. "That was a sweet run, fine run!" He turned to the fireman. "Damned if you can't handle a scoop, young fellah!" He turned to the traveling engineer. "I don't know what you're doing on here," he said, "but if you hang around these boys long enough you might learn something!"

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

(Continued from Page 5)

I still repeat each night the little prayer I learned at my mother's knee.

On Sundays no work was done in our house. The food for that day was cooked overnight. The blinds were drawn. The auld folks went to church, and when I was old enough I went to Sunday school. In the evening my mother gathered us round and told us a story about the Covenanters or David Livingstone or read a tale from the Old Testament. Yes, Sunday was the Lord's Day in very truth. But tomorrow—joyful thought!—would be Monday!

At this stage of my early memories my mind goes back to the first money I ever earned. You see how the Adam in Harry Lauder asserts himself. If I am ever stumped for a story or a subject in these memoirs, I can always turn on the money-making tap. It will never fail me. Perhaps this is only to be expected in the life story of a man who is supposed to think more of siller than the average Scotsman and who is popularly reputed to have collected—and kept—more than his fair share of it all over the world! But in the meantime we'll "let that flea stick to the wa'!" It has been a grand advertisement for me all my life, and why should I complain of the best free advertisement any public man ever had anywhere, at any time?

I would be about eight years of age when a well-known worthy in the village, called Wattie Sandilands, gave me the opportunity of earning my first few coppers. He kept a large number of pigs. The soo's craes at Wattie's house had a peculiar fascination for me, and many an hour I spent watching their inmates. One day the old man said that if I would help him to feed the pigs he would give me sixpence a week. Would I? I could scarcely answer him for the thumping of my heart. Sixpence a week for doing a job which I would gladly have done for nothing!

A Dietitian to Pigs

So the bargain was struck. Every evening for a fortnight I slipped along to Wattie's, helped him to unload the refuse from the tins in which he collected it all over the town, mix it and dump it in the troughs. For two Saturdays I got my sixpence and proudly took it home to my mother. She was not exactly enamored of my first job, not because of its humble nature but owing to the fact that Wattie had the reputation of being a very short-tempered man and quick with his hands. My father, when consulted, only laughed and said that if I was feeding pigs I was being kept out of mischief in other directions.

"Besides," he added, "Harry may be a farmer some day and the experience will do him good." The words were prophetic. I was a farmer many years afterward, but any experience I had as an assistant pig feeder did not prevent me making a colossal failure of the business!

Alas, my weekly sixpence did not continue after the fortnight, for one of Wattie's pigs choked itself to death through trying to eat a piece of hard dumpling which had been thrown away by some housewife. Probably it was the first she had ever made. In any case, the pig died, and old man Sandilands blamed me for letting the pig eat it in the first instance and for not immediately acting as veterinary surgeon when I saw that it was in difficulties. I was sacked on the spot. To add to the injustice, I was unable to sit down with any degree of comfort for a week or ten days.

My next job was to help a market gardener pick strawberries. The chief qualification for this job was the ability to whistle. No boys were engaged who couldn't whistle. They were supposed to whistle all the time they were picking the strawberries and the gardener walked round the beds watching and listening. The boy who was working alongside me was an expert whistler. In fact, he whistled so loud that occasionally I left off and had a good feed of strawberries. The pay was fourpence a day. I managed to get away with two days' pay, but on the third I fell into a trap laid by the gardener. He had evidently been suspicious of my honesty, because he crawled down the side of my strawberry bed and pounced out on me when I was gobbling the best and biggest of the berries and making a hopeless attempt to whistle at the same time. Once more the parting between employer and employed was of a painful nature. I have never liked strawberries from that day to this. They make me feel ill whenever I see them on the fruit stall or on the table.

The Scots' National Game

In between these various and vicarious jobs, I was a caddie on Musselburgh Links, at that time the great golfing resort of the Edinburgh gentry. We boys used to meet the golfers at the train and bombard them with requests to be allowed to "cair-ry yer clubs, sir; balls an' all, sir!" Although I was very small I could generally do my fair share of shouting and elbowing at the station, and I got my "cair-ries" with the best of them. There were no caddie masters in these days. The contract was a simple one between golfer and boy; the price twopence a round. An understanding ruled, however, that if the caddie did his work faithfully and well and lost no balls he got an extra penny at the end of the round. Many a day I earned sixpence or ninepence as a caddie.

My mother got the money, as a rule, but occasionally I was tempted to spend some of my earnings in sweets or Ladies' Twist. This was a sort of tobacco rolled up into long oval balls, and a pennyworth would represent ten or twelve inches of material for all the world like a length of rough string. I do not know how I became thus early introduced to the nicotine habit. Probably I had seen some of the older boys buying it. In any event I learned to chew the tobacco, and for years afterward Ladies' Twist was always a temptation and an addiction.

The caddie boys at Musselburgh had another way of securing pocket money. The golfers of that time had no core balls to smack up the middle for two hundred and fifty yards. They played with the old gutta ball, a pill which had to be well and truly hit if the golfer's arm and spine were not to be shattered by a stonelike hitting. These balls sometimes split in two when struck by the club. This was a joyful sight to the caddies, for we were allowed to collar the pieces and put them in our pockets. At home we got hold of our mothers' stewpans and boiled the remnants of the balls until they were soft. Then the soft and claggy mass was rolled out on the kitchen table and shaped into whips which we sold to the miners' pony drivers in the Carbery Coal Pits near Musselburgh. When I became a miner myself a few years later I used to regret my financial transactions in this direction, for the whips were vicious things and could give cruel blows to the puir wee horses working in the damp and eternal darkness of the mines.

I learned to hit a golf ball before I was eight or nine years of age. Little did I then think that in the years to come I would myself play golf all over the world, or that my name would be associated with so many golf stories exemplifying the nearness of the Scottish race! Some of the best of these tales I shall tell against myself in their proper place during the course of these reminiscences. I think I must have a better collection of golf stories than any other golfer in the world, and most of them are true.

Sport played quite a prominent part in my early boyhood days at Musselburgh. My father took a keen interest in foot racing. He had been a runner himself, but after marriage he confined his interests to training the runners of the district. Sprints, half-mile, mile and long-distance races were tremendously popular in the midlands of Scotland about this time. Wee Johnnie Lauder had the reputation of being a peculiarly clever trainer and to get into his "stable" was considered something of an honor. He trained the winners of many races, including one Powderhall Handicap.

Cook and Man-of-All-Work

Up till a few days ago I could not have told you the name of this victor in the historic Scottish race, but—so curiously do events work out—I have before me at this moment a letter written by an old man of seventy-one, now living in Buckie, Banffshire, telling me that he was trained by my father when he won the Powderhall Handicap in 1877. He signs the letter "William Young" and in it he says he has just noticed in the papers my return from America and took the notion to write me after all these years. I need quote only one sentence from Mr. Young's letter—a sentence that made a lump rise in my throat as I remembered the father whom I only knew as a little boy: "Johnnie Lauder was a straight, honest man and a thorough sportsman. What a pity he didn't live to see your success, Sir Harry!"

And so my boyhood's years slip awa'! I am now twelve years of age, not very big, but broad and strong and as healthy as a young animal. There are seven boys and girls in the Lauder family, and I am my mother's mainstay for nursing, running messages and generally assisting in the house. I can cook a meal, bath a baby, and do a household washing if need be. There is great excitement one evening. My father comes home with the information that he has been offered a good situation in Pearson's Pottery at Whittington Moor, Derbyshire. A council of ways and means and future prospects is immediately called. The pros and cons are studied and discussed.

My mother is very silent and undemonstrative all through; she does not like the idea of leaving Scotland for the "wilds of England." All her sentiments and affections are for her ain folk and for the land she knows and loves. I do not know it at the time, but in after years she confesses that "her heart was never in the shift."

Back to Scotland

The Highland seer in her make-up foresees danger and disaster ahead; she has a premonition of impending fate. But my father is full of the bigger wages he has been offered. He thinks there will be better chances for the bairns in England. His enthusiasm wins the day. In less than a month the family packs up and we find ourselves at Whittington Moor near Chesterfield.

The few weeks we spent there seem like a dream to me now. I can only remember clearly the one big event which shattered the whole world for a poor young woman and her brood of seven children—the sudden death of my father from pneumonia. And one scene stands out, cameolike, from the drama. It is the picture of my mother coming out, moaning, from the little room in which my father was lying. She catches me in her arms and sobs out, "Oh, Harry, Harry, yer faither's deid—yer dear faither's been ta'en from us! What'll I dae, ma son, ma puir wee laddie? God help us a' in His mercy an' compassion!"

There is no need to enlarge upon the scene and the grim tragedy of the whole situation. I was very, very young—not yet twelve years of age—but I did my best to comfort my weeping mother by telling her I loved her, that I would never leave her and that soon I would be able to work for her and my wee brothers and sisters. My father had been insured for fifteen pounds and this sufficed to bury him in the little churchyard at Whittington and leave a balance over, along with what the pottery people gave us, to take the family back to Scotland. My mother had relatives living in Arbroath, a little town in Forfarshire, and it is here that I again take up the story of my own life.

Arbroath at that time was, and still is, a fairly prosperous township. It had quite a number of industries such as flax mills, engineering works, tanneries, boot factories, and fishing. A good deal of shipping used the little harbor in my time, steamers of fair size landing cargoes of raw flax from Russia and the Baltic countries. I had no difficulty in getting a job as half-timer in Gordon's Mill at the Brothick Brig. There are no half-timers in Scotland now, the law put a stop to this form of child labor many years ago. But forty or fifty years ago it was common all over the country, particularly in the large manufacturing districts. A half-timer was so called because he put in one day at the mill and one day at the school—in other words, he would toil from morning till night on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays in the factory, while on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays he would attend a school run by his employers in connection with the establishment. It may have been the other way round so far as the days of the week were concerned, but you get the idea.

(Continued on Page 75)

No. 3 Bridge Street, Portobello, Near Edinburgh, the House in Which Sir Harry Lauder Was Born

Exhibiting new smartness

Chandler now distinguishes itself with new style motifs of exceeding smartness . . . introducing a new series of resplendent Royal Eights, and two new series of charming Sixes, all abounding in luxury, all endued with the unmistakable look, the air, the poise, the manner of bred-in-the-bone thoroughbreds. By all means see these magnificent new examples of modish design before you make up your mind on a new automobile.

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Year after year Chandler has lengthened its long list of national and international performance records . . . and now these *new* models actually out-Chandler all previous Chandlers in power range . . . cars that demonstrate a still greater margin of difference between Chandler performance and ordinary run-of-the-street performance. For your own benefit, be sure you drive a new Chandler before deciding upon any car.

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Firestone
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Courier
—low price; carries Standard Manufacturers' Warranty.

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—a good tire at a very low price; designed for the light car.

THEIR OWN RUBBER.. Harvey S. Firestone

Lasting Beauty—the value of *Zinc* in *Paint*

Paint manufacturers generally are making ***zinc-base paints*** of quality for a wide variety of uses. Tests and performance have convinced them of the permanent beauty and added life that zinc pigments give to interior and exterior paints.

For the modern era of ***zinc-base paints*** property owners owe thanks to a progressive French house painter of mid-Victorian times who refused to accept the paint materials of the ancients as good enough—and tried Zinc Oxide. American manufacturing methods have made possible the "XX" Zinc Oxide which is used so largely in paint today.

Not so long ago a group of paint experts, working along scientific lines, perfected a new pigment for paint, known as "Albalith."* "Albalith" has those characteristics of previously known pigments that are most desirable, and in combination with Zinc Oxide it gives unsurpassed paint performance.

Such ***zinc-base paints*** are brilliant and lasting in white; clear, unchangeable and enduring in tints; and high in spreading rate and hiding power. Such ***zinc-base paints*** reduce the cost of painting by lasting longer.

Zinc-base paints are available at your local paint stores. As all paints are not made on a zinc base, be sure to ask for ***zinc-base paint.*** And if "XX" Zinc Oxide and "Albalith" have been used in the paint, so much the better.

40-40-20

An excellent outside paint combining these characteristics is one known as **40-40-20.** It is made by the 185 paint manufacturers listed on this page.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY

Since 1848 Manufacturers of Pigments of Quality for Manufacturers of Quality Paints.

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"Save the surface and you save all"

*"Albalith" is a chemical precipitate of zinc sulphide and barium sulphate. It is one of the whitest pigments known, and of the finest particle size.

Photograph of a Shreveport (Louisiana) home painted with 40-40-20

THE LIST OF AUTHORIZED MANUFACTURERS OF 40-40-20

Aetna Varnish Co., Inc.
The Allentown Mfg. Co.
The W. A. Alsete Co.
Amalgamated Paint Co.
Anaheim Paint & Paper Co.
The Anglo-American Varnish Co., Inc.
Atlantic Paint & Varnish Works, Inc.
The Benson Paint & Varnish Co., Inc.
Berg Varnish Co., Inc.
Blue Ribbon Paint Co.
F. R. Brehm & Co., Inc.
Bradley & Vroomen Co.
John C. Butler Company
Caldow Paint Co.
California Paint Co.
Campbell & Wyckoff, Inc.
Carpenter Morton Co.
Carroll Shellac & Varnish Co., Inc.
Central Paint & Varnish Mfg. Co.
Chilton Paint Co.
Coating Products Corp.
Columbia Varnish Co.
Condie-Bray Glass & Paint Co.
Cook Paint & Varnish Co.
G. P. Darrow & Co.
DeSoto Paint Manufacturing Co.
The Dean & Barry Co.
The Debevoise Co.
Denny, Hilborn & Rosenbach
The Detroit Paint Mfg. Co.
Henry A. Dewey Co., Inc.
The Dolphin Paint & Varnish Co.
Dumont Paint Mfg. Co., Inc.
Egan & Hausman Co., Inc.
Erlko Paint Company
Farrell-Calhoun Co., Inc.
Felton-Sibley & Co., Inc.
Flint Paint & Varnish Corp.
The Florman Mfg. Co.
The Foy Paint Co.
Frazer Paint Co.
Samuel H. French & Co.
Gall-Oakley & Allen, Inc.
Garrett M. Goldberg & Co.
Great Lakes Varnish Wks., Inc.
Great Western Paint Mfg. Co., Inc.
Haskins Bros.
Hildreth Varnish Co.
Hock Paint & Chemical Works
A. C. Horn & Co.
Hughes Paint Co.
Imperial Paint Co.
Impervious Paint & Varnish Co.
Integrity Paint Co.
Interstate Chemical Co.
Johnson McKim Johnson Co.
Oliver Johnson & Co., Inc.
Frank M. Kennedy Paint & Color Co.
Keystone Albumen & Paint Co.
King Paint Mfg. Co.
Knox Varnish Co.
J. F. Kurfees Paint Co., Inc.
The Lancaster Paint & Glass Co.
Longman & Martinez
The Longview Paint & Varnish Co.
The Lorain Lead & Paint Co.
MacMillan Paint Co.
The Mahoning Paint & Oil Co.
The Marietta Paint & Color Co.
John W. Masury & Son
Mautz Paint & Glass Co.
McDaniel Paint & Varnish Co.
M. J. Merkin Paint Co., Inc.
The Miami Paint Company
Michigan Paint Mfg. Co.
Monmouth Paint & Varnish Works
National Varnish Company
The Natroco Paint & Varnish Works
Eugene E. Nice Company
Negley & Co.
T. H. Nevin Company
Norfolk Paint & Varnish Co.
Oakley Paint Mfg. Co.
The Parker Paint Works
The Parr Paint & Color Co.
The Pasoono-Hutcheon Co.
Peaslee-Gaulbert Co., Inc.
The Perry & Derrick Co., Inc.
H. Peterman, Inc.
Petro Paint Mfg. Co.
Phelan-Faust Paint Mfg. Co.
Phoenix Paint & Varnish Co.
Porter Paint Co., Inc.
W. R. Purdum & Son
Rasmussen & Co.
Red Spot Paint & Varnish Co., Inc.
Rockcoat Paint Corporation
T. J. Ronan Co., Inc.
Sampson Paint & Color Co., Inc.
The Sargent Gerke Co.
Schulte Specialty Company
Scriver & Quinn, Inc.
Seattle Paint Co.
Albert K. Sheldon Company
The Southern Paint Products Co.
Sovereign Paint Mfg. Co., Inc.
The Gilbert Spruance Co.
St. Paul White Lead & Oil Co., Inc.
Standard Chemical Works, Inc.
Standard Pigment Co., Inc.
Standard Plate Glass Co.
Sterling Paint Co.
The Stewart Bros. Paint Co.
Thomson Wood Finishing Co.
Tibbetts-Westerfield Paint Co., Inc.
The Tripod Paint Company
Tropical Paint & Oil Co.
U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co.
Utley Paint Co., Inc.
Warren Paint & Color Co.
Wasatch Waterall & Co., Inc.
Clan P. Watson Paint Co.
West Paint & Varnish Co.
Western Paint & Varnish Co.
The White Company
J. C. Whitlam Mfg. Co.
Williams Paint Company
John H. Witte & Sons
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IN CANADA

Brandram-Henderson, Ltd.
The Imperial Varnish & Color Co., Ltd.
International Laboratories, Ltd.
Ottawa Paint Works, Ltd.
A. Ramsay & Son Co.
Sanderson Pearcy & Co., Ltd.

New Jersey Zinc

(Continued from Page 70)

Well, my task at Gordon's Mill was to be a towie—that is, collecting the tow after it had passed through the heckling machinery and stamping it into a bag or a large tin receptacle. The towie had to be very careful not to break the tow in its passage from the machine to the bag or the tin. When one receptacle was filled and carefully pressed down in coils or layers, another took its place, and so the job went on, changeless and mechanical, all day. The only relief came by thinking that tomorrow there would be no work to do and that school, even under such a schoolmaster as Auld Stumpie Bell, was infinitely better than handling an endless film of tow from six o'clock in the morning until six at night.

There were perhaps fifty half-timers in Gordon's. Their educational requirements were attended to by the said Mr. Bell, a character if ever there existed one among the dominies of Scotland. He was a little man with a shriveled leg so much shorter than the other that he wore an iron standard on his boot. This certainly brought both limbs on something like equality in length, but I always thought that the leg with the ironwork attached to it was easily the more useful of the two—because he used it with deadly effect upon my anatomy more than once! My first impressions of Stumpie—the nickname was, of course, inspired by his infirmity—were that he regarded each and every one of his pupils as a child of Satan, chock-full of the most terrible kind of original sin. He was the fiercest disciplinarian I have ever come across in my life. He ruled us with a rod—and a foot—of iron. Only the slightest provocation roused his temper, and it was God help the poor kid who came under the storm of his wrath. He walloped the life out of us boys day in and day out. But we loved him. He was just. He was hard, but he was fair. And he earned the respect of every boy who passed through his stern curriculum.

A Circus Comes to Town

Curiously enough, his educational ideas were pretty much on a par with those of Mr. Fraser, the Musselburgh teacher of whom I have already written. Not because he believed implicitly in the fundamentals—the good old three R's again—but because he was another fervent Scot for whom the rest of the world didn't count. Scottish history meant far more to him than the story of the Incas in Peru or the building up of the German Empire. And the geography of Forfarshire—including such a fact as that the Bloody Graham of Claverhouse had had his castle just outside of Dundee—was of more vital importance than the coast line of Japan or the latitude of the Andaman Isles. For his own town of Arbroath he had a warm admiration. He urged us to honor it all our lives and never, under any circumstances, allow anybody to say a word against it. Thus did he instill into his pupils a sense of local patriotism in the same way as his brother dominie, Fraser, had inspired me with a sense of national pride.

There was a little public house not far away from the school in the Applegate. To this house of refreshment Stumpie was wont occasionally to repair at the lunch hour, and whenever any of us detected the teacher coming out of its kindly doors we sent round the word that Stumpie had had a "hauf or twa." This meant that we must all be on our best behavior for the rest of the day. For if the teacher was a taskmaster when sober, he was a tyrant with a couple of drinks in him. Woe betide any of the half-timers who gave a wrong answer to Maister Bell under these conditions! I have seen him work himself into a state of the most ungovernable fury, blinking his eyes, licking his teeth and lips, snorting with rage and keeping his iron heel constantly on the move as if he were only waiting for a chance to bring it into action on a pupil's shin or—well, higher up. The class sat trembling, each boy as quiet as a mouse, until the dominie calmed down a bit, which he always did very soon.

One day Ord's Circus came to town and spread its tents on the common. The visit of this mammoth combination—ten vans of "raging, tearing man-eaters and other beasts of prey"—caused a sensation among the half-timers. We held a meeting in the playground the night before and it was decided that a committee of the boys should approach Stumpie in the morning and ask for a day off to see the circus. I was one of the committee. When the morning came I, for one, rued my appointment, and the other two members of the deputation did the same. You see, we knew our Stumpie and we had all come to the conclusion that there wasn't a thousand-to-one chance of him listening favorably to the request. We trooped into school and the circus was never mentioned. But at the dinner hour we held another meeting and ten or a dozen of us decided to take the bull by the horns and play truant for the rest of the day.

Making Ends Meet

We had a glorious time on the common among the circus tents. When the evening performance came along I burrowed my way underneath the canvas and had a spellbinding view of the proceedings for about half an hour. Suddenly the spell was broken by an attendant gripping me by the nape of the neck, bending me over his knee and administering severe corporal punishment with a horse brush. Then he flung me toward the canvas and ordered me to clear out the way I had come in. No snake ever wriggled quicker through the jungle than I did below the flapping canvas. Sore but satisfied, I was a hero among the other chaps for days after the circus had departed.

This it did on a Sunday evening. We boys followed the cavalcade as it wound its way out of town to the north. The wooden sides of a van containing several lions were still down, and naturally this was the vehicle which focused our fascinated attention. Once, out of bravado, I dashed up close to the side of the cage and yelled fearsomely at the lions. One of these snarled at me and stuck an angry paw through the bars. I received such a fright that I fell, and in falling I spiked my hand against a jagged wheel rim of the next caravan. The mark is there to this day.

The sequel to our playing truant is worth telling. We had to work in the mill the following day, but next morning Stumpie was waiting for us in a condition of bottled-up rage. Like Tam o' Shanter's wife, he had been nursing his wrath to keep it warm! I was supposed to be the bravest of the boys who had "skulked the schule," and it was decided that I should be the first of the miscreants to enter the classroom. I didn't like the job at all, but I put as good a face on it as possible and made a dash for my desk. But Stumpie, moving with unwonted alacrity, caught me before I got there or had time to utter a word. He gave me a tremendous clout on the jaw. Fortunately, it knocked me clean underneath a desk, otherwise I would have caught a swinging kick with his iron heel, and that might have been the end of me.

The master never uttered a word. His breath was going and coming in gasps, his eyes were glaring with fury. He tried several times to voice the anger which was consuming him, but he couldn't get the words out of his mouth. After settling my hash he went for several of the other boys. The class was in an uproar. Two or three of the younger pupils began to cry, and others, shouting that Maister Bell had gone mad, made their escape from the room and the building. I cannot imagine a scene of such a turbulent nature to have taken place in any school anywhere since education of the young began. It was an epic contest. One of the fellows upset the master's desk in the struggle, while I emerged from my place of temporary security and threw a slate, which just missed Bell's head by inches. Suddenly Stumpie shouted out, "We'll now take the Scripture lesson!" Peace was gradually restored. And if my recollection is trustworthy, the lesson that morning was from the text, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Dear old Stumpie Bell! He had a difficult task with us half-timers, as wild and deil-may-care a bunch as you could have found in a day's march, but he left his imprint on our minds as well as on our bodies. Years after I went back to Arbroath as a *lion comique*. Before going to the concert hall in the evening, I went out to hunt up my old schoolmaster, but to my immense regret I learned that he had died a year or two before. I don't mind telling you that I shed a tear or two for his memory that evening.

My pay as a half-timer was two shillings and a penny per week. My mother worked at whatever odd jobs she could get. She would mind a family for a day while the parents took a holiday, or she would go out washing for the more prosperous of the town's lady citizens. She was willing to do anything at all, and her geniality and determination to earn food for her children made her a general favorite wherever she went. I was the only member of the family old enough to do a hand's turn. Naturally we had a thoroughly hard time of it, but we always had something to eat. Indeed, out of my wages I got the odd penny as pocket money. This invariably went in tobacco; by this time I was a slave to the weed. The Ladies' Twist did not last long. It was usually consumed by the Sunday evening, and I had just to wait until the week-end or until I had picked up a penny elsewhere, before I could satisfy my craving for more tobacco. Later, I got taken on as one of a gang of boys to deliver the Arbroath Guide on Saturday mornings. I started out as early as five o'clock and finished up in time to go to school. For delivering anything from fifty to a hundred copies of the paper I earned as much as ninepence. This meant a most substantial increase to the family resources.

Experimenting on Matt

Occasionally my brother Matthew came to assist me in my news-vending activities. At first I thought he wanted to do me out of my job, but I discovered that all he wanted was to learn to smoke, like me. So I arranged that if he would help me to deliver the papers I would teach him to smoke. From one of the printers at the Guide office I got a chunk of thick black one morning. This tobacco is not very well known to smokers outside of Scotland and Ireland. It is a peculiarly pungent brand much beloved of dock laborers, blacksmiths and coal miners—you must be a strong man to tackle it either for chewing or smoking purposes. I had long desired to graduate from the more or less innocuous Ladies' Twist to this man's stuff. Here was a chance to try it out. If Matt could stand it—well, it would be all right for me. So one Saturday afternoon I filled up a clay pipe with the thick black, took Matt out to the common and made him get busy with his first smoke. In about half a minute he became violently sick, groaned and rolled his eyes, cried bitterly and threatened to go home and tell my mother.

"Matt," said I, shaking a warning finger at my wretched brother, "if you tell on me I'll tell on you! If you don't say a word I'll give you three brandy balls when I get my penny on Saturday." The brandy balls carried the day. Matt lay on the common for the rest of the day and crawled home, a sick and sorry boy, about eight o'clock at night, when he knew our mother would be out baking scones for the wife of a mill owner.

Looking back on these days in Old Arbroath I cannot but regard them, as every boy regards his childhood hours, as the happiest of my life. The countryside was at our doors. We roamed far and near, bird's-nesting, playing at tinkers—gypsies—picnicking in the woods, swimming in the sea, rowing in boats in the harbor and generally being up to all sorts of boyish pranks and escapades. I had to work hard at the mill every other day, but the days in between were halcyon hours. One task, and one only, I hated with all my soul. Each week my mother and I had to tease a hundredweight of old ropes and string, ship's rigging, and so on, into tow. This stuff was sent round from one or other of the factories to the houses of the very poorest people. When teased out into yarn it was mixed in with the flax and woven into canvas or other material. The price allowed was one shilling and sixpence a hundredweight.

Shadows of Coming Events

It took my mother and me several hours every night of the week, with the exception of Saturday, to reduce this dreadful stuff into tow. Both her fingers and mine were often bleeding. Many and many a time I cried with the pain and the awful monotony of the job. But my mother's cheery, indomitable, uncomplaining nature was a great encouragement to us both, and always, when the night's proportion was tackled—sometimes very late in the evening when the ropes and hawsers had been more difficult to tease than usual—we kissed each other and cuddled up out of sheer thankfulness.

It was while we were living in Arbroath that I started to sing. Like many more people in the world, I have always been rather fond of hearing my own voice. Even as a very small boy I used to imitate my father when he hummed or sang some of the old Scottish lyrics. I cannot say that my father was a good vocalist, because I don't remember. But he was aye croonin' awa' at some snatch of melody. One day he turned to my mother and said, "This wean's going to be a singer, Isa." And he thereupon began to teach me the words and melody of Draw the Sword, Scotland. I had as much idea of what drawing a sword for Scotland meant as of Greek iambics, and if I was on the scaffold today, I couldn't tell you what these are, but I saw the words in a book I happened to lift up yesterday!

So I learned this song and one or two others, including a most melancholy ditty entitled I'm a Gentleman Still. The tune to which this song was set had an extremely sorrowful wail about it and it became a sort of obsession with me. It never left me for years. I would start singing or humming it at any time and in any circumstances. You know the sort of thing I mean—a tune takes hold of you to such an extent that you simply can't get it out of your head. You begin to hate the damnable iteration of its cadences. You try your best to forget it, but it is impossible. That's how it was with me so far as this song was concerned. And one night an event happened which was to focus this dreadful song even more firmly in my mind.

My mother had insisted on my joining the Band of Hope. Probably she had noted very early symptoms of depravity in me in the way of an affection for tobacco, and thought that I would be safeguarded from other vices by signing the pledge and coming under the influences of the Blue Ribbon Army. In those days the Scottish teetotalers and the Band of Hope boys all wore a blue ribbon to demonstrate to the world their detestation of strong drink. If you were an abstainer you were a member of the Blue Ribbon Army, as it was then called. I liked the Band of Hope meetings. They were bright and colorful. The officials were good men and women, full of high ideals. The singing at the meetings appealed to me from the start. Moody and Sankey, the American evangelists, had left a deeply religious effect all over Britain, and the hymns they sang at their revival meetings had taken a powerful grip of the

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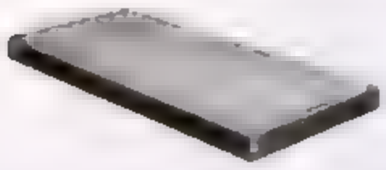

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people of Scotland. Their melodies were simple but swinging; they lent themselves admirably to community singing.

I forget many of the hymns we sang at the Band of Hope, but such favorites as Shall We Gather at the River? Throw Out the Life Line, Will There be Any Stars in My Crown? stand out in my memory. I loved every note of them and yelled them out most lustily. The old Scottish psalm tunes we occasionally sang at the Band of Hope, and also at the Sunday school I attended, likewise made an extraordinary appeal to me. All People That on Earth Do Dwell, to the tune of Old Hundred; O God of Bethel, by Whose Hand, to the tune of Martyrdom, and Do Thou With Hyssop Sprinkle Me, to the tune of St. Kilda, were among my favorites. The last mentioned melody is in a most unusual minor key. It was written by a young Scottish musician named Bloomfield whose body, I have often been told, is lying in an ancient cemetery in Aberdeen.

Sir Harry's Premiere

Middle-aged and elderly Scots who may happen to be reading my memoirs will remember this tune of St. Kilda and how whole congregations used to sway from side to side as they were singing its plaintive ear-haunting rhythms. And they will remember the old precentor with his pitchfork—before the "chists o' whistles"—the organs and harmoniums—were introduced—searching for the key and then leading off the psalmody for the assembled worshipers. His was a job second only in importance to that of the meenister himsel'!

Other old hymns which I loved to hear announced were Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid, by J. N. Neale; O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go, by Doctor Matheson, the blind preacher; and Lord of All Being Throned Afar, that gorgeous bit of poetic imagery by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who would, to my mind, have been the greatest hymn writer in the world had he only written some more. Yes, all these psalms and hymns made on me a profound impression, especially on the musical side. I feel sure they implanted in me that passion for melody which has been the supreme thing in my life.

But to return to the incident I mentioned. At the Band of Hope meetings it was the practice of the superintendent to ask any of the boys or girls to stand up and sing or recite any little thing they knew. For many weeks I was too shy to take the floor, but one night a companion who had evidently heard me singing at the mill or in the school playground nudged me in the ribs, saying, "Go on, Harry; staun' up and dae somethin'." So up I got from my seat, walked to the little platform and modestly said that I was willing to sing a song. I had fully intended to sing Draw the Sword, Scotland, or Annie Laurie, or one of the other songs I had learned since leaving Musselburgh.

But could I remember, facing my first audience, that any song existed in the world with the exception of I'm a Gentleman Still? No, my mind went blank of everything but this awful song, and this is what I suddenly found myself singing in a high treble voice:

Though poverty daily looks in at my door,
Though I'm hungry and footsore and ill,
Thank God I can look the whole world in the face,
And say, I'm a gentleman still!

Surely no more incongruous spectacle could be imagined than the little barefooted half-timer from Gordon's Flax Mill standing there proclaiming, in song, that though poor—God knows! he was a gentleman still! But I got a great reception. The Band of Hope children applauded me to the echo. There has been no sweeter moment in my life than when I finished the song and made my way back to the form with the handclapping and the shouting of my comrades ringing in my ears. I wouldn't have changed places that night with Queen Victoria or the President of the United States!

A few weeks later a traveling concert party gave a performance at the Odd Fellows' Hall. A feature of the evening was a "grand amateur competition for ladies and gentlemen." Abyssinian gold (?) watches were offered as prizes. The town was plastered with placards announcing the concert and the contest. Two pals of mine in the mill, Bob Hannah and Johnnie Yeamans—I remember their names quite well because the three of us were nearly killed together in a boiler explosion at a local sawmill—urged me to enter for the "solid Abyssinian gold hunter watch." We glued our eyes so persistently on the pictures of the watch shown in a corner of the playbills that the three of us could not sleep for thinking of it. Bob and Johnnie, who had heard my triumph at the Band of Hope, were certain I would win the watch. I was their hero.

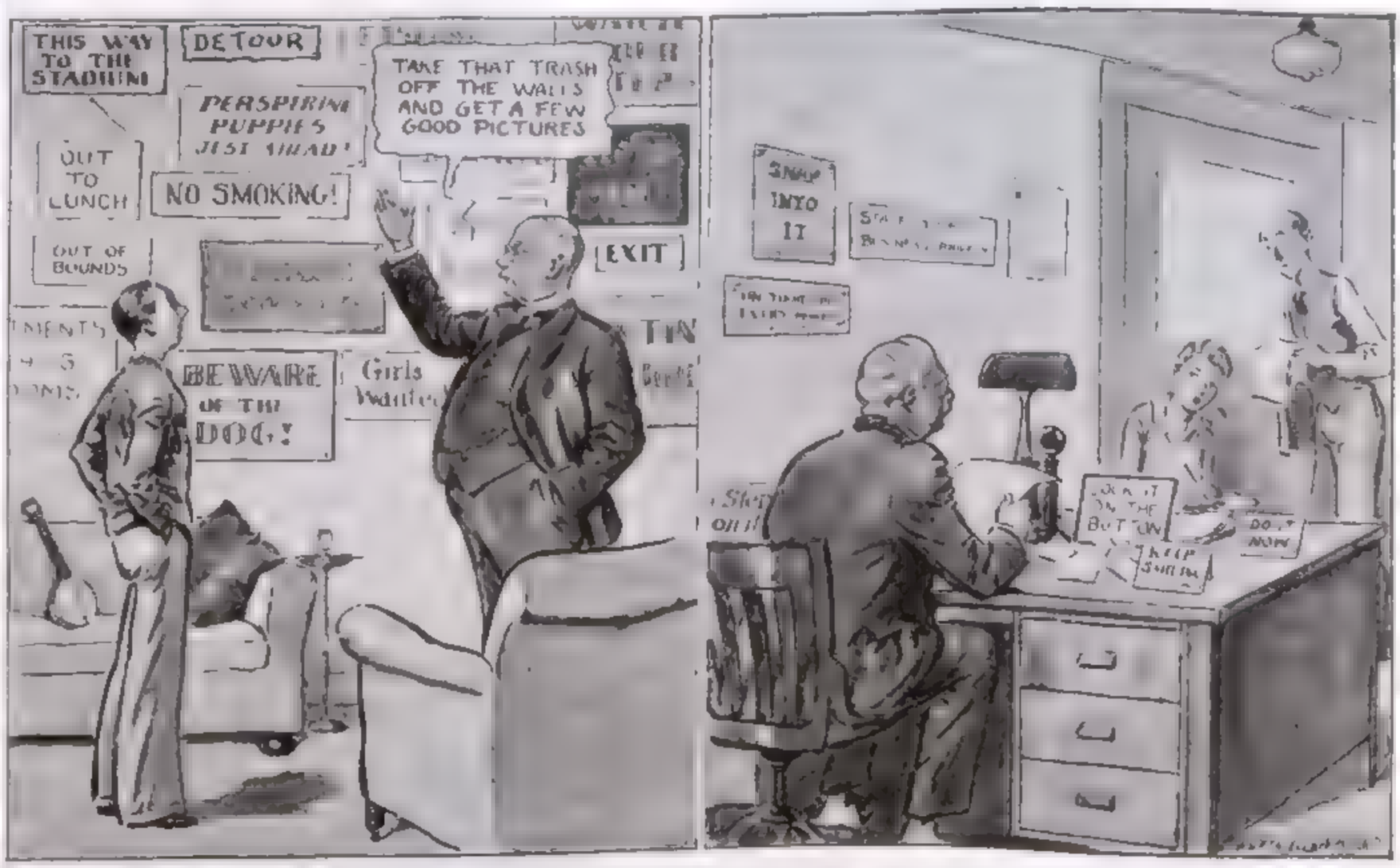
But their interest in the contest was not wholly impersonal, it appeared, for their idea—boldly and brazenly announced—was that if I won we would sell the watch and divide the money. This suggestion got me in a tender part at once. The idea of anybody making money off me, through me, or by my efforts was highly repugnant to me then. And to tell the truth, I am not certain that my views on this point have suffered any violent alteration up to the present day.

A Good Business Man

The upshot of the scheme, however, was that I entered for the competition and duly won the watch from a field of some ten or a dozen competitors, all of whom were many years older than the trembling little half-timer who put his whole soul into the words and music of I'm a Gentleman Still. One of the audience was the manager of the mill I was employed at, and at the finish of the competition he sent round a shilling for Wee Harry Lauder. Hannah and Yeamans were waiting for me outside. They gave me a boisterous welcome, but before they could introduce the matter of selling my prize, I told them bluntly that I wouldn't sell the watch for any money, but that they could have the shilling. Bob and Johnnie examined the watch most carefully, and then decided that they would take the money! The watch went splendidly for a week. Then it stopped, never to go again. But I still have it. I handled it lovingly only a night or two ago.

In another similar competition a month or two afterward I again won the first prize—a six-bladed knife. As I already had a knife—one I had found in the Abbey Path when delivering papers early on a Saturday morning—I sold this knife to a man in the mills for eleven pence. We argued about the price for three days; I wanted two shillings, the purchaser offered fourpence. Ultimately, we compromised on the price stated. Had I not been by this time a hardened smoker I do not think I would have sold the prize so cheaply, but eleven pence represented the price of three or four ounces of Bogey Roll, now the only tobacco with a sufficient kick in it for my thirteen-year-old palate.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Sir Harry Lauder. The next will appear in an early issue.



DRAWN BY CHESTER L. GARDE

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The Go-Getter Returns to His Office

LA SALLE—AND THE SENSE OF VALUES

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A HOT TODDY

(Continued from Page 19)

this were a permission which he welcomed, seated himself on the edge of the bed.

"I notice your friend's arm had been burned at some time in the past," Doctor Trump suggested in a conversational tone. "Rather a severe burn."

"Yes. Yes, he was in a fire once," Mr. Panner explained. "In a hotel out in ——"

Doctor Trump interrupted. "By the way, how do you know, or how did you know that he took cyanide?"

"He always carried it," Mr. Panner assured them, "after that time he was burned—in that little pencil of his. The one that's lying on the floor by him now. I knew about it and I used to joke him about it, but he always said he wasn't ever going to take a chance on getting burned alive. He used to be on the road, and he was staying in this hotel out in Illinois when it burned, and he was on the sixth floor. He didn't have much time to spare. The room was on fire back of him by the time they got a net for him to jump into. He was always afraid of fire after that."

Doctor Trump nodded. "A terrifying thing," he agreed.

"He was in the hospital for three months," Mr. Panner assured them, and wiped his forehead. In this hour before dawn it was not particularly warm, for through the open windows little straying currents of damp, cool air entered the room; but Doctor Trump understood that it was not so much the heat which oppressed Mr. Panner as this tragedy which had awakened him. He remarked sympathetically:

"You seem upset. Natural, of course. Would you like me to give you something?"

But Mr. Panner shook his head. "No. No, I'll be all right. I'm just about all right now. It just got me for a while."

Doctor Trump nodded. "It will soon be daylight," he remarked, with a glance at the window. "Such things are always most distressing just before dawn."

There came again a knock at the door. The sound was startling; and though no one of the men permitted this fact to appear in his movements, yet they watched the door for a moment before anyone went to open it. Then Mr. Aborn said importantly:

"Bellows, see who that is."

And the night clerk crossed to the door.

The man who had knocked at the door was Inspector Tope of the homicide department at headquarters. When Bellows opened the door the inspector stepped into the room, removing his hat as he did so. He was an apple-cheeked little man, his hair almost perfectly white, his years indeterminate. If you looked at his hair you thought him an old man, and there was the wisdom of maturity in his eyes; but his cheeks were the cheeks of a boy, and he walked with a sprightly gait as though he moved upon his toes, and he carried his hands a little away from his sides, the palms turned somewhat forward, so that he was like a wrestler warily approaching his antagonist, ready to spring in or out, ready to grip and hold.

Behind him, the uniformed figure of a policeman appeared in the doorway. Mr. Bellows moved aside to let Inspector Tope come in; he effaced himself against the wall there. The inspector spoke to Doctor Trump and to Mr. Aborn as to old acquaintances, and he looked pleasantly at Mr. Panner; and Mr. Aborn said hurriedly:

"This is Mr. Panner, inspector. He and the dead man were traveling together." He pointed toward the bathroom door. "He's in there. Doctor Trump took a look at him, but we're leaving him till Doctor Lawson gets here."

Inspector Tope asked mildly, "This a single room?"

"Mr. Laffin—that's the dead man—had the corner room, five-o-two," Mr. Aborn explained. "Mr. Panner had this room, and there's a bath between."

Inspector Tope looked at Mr. Panner. "They told me it was suicide," he remarked apologetically. "But I hadn't anything to do, so I thought I'd look around. What happened?"

Mr. Panner shook his head. "I was asleep," he said. "Fire engine went by and woke me up, and I saw a light under the bathroom door. I thought maybe Joe had forgotten to turn it off, so I got up to do it, and opened the door and saw him lying there on the floor."

Inspector Tope made a sympathetic sound, a sort of tut-tut. "I expect that upset you," he commented, and Mr. Panner laughed apologetically.

"Yes," he confessed. "Yes, it did."

Inspector Tope asked, "Business trip?"

"Yes," said Mr. Panner. "Yes, Joe and I came on to see the Flashman people." He hesitated. "We'd been working on a new film," he explained. "Photographic film. One that's absolutely noninflammable. Came on to try to make a deal with them."

"Did you?" the inspector inquired.

"Yes, we had a long conference with them this afternoon—yesterday afternoon," Mr. Panner explained; and he added ruefully: "That's what makes it so tough to have Joe go. The deal was all set fine. We were to get three hundred thousand clear."

"Apiece?"

"We worked on it together," Mr. Panner assured him. "We'd have split that."

Inspector Tope nodded almost indifferently. His eyes wandered about the room as though in faint embarrassment, as though he could not easily meet the other's glance. But Mr. Panner seemed to find relief in talking and he went on without being prompted.

"I suppose he just had one of his blue spells," he suggested. "Joe was always that way. I was just telling them here a minute ago, he nearly got burned to death in a hotel fire out in Illinois a few years back, and it upset him mentally, in a way. He always carried some cyanide in a little silver pencil on his watch chain. Always swore that he'd take it if he ever got caught in a fire again. He was kind of off about fires. Wouldn't even smoke. That's what started him working on this film. He read about an explosion in a moving-picture booth, where a lot of people were burned, and he said there ought to be some way to get around that, and started working on it. I knew him, and I was in the photography business, so we got to working together. He ——"

Inspector Tope interrupted inattentively, almost as though he had not heard. "Gloves!" he said. "Pretty hot for gloves, isn't it? July ——"

Mr. Panner followed the other's glance, and he saw that Inspector Tope was looking at a pair of gray suède gloves which lay on the bureau. Mr. Panner said casually:

"Oh, I just happened to have them in my bag. Didn't know they were there." And he went on: "Yes, sir, we've been working on this film for three years. I just about gave up my business, and Joe, too, since we saw we had something. We had a kind of celebration last night, when it looked as though things were going to pan out. Went to see the Frivolities and went out and had a couple of drinks afterward. I was on high, but Joe was kind of down. He's had an awful bad cold ever since we left home a head cold. It's made him feel rotten. You know the way a cold does depress you."

Inspector Tope nodded sympathetically. "Yes, especially in the summertime."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Panner. "That certainly is true. You get a bad cold in the summertime and it makes you feel rotten." He added ruefully: "I suppose that was back of it with Joe. He was the kind that does kill himself, though. He was always talking about it. Said there were lots of worse things that he could think of. Said sometimes he didn't see any point to hanging on anyway."

He added in a lower tone, as though afraid his friend might hear:

"You see, his wife ran away and left him, after he got burned and scarred up that way, and that made him feel rotten. He was mighty sensitive about that scar, anyway. The whole side of his face was kind of parched. People would look after him on the street. There were a couple of girls last night—we went to one of these night clubs; thought we'd see what was going on—and they were sitting at the next table and they kept watching him and laughing at him. I could see it bothered Joe, and I tried to talk him out of it then."

Inspector Tope said, "Tut-tut!" once more, in that sympathetic, soothing way. "And you went to bed," he prompted.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Panner. "I went to bed. Went right to sleep."

"Sleep sound, do you?" the inspector asked, looking thoughtfully at the bed, its covers all disordered now.

"Yes, like a log," Mr. Panner assured him. "Yes, sir, after I get to sleep it takes a lot to waken me. You could set off a firecracker in the room and I wouldn't know."

"Well," said the inspector, "that's a blessing to a man. I always say if I can sleep at nights, I can stand pretty near anything in the daytimes."

Mr. Panner laughed. "Yes, it's a blessing," he assented.

"Married man, are you?" the inspector inquired, but Mr. Panner shook his head.

"No," he said, and laughed again. "No, I never could see anything in that. I used to tell Joe so, before he got married. And at first, after his wife pulled out on him, I kind of rubbed it in. Kidding him, you know. But it wasn't any joke to Joe, so I quit that. No, I never married."

The inspector wagged his head; and after a moment he looked toward the bathroom door, as though his thoughts turned that way. He asked no further question, and in the silence Mr. Panner seemed for the first time conscious of the fact that Mr. Aborn and Mr. Bellows and Doctor Trump were in the room. He awoke to his duties as host. There was a box of cigars on the bureau, and he passed the box to these others, and urged them to sit down, on the bed or anywhere. It was during this urgency on his part and their uncertain replies that Doctor Lawson, the medical examiner, knocked upon the door.

Doctor Lawson, whose professional training, combined with his official responsibilities, had given him an air of grave imperturbability, nodded to Mr. Aborn and to Inspector Tope and shook his colleague, Doctor Trump, by the hand. The two physicians spoke a moment together apart from the others. The uniformed policeman still stood near the outer door; Mr. Aborn and Inspector Tope were together by the foot of the bed; Mr. Panner was sitting on the bed; and Mr. Bellows effaced himself as well as might be, fearful that if he were noticed he might be sent away and so miss whatever was to come. The room was almost uncomfortably crowded.

Doctor Lawson, after his momentary conference with Doctor Trump, said, "Well, we might as well have a look at it."

He opened the bathroom door, and he and Inspector Tope went in together. The inspector stood for a moment watching somewhat the other did. Then he stepped somewhat gingerly across the body and went on into the other room, 502, which the dead man had occupied.

The door from the bath into this other room was closed. He had to open it in order to enter. No one particularly remarked his going, and he closed the door behind him and looked around with an attentive eye. The lights in this room were burning; the illumination was adequate, he could see all that there was to see.

There was not a great deal to be seen. A pair of trousers, neatly creased and folded, lay across the seat of a chair at the foot of the bed; and a coat and vest to match the trousers depended from a hanger in the closet. The closet door was open, so that Inspector Tope could see them from where he stood. A pair of tan shoes were set side by side at the foot of the chair, and socks, shirt and undergarments hung over the chair back.

On the glass top of the bureau at one side of the room reposed those small articles which a man habitually carries in his pockets, and the inspector crossed to look at them. A plain black rubber fountain pen; five keys on a ring; an old and shapeless wallet containing, as the inspector took care to make sure, a number of papers and something less than a hundred dollars in money; three one-dollar bills creased together; eighty-seven cents in change; a pocket knife; two handkerchiefs, and a watch with the chain attached. These things were arranged neatly, in something like an ordered row, the pocketbook at the left-hand end and the smaller objects in sequence. Only the watch was not in its place in this row; it was a little to one side and farther back on the bureau; and Inspector Tope, bending to look at it without touching it, saw that the small chain or link from which had hung the little pencil which he had seen on the bathroom floor had been broken, or twisted out of shape, as though by a sharp tug.

The inspector swung from these matters to the bed. The covers there were turned down, but the sheets were smooth and the pillow had no depression in it. On the small bedside table, however, his glance fell upon two or three objects which held his attention for a considerable time. There were the squeezed halves of a lemon on a saucer, there was a small bowl of powdered sugar, there was a little nickel-plated vacuum pot of the sort used to contain hot water; and beside these things there was a tall glass filled almost to the brim with an amber liquid. Inspector Tope, without touching this glass, yet bent to smell its contents thoughtfully. He detected the unmistakable odor of rum.

He straightened up again and stood for a considerable time looking at these objects on the bedside table; and by and by he seemed to listen to the sounds in the bathroom beyond the closed door there. No one showed any present disposition to open that door; and in the end Inspector Tope stepped out into the hall and approached Mrs. Host at her desk. He spoke politely, introducing himself, explaining his authority, and Mrs. Host said defensively:

"I'm sure I can't tell you anything. I only know the two gentlemen came in together a little after midnight and went into 502. So far as I knew, they went right to bed."

Inspector Tope raised one of his hands apologetically. "Now just a minute!" he protested. "They ordered something to drink, didn't they?"

She nodded. "Five-o-two telephoned down to room service," she agreed. "I saw the boy come up and he had some hot water and sugar and lemon." She added: "Five-o-two had a bad cold. His eyes were swollen. I thought he was going to make himself a hot toddy before he went to bed."

"How long was that after they came in?" Inspector Tope inquired.

"Right away," Mrs. Host assured him. "Not more than ten or fifteen minutes. I saw five-o-two come to the door when the boy knocked. He was in his pajamas then. But that's every last thing I know, if you ask me questions from now till daylight."

Inspector Tope nodded. "Anybody else come up after that, did they?" he suggested, and she shook her head.

"No, not a soul," she assured him.

The inspector started to go back into 502, but the spring lock had shut the door effectively against his reëntrance; so he

(Continued on Page 83)

Your Speedometer talks

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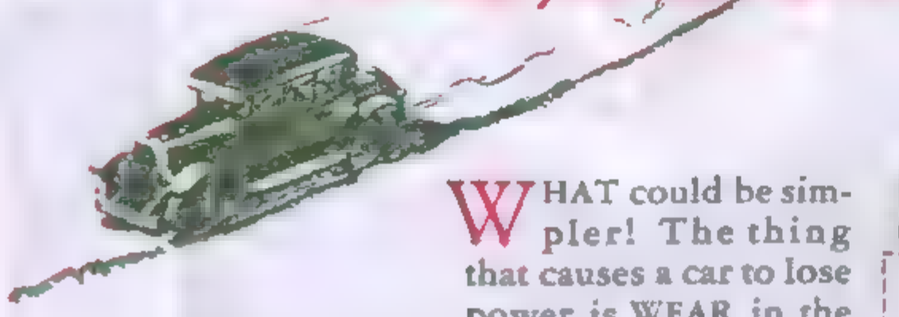

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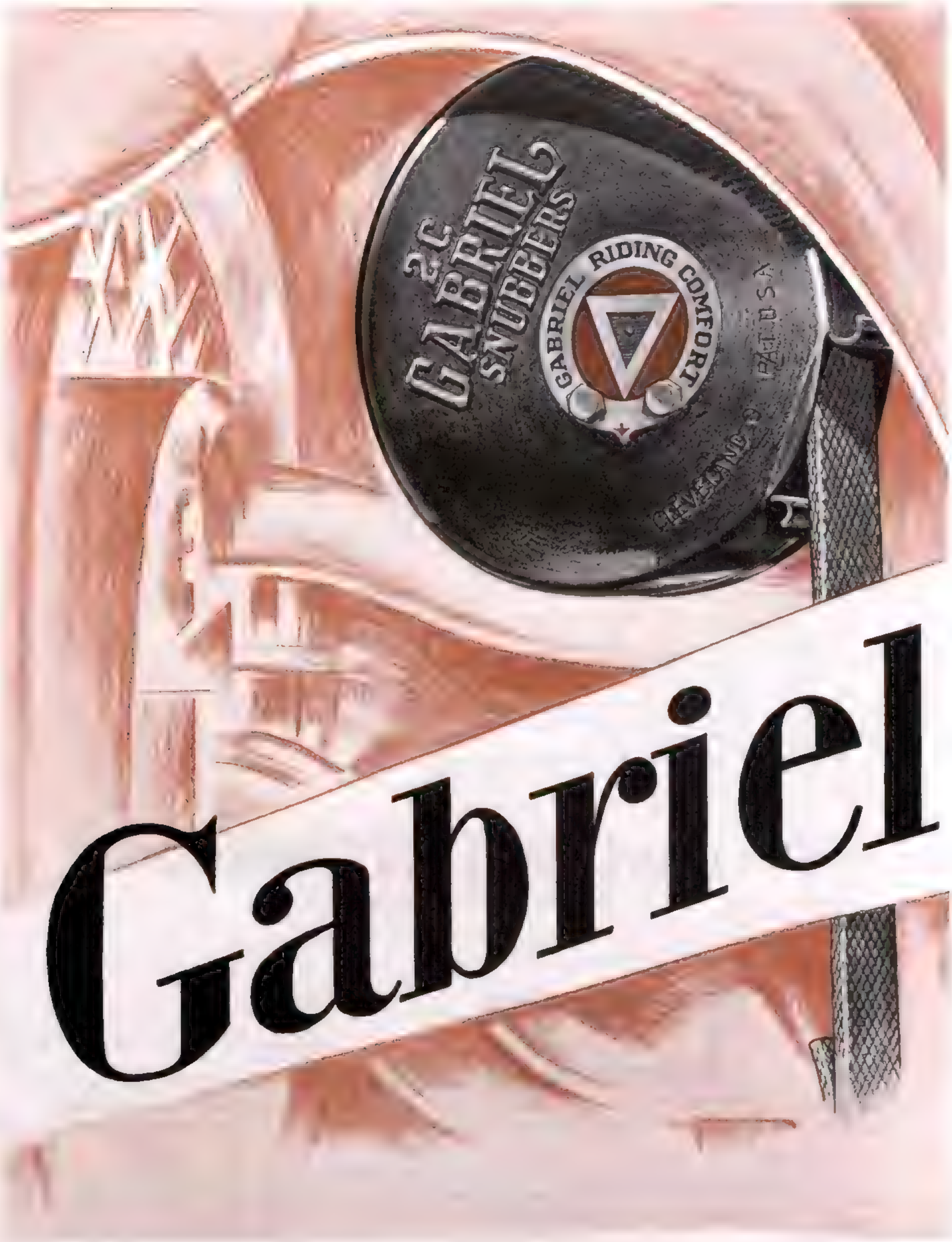
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GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD • MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

(Continued from Page 78)

went along the hall to 504 and knocked there, and the uniformed policeman admitted him. Inspector Tope looked past this individual and saw the empty room behind him, and he asked in a mild tone:

"Where have they gone, Tom?"

"They've carried it into 502," the policeman told him. "They've all gone in there."

The inspector nodded, and he remained for a little while, looking attentively about the empty room. His glance rested upon the bed; upon the bureau with its litter of gloves, silver, handkerchiefs, ties, and the like; upon the garments in disorder on a chair at the foot of the bed; upon the open window beyond. After a time he walked toward this open window and parted the curtains and looked down.

Far below him lay an alley, somewhat depressed below the level of the street which ran in front of the hotel; and almost directly under this window he could see waste cans and receptacles like those used for the deposit of garbage. It occurred to him that the hotel kitchen might open upon the alley there. Gray dawn had crept across the city; there was light enough so that he could see quite plainly. While he watched, two pigeons came swooping down from overhead to alight upon the paving far below him, where they began to move questingly to and fro. Other pigeons were before them there. They must, he thought, be used to come to feed upon crumbs and scraps; possibly the cooks in the kitchen made a practice of thus feeding them. He noticed that one pigeon seemed to be asleep, perhaps already gorged; and after he had watched it for a while he turned thoughtfully back to the policeman once more.

"Tom," he said quietly, "I wish you'd go downstairs. Go down in the alley under this window and look around and see what you find."

The policeman assumed a mysterious air. "O. K.," he agreed in a husky voice. "What do you want me to look for, inspector? What do you want me to find?"

Inspector Tope hesitated. "Well, Tom," he said, "I don't know. This window's open and something might have fallen out. I don't know what it would be. See if there's any broken glass down there, Tom."

The policeman nodded and departed upon this errand.

Inspector Tope, left alone in 504, seemed contented for a while to continue his scrutiny of the room. He gave a particular regard to the bed. It was, he thought, in an almost abnormal disarray; and he confirmed this by closer inspection. The lower sheet was badly rumpled, the upper sheet had been pulled loose at one corner from the foot, the pillows were wadded masses, and when the inspector touched the uppermost it seemed to him the pillow slip was faintly damp.

When he turned away from the bed, it was toward the bureau; and he bent there to look attentively and at close range at those gray suède gloves.

"Yes, sir," he said to himself. "They'd be mighty hot to wear, a day like yesterday."

The light that fell on the gloves was not particularly bright. It was sufficient for all ordinary purposes, yet it did not content him. He drew an electric flash light from his pocket and threw its beams at close range upon the suède finger tips, then put the flash light away again.

He stood a moment thoughtfully, at last crossed to the window to look down once more. The policeman had not yet appeared and the pigeons still were feeding. That one which seemed to be asleep had not moved.

And a little after that Inspector Tope went through the bathroom into Room 502.

Doctor Lawson, it appeared, had completed his examination of the body, and at Inspector Tope's entrance the medical examiner looked up and nodded and said in the tone of one who states a fact already well enough known: "Cyanide, all right enough, inspector. There was enough of it in that little pencil he carried on his watch chain to go quite a way. It was spilled on the floor in there."

"Did you clean it up?" Inspector Tope asked. "Wouldn't want anybody to get hold of it."

The medical examiner nodded. "Yes, there it is," he said, and pointed to a little twist of paper on the table before him. The pencil lay beside it, and Inspector Tope examined first the pencil and then the white crystalline contents of the folded paper. Curiously enough, it was to Mr. Panner, the dead man's friend, he addressed his comment.

"Looks as though there's enough left here to fill it," he remarked.

Mr. Panner said nothing.

The inspector put the pencil and the poison back upon the table. He seemed to hesitate, then asked casually, "He fell pretty hard, didn't he, doc?"

Doctor Lawson assented. "Yes, he did," he agreed. "He struck against the edge of the tub, I should say."

"Must have made quite a noise," Inspector Tope remarked. "I should think it would have waked you up, Mr. Panner."

Mr. Panner shook his head. "No," he said. "No, I was sound asleep. Then the fire engine went by and woke me up, and I saw a light under the bathroom door. I thought maybe Joe had forgotten to turn it off, so I got up to do it, and opened the door and saw him lying there on the floor."

"That so?" Inspector Tope commented, as though he had not heard this narrative before. "Well, you do sleep sound." He looked toward Doctor Lawson again. "You're about cleaned up, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes. Yes, all cleaned up, I guess," Doctor Lawson assured him.

"Clear case, isn't it?" Inspector Tope inquired.

Doctor Lawson's eyes met his thoughtfully, and for a moment he did not reply. When he did, it was in a sudden, almost startled tone, as though he had been prompted.

"Yes! Yes! Oh, yes!" he said hurriedly. "Yes, clear case. Suicide, beyond a doubt"

Inspector Tope asked Mr. Panner, "Who had we ought to notify?"

"I'll take care of that," Mr. Panner offered. "As a matter of fact, I was about the only friend Joe had, and he hadn't any relatives except that divorced wife of his."

"Anybody here in town," the inspector inquired, "that would want to know?"

Mr. Panner shook his head. "Joe didn't know anyone here."

"How about the Flashman people?" Inspector Tope suggested. "Will this interfere with your deal with them?"

"Oh, no, no," Mr. Panner assured him. "No, Joe and I worked together. I've got all the dope. I'll have to take care of sending him home, and then I'll finish up with them."

Inspector Tope shook his head regretfully. "Too bad he didn't live to make something out of it," he remarked. "Anyone else in it but you two?"

Mr. Panner seemed faintly ill at ease at this suggestion. "No, nobody but us," he confessed. "But I'd give up my share of it if Joe were here to take it," he declared. "He could have it all, for all of me. I liked Joe Laffin, gentlemen."

Inspector Tope nodded. "Yes, of course," he agreed. "Yes, this is quite a blow to you." He added with no apparent relevance: "You used to be a photographer, you say."

"Yes," said Mr. Panner; and Inspector Tope nodded again, and his next question seemed as irrelevant as his last.

"Wonder where he got that cyanide?" he hazarded. "Wouldn't be easy for him to buy it unless he had some excuse. Wonder what sort of a story he told to buy it."

Mr. Panner cleared his throat. "Why," he said, "we used it in our experiments. Photographers use it, you know, more or less. I guess he got it in the laboratory. He could, easily enough."

"You knew about his having it, didn't you?" Inspector Tope remarked. "Too bad you couldn't get it away from him"

"I tried to kid him out of it," Mr. Panner declared. "But Joe was stubborn in some ways, and I never thought he'd really do it."

The inspector nodded sympathetically. "He had a pretty bad cold," he said. "The woman on the floor outside said she noticed how red his eyes were."

"Yes, he did," Mr. Panner agreed. "Yes, he had a cold before we left home."

"Doing anything for it?" Inspector Tope asked.

"Why"—Mr. Panner seemed doubtful—"why, yes, I guess so. I know he drank a lot of water, and he took some quinine and one thing or another. You know the way a man is when he's got a cold. He'll try anything." He added hurriedly, almost as though he were correcting himself: "I don't know. Yes, I guess he was doing all there was to do."

"What do you do when you have a cold?" Inspector Tope inquired, in the mild tone of one who makes conversation, and when Mr. Panner did not at once reply, he added: "Or don't you ever have 'em?"

"Oh, sure, I have colds," Mr. Panner confessed. He seemed suddenly conscious of the silent attention focused upon him by Doctor Lawson and Doctor Trump and Mr. Aborn and Mr. Bellows. Only Inspector Tope appeared unconcerned, his tone almost casual. "Sure I do," Mr. Panner repeated, and he added defensively: "I don't know what difference it makes. Usually I just go to bed for a day or two, with a bottle of whisky. That knocks it out of me."

"I always use a spray," Inspector Tope said in the friendliest tone—"a spray and a gargle. They taste bad, but they do the business. I never was much for pills, but some people think they can cure anything with a pill."

"Yes, that's so," Mr. Panner assented. "Yes, there are people that are always taking medicine." And he wiped his brow.

There was nothing, or there seemed to be nothing, to keep them longer, yet no one of the men in the room had shown any disposition to depart. Just now their attention was for a moment distracted by a stir in the adjoining room; and the patrolman whom Inspector Tope had sent downstairs came through the bathroom to join them. He looked toward the inspector, but Inspector Tope appeared to have forgotten that he had sent Tom on an errand. He did not for the moment ask the officer for his report; rather he continued in a casual, almost disinterested tone:

"You know there's some men, if you've got a cold, they keep wanting you to try this or that—something that always cures them. I've had 'em do it to me. They give me a pill or something, and I always say, 'Sure, I'll take it!'" He added with a philosophical smile: "Mostly they say, 'You take this and take a good hot drink and go to bed, and you'll wake up cured.' I guess it's the hot drink that does it as much as anything."

Mr. Panner, for no apparent reason, laughed at this remark as though it were amusing.

"Probably," he said, in robust agreement. "Yes, probably the hot drink does it." His tone was a little louder than it had been before.

"And a good sleep," Inspector Tope continued. "That helps, too." He caught Mr. Panner's eye. "For a man that sleeps sound, your bed was pretty well rumpled. I guess it was a hot night and you kicked around more than you knew."

"I guess so," Mr. Panner hastily agreed.

Inspector Tope looked about the room. "Your friend here was a neat one, wasn't he?" he remarked. "Everything put just so. Trousers folded and coat hung up and all."

"Yes," said Mr. Panner in the tone of one who pays a tribute. "Yes, Joe was as neat as an old maid."

(Continued on Page 86)

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Continued from Page 83

"You weren't much like him that way, were you?" Inspector Tope said casually, and before Mr. Panner could reply, he added: "Funny you didn't hear him when he fell. You must have been mighty sound asleep."

"I was," Mr. Panner agreed. "I didn't hear a thing." He hesitated and then added: "Fire engine went by and woke me up, and I saw a light under the bathroom door. I thought maybe Joe had forgotten to turn it off, so I got up to do it, and opened the door and saw him lying there on the floor."

While he spoke, Inspector Tope's head nodded curiously twice or three times in a sort of cadence; and when Mr. Panner was done, the inspector said in an interested tone: "That's what you said before."

Mr. Panner wiped his brow. "Well, that's what happened," he ejaculated.

"That's just exactly what you said before," the inspector insisted, and Mr. Panner, after a moment, laughed mirthlessly.

"Well, what of it?" he demanded. "What are you trying to do, inspector? Trying to get me sore?"

Inspector Tope shook his head. "No, oh, no," he protested. "No, I'm just going over things, getting them all straight." He looked toward the bureau. "Funny," he remarked, "that a man as neat as your friend was would break that pencil right off his watch chain and leave his watch halfway across the bureau there. Looks as if he was in a kind of a hurry. But there wasn't anything to hurry him, with you asleep and all."

"Probably just suddenly made up his mind," Mr. Panner offered.

"What do you figure he went into the bathroom for?" Inspector Tope asked.

"Probably for a glass of water," Mr. Panner replied. "He naturally would, if he was going to take that stuff—that powder."

Inspector Tope nodded. "That was likely it," he agreed. "Only he needn't have, if he'd known. Just sprinkle a little of it on his tongue was all he had to do."

He looked at Mr. Panner. "You didn't have your gloves on when you came in and found him, did you?" he asked, and Mr. Panner sat very still for a moment, and at first he was white and then he was red like a man enraged.

"Gloves!" he ejaculated. "No, of course not! Why?"

"I noticed some grains of white stuff—some kind of powder—on the fingers of 'em," Inspector Tope said in an apologetic tone. "Thought you might have touched it when you bent down."

"No," said Mr. Panner again, in an explosive tone.

Inspector Tope moved a little aside as though about to take himself away. "Well, your friend's cold's cured, anyway," he remarked, and his eye fell upon the bedside table. "I see he had a hot toddy ready to take," he commented, and they all looked that way to where the tall glass stood, and a tingling silence fell in the room. No one, for a moment, moved; and it was during this silence that the inspector turned at last to the policeman.

"Where you been, Tom?" he asked.

The officer hesitated, as though surprised at this inquiry. Then he answered awkwardly:

"Why, I went down in the alley. I thought something might have fallen out of the window. Went down to see if there was anything there."

"That's not a bad idea," Inspector Tope approved. "Did you find anything, Tom?"

"Well," said the policeman, "there was some pieces of glass. Thin glass, like there'd been a bottle broken. I picked up the neck of the bottle. Funny, it didn't break at all, the neck didn't. I brought it up with me."

He extended the little circle of glass and the inspector took it from him and looked at it curiously.

"Probably fell out of a trash wagon," he commented. "No cork in it, is there?"

"I found the cork," the policeman told him. "Here it is."

So the inspector took the cork and he turned it in his hands, looking at it this way and that. "This all there was, Tom?" he asked insistently, as though he expected something more.

The policeman hesitated. "Yes, sir," he said. "That's all. Only there was a dead pigeon lying there."

And at that it was very still in Room 502, till the inspector repeated:

"A dead pigeon? Run over?"

"No," said the policeman. "No, it wasn't mashed any. It was still warm. I picked it up."

"What did you do with it?" Inspector Tope inquired.

"I threw it in one of the trash barrels," the policeman reported.

The inspector shook his head in mild reproof. "Why, Tom," he said, "I think you'd better go down and get that pigeon. You go right along now."

And though his tones were so mild, the policeman, with an almost scurrying haste, took himself away.

For a moment after he was gone no one in the room moved. Then Mr. Panner got abruptly to his feet, and he crossed toward the table where lay that little twist of cyanide. But Inspector Tope, with no appearance of haste, intervened before him.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Panner," he suggested mildly. "Tom will be back right away."

Mr. Panner tried to speak. He seemed to have difficulty with his utterance, so that he choked and coughed to clear his throat before he found words.

"What do you want that pigeon for?" he demanded. "What do you expect to get by that?"

"Why," said Inspector Tope, "I thought maybe there might have been some pills in this bottle and the pigeon picked one up. I thought I'd like to see what that pigeon died of, Mr. Panner."

And Doctor Lawson, long since forewarned by the inspector's tone, came then at a single bound to help seize and secure the frantic man.

It was Mr. Aborn who, when Mr. Panner had relapsed into a hopeless submission, poured upon Inspector Tope a torrent of bewildered questions. Inspector Tope answered almost humbly.

"Why," he said, "I figure he gave Laffin a pill to cure his cold. And then when he heard Laffin fall, he jumped in here and got the pencil and spilled it by Laffin's hand—with gloves on, so his prints wouldn't show. And then he waited till he had an excuse to call you all upstairs. He could get the cyanide and anyone can make pills. Then he likely threw the other pills out the window and the pigeon picked up one of them." He turned to Panner curiously. "That the way, was it?" he inquired.

But Panner only said bitterly, "If it hadn't been for that blasted pigeon ——"

"Why, no," Inspector Tope corrected him. "It wasn't the pigeon, Mr. Panner."

"Why?" Panner challenged. "What else was there? What else but that?"

"The hot toddy," Inspector Tope told him. "The hot toddy."

"What's that got to do with it?" Mr. Panner protested.

"Why, you see," the inspector patiently explained, "the way it looked to me, if a man was going into the bathroom to kill himself, he wouldn't go to all that trouble to mix a hot toddy to drink afterward. But a man with a bad cold, who was going to bed with a hot drink, might go into the bathroom for a glass of water if he wanted to take a pill somebody had given him. No, Mr. Panner, it wasn't the pigeon. The pigeon was an accident, but the hot toddy sort of fitted into things."

And he added one final grateful comment later, as he and Doctor Lawson took themselves away.

"There's apt to be something that fits in, like the hot toddy did, when there's a man killed," he said.

"AFTER THE WORLD WAR I was constantly troubled with indigestion as a result of a slight phosgene gas poisoning. Many foods I couldn't digest at all, and I gradually lost the excellent physique that was the result of my military service. My muscles grew soft and flabby.

"Added to the discomfort of my stomach troubles, this general muscular weakening interfered with my work as Director of Aquatics at a prominent club here, for as manager of my department the strenuous exercise in the pool is but a part of my work, which involves life-guard and instruction duties as well.

"It was Mrs. Batcheller's success with Fleischmann's Yeast that prompted me to try it myself. I ate it for a year. Today my weight is right, I eat without fear of indigestion and I again have the necessary strength and energy for my work."

C. E. BATCHELLER, Minneapolis, Minn.

MR. C. E. BATCHELLER, *swimming instructor at a prominent Minneapolis club*

MISS LOUISE ANNE NELSON *of Philadelphia.*

"There's no end to my endurance now"

Philadelphia, Pa.

"WHEN I LIVED in Florida, I was an enthusiastic sportswoman—playing golf and tennis, riding and swimming.

"After the War, my father's publishing business brought the family North and I entered the University here to work on my doctor's degree. Long hours without exercise, frequent teaching at night—and soon my old vitality was gone. I grew listless, colorless.

"It was then I remembered a suggestion of my mother, who always ate Fleischmann's Yeast when she felt sluggish, often exclaiming how good it tasted. It wasn't long, then, before I too was eating my three cakes a day.

"In two months my listlessness and pepless attitude was changing. My colorless skin was taking on its old life—and I really seem to have limitless endurance. I'm back to tennis and dancing—my old vigorous self."

Louise Anne Nelson

MISS MARY F. HESSON (above) *writes:*

"I WAS SUFFERING from what I thought at the time to be a minor skin blemish on my arm, but which later proved to be the beginning of a series of very painful eruptions.

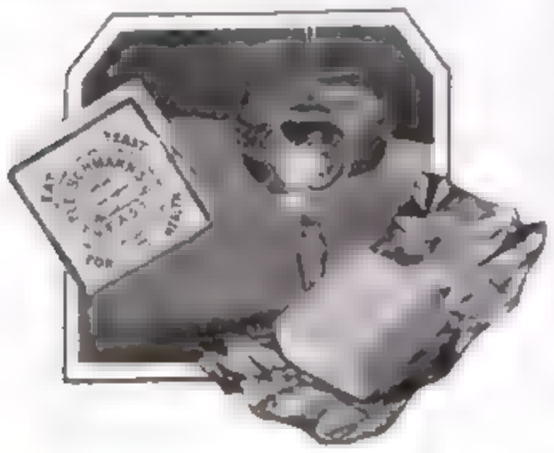
"I tried the old-fashioned method of poulticing, trying first one suggestion and then another, even resorting to patent medicines, but without result. Even a serum injection had no effect in my case.

"After having twenty-one of these eruptions, I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast, and it proved my redemption. The skin trouble disappeared entirely. I have continued to eat Yeast, and enjoy the perfect health which makes it possible for me to hold an active business position and at the same time have enough extra energy for the vigorous outdoor sports in which I am keenly interested."

MARY F. HESSON,
Mattapan, Mass.

This simple way to regain health:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. Train yourself to regular daily habits. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST is a remarkable *food*—as fresh as any vegetable straight from the garden. It softens the intestinal contents, strengthens the sluggish muscles. As your constipation disappears your old energy is renewed. Indigestion gives way. Your blood clears. Your skin resumes its old-time freshness.

Order 2 or 3 days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. And write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. D-53, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

RIGHT

"THE ONLY WORD that adequately expresses the improvement in my health since I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast is 'phenomenal.' I was troubled with constipation and, like so many others, was a slave to cathartics. In only a few weeks after beginning to eat Fleischmann's Yeast my system was again normal. No wonder I have nothing but praise and gratitude for Fleischmann's Yeast and recommend it every chance I get."

D. EUGENE AUBIN, Chicago, Ill.

You still *ride on rubber* with this new tire chain

HERE'S a big advance in tire chains—rubber cross links which grip and hold. Goodyear Chains run quietly and outwear ordinary chains three to one. Are more convenient, cost less per mile. Even in deep ruts, they're easy on tires. Ask for Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains at the nearest Goodyear Service Station.

Made for all automobile tires and pneumatic truck tires

EVIDENCE

We used one pair Goodyear Rubber Chains on Taxi 2,500 miles without repairs. They gave good traction, also quiet running.

Independent Cab Co.,
Fitchburg, Massachusetts

I have given Goodyear Rubber Chains a very hard test through mud, deep ruts, snow and ice. They are the best on the market.

E. M. Matthiesen.
Big Creek, California

A Better Tire Chain made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

GOODYEAR

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TIRE CHAINS

ROLLERS AND CHOPPERS

(Continued from Page 22)

Almost immediately canary birds became popular in Spain. Ladies of the court wore them perched like jewels on the forefingers of their right hands. They became a marketable product. They were bred and the young carefully raised, but for a whole century only males were permitted to be exported from Spain, lest some other country possess itself of the new source of income.

Then, it is said, in the middle of the sixteenth century a Spanish ship, homeward bound, came to grievous wreck off the coast of Elba Island, an Italian possession. The ship carried, with other cargo, a number of male and female canaries coming to Spain from the Canary Islands. As the ship began slowly to sink, water poured into her from all sides, submerging the lower part of the great cage in which the birds were trapped. Some of them, ignorant of their plight, sang lustily. A sailor, seeing their danger, stayed the rescue boat that was waiting for him long enough to dash back, open the door of the cage and free the birds. Out they rushed and took flight to Elba Island, where they became Italian citizens and settled down to their prevailing standards of domesticity and multiplication.

Canaries have become so changed by their four centuries of exile from their native land that they are now being imported into the Canary Islands.

From Italy the popularity of the canary spread to Germany, where they were soon bred in considerable quantities. Presently Germany was first in the field, doing more breeding and exporting than any other country in the world. St. Andreasberg, in the Harz Mountains, became the center of canary culture in Europe. It is sometimes said that German canaries are the best singers, and that England has the best fancy-colored birds, France the best fancy-feathered, while Holland and Belgium have the best birds of unusual shape.

The Bird Tourists' Guide

The St. Andreasberg roller canary has become the usually accepted standard. But there has been a big change in the demand for canaries since the war. People are now buying the birds that make the loudest noise; they no longer seem to consider the quality of the tone. Perhaps the change is due to the increasing craze for jazz. Before the war the favorite and most expensive bird was the roller. Roller canaries give a low sweet sound—a real song, that has been painstakingly schooled into them and that has as much significance as one of Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words. Sentimental and old-fashioned? Oh, yes. But now they don't want the roller—they want the loud chopper that makes a good earsplitting noise warranted to drown out the baby on his worst days—a bird that will sing to you with the last gasp of warble that he has in him, but with less real quality to his song. His price has risen as the demand grew. And now, too, people are buying more brightly colored cages, with more elaborate decoration. Cages to match the green breakfast room, and the gray-and-orange dining room, and the black-and-turquoise studio—brass cages with red, green, blue, silver and copper metallic trimmings, or perhaps some odd style shaped like a pumpkin and colored pumpkin shade.

When I had reached the flagrant maturity of eighteen my father imposed upon me what looked to me then like the biggest trust anybody had staggered under since Moses had to lead the Children of Israel safely across the Red Sea. I was to convoy a shipment of 450 canaries—some of them postgraduate singers and very valuable—and a few good parrots he had picked up, to his brother, my Uncle Ludwig, who had what he called, even in 1888, a "pet shop" in New York City. New York City! I nearly swelled out of my clothes. Solemnly I swore to get every one of the 450-odd birds to my uncle's shop alive and well. An impossible hope, of course, and much more than my father expected of me. He always counted on a certain proportion—usually around 15 per cent—of the birds dying before they reached port.

At last I was really started, hurrying giddily from deck to hold, where the birds were put, to make sure my charges were all right, and back to the deck again, not to miss anything of the voyage. The second afternoon out, one of the passengers, a middle-aged lady, very interesting and attractive, and, I learned later, a writer of some repute in America, asked me if I would take care of her pet marmoset in the hold. She felt ill, she said, and would gladly pay me to keep Suki for her for a few days. I was glad to do it, and down came Suki, asleep in his dog basket. He woke up in surprise when he heard the canaries, but soon settled down contentedly to reduce a banana to a memory, staring at me, as he ate, out of his mournful, lost-soul eyes. He was about six inches long, with a tail that measured perhaps eight, and he probably weighed all of two pounds. His hair was soft and silky, with fan-shaped tufts behind the ears.

A Monkey—and Feathers

Back on deck I went to watch the sunset and whatever else there might be of interest. It was nearly dark when I went back to the hold to make sure everything was all right for the night. I stepped down into the semidarkness, took one look and froze in horror. Feathers! Feathers everywhere—soft, light, ghastly little feathers drifting vaguely in the air, settling on the table, on the floor, on my face. Where was that monkey? Not in his basket; it was empty. The birds were still—probably frightened. With a cold potato cake inside my chest where my heart should have been, I began to walk past the rows of cages, expecting every minute to come upon evidence of carnage. All sorts of things flashed through my mind—how my father would feel at losing his birds—how I would feel at the failure of my trust—what I wouldn't do to that marmoset!—when I realized that I was near the end of the rows.

I'd passed cage after cage of canaries placidly sitting on their perches. When I had looked at every row and found them all safe, I came upon my coat hanging against the wall. And on the hook, enveloped in a glow of mischief and feathers, perched Suki. He smacked of orgy. He jeered at me. Crushed to his palpitating diaphragm was a piece of white muslin, in rags. I identified it as the quondam covering of the pillow he had lain on in his basket. A feather pillow! The tragedy dissolved. I beamed on Suki, took him to my own cabin and engaged him in intelligent conversation until we both fell asleep.

After that scare I had a period of comparative calm—at least, of less anxiety. Then, late one afternoon, a bad storm broke. The ship was tossed back and forth, and the little wooden canary cages rocked with it. This was a real danger. I hurried to lash the cages fast to the pillars in the hold—to anything that seemed fairly steady and secure—so that the boxes wouldn't be crushed against one another. Finally, as the sea rose higher, I had to hang onto one of the pillars myself. It was my first storm at sea, as well as the first for my charges. From where I stood I could see that two of the cages on the lowest row had caved in, and I wondered whether the unfortunate tenants were still alive.

Later, when I dug out the two wrecked cliff dwellers, I discovered two casualties: One bird had a broken wing and one other a broken leg. These were small matters—I'd often helped my father handle such injuries at home. I tied the tips of the one bird's wings together over his back, so that the good wing was a brace to hold the broken

(Continued on Page 90)

JENNY PASSES

ONLY yesterday—it seems!—JN4, training ship of a generation of fighters, spread her strong young wings in the sunlight of Kelly Field, and climbed.

In September, 1927—now ages-old, for she had lived through a crowded epoch!—"Jenny" glided back to earth for the last time, pronounced by the U. S. Government *obsolete in the interest of safety!*

Only ten years ago!

The full power and intelligence of civilization straining together in a supreme effort. . . . Never again will the world see such mad recklessness in flying. Squadrons tearing each other wing from wing almost beyond sight of earth. . . . Names we will never forget—Spads, Nieuports, Fokkers, Farmans, Avros, Bristol Fighters, Sopwith Camels, Pups and Snipes, D.H.'s, Caudrons and R.E.'s, Taubes, Albatrosses, Rumplers . . . Young pilots, flung into the air with less than forty hours' training, hearts between their teeth, riding their planes as cavalrymen ride their horses, almost forgetting the creatures under them in the frenzy of action. . . . Barrel roll . . . vertical turn . . . and falling leaf . . . Immelman turn . . . rocking spiral . . . and nose dives at blinding speed. . . .

As "Jenny" fluttered down from her last flight she passed through the shadow of a giant mail carrier, droning westward. The military age had passed!

A new epoch of civil aviation is already well on its tremendous course. An epoch with new standards based upon principles diametrically opposite those of wartime's need—*standards of stability, safety, comfort, endurance of engines and structural material, economy of operation, serviceability in the interests of commerce and industry.*

Who can foresee the effect upon the world of a new means of transportation that teaches men to look up and outward, measuring the possibilities of life in a new dimension?

What will business do with this vehicle that is swifter than any wind that blows, more powerful than any creature that ever lived, more independent in flight than the eagle, and as safe as a Pullman car?

Already the U. S. Department of Commerce has established an Airway Division—and beacon lights mark trunk lines across the continent, east and west, north and south. Already the U. S. Mail goes winging from Coast to Coast in 30 hours, carrying bank exchanges and vital business correspondence of every description. Already the rules of interstate commerce are applied to navigation in the air—*and all dependable pilots and their planes are examined and licensed by the Government.*

The immensity of this country prevents us from measuring with our own experience the tremendous expansion that is occurring in commercial aviation. . . . More than one hundred factories are producing dependable machines in large quantities. A thousand airports are in operation. *Ford all-metal planes alone have flown in industrial and commercial service close to a million miles, at a proved advantage to the owners.*

Fortified by an extraordinary knowledge of transportation trends, the Ford Motor Company is laying a foundation for great developments in airplane manufacture, maintenance and service.

We hail "Jenny" in passing—as this swift world sweeps on!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

even a swim

. . and a steam-room

can't remove pore-dirt from your face

IF a Turkish bath won't clean out pore-dirt, you'll see how little chance you have of losing it with ordinary cleansing methods.

For pore-dirt is grimed down deep in every face. It's under the surface. There it clings—grays your complexion, dulls your skin, robs you of the healthy, athletic glow that a really clean face radiates.

How does it get there? The air about you all day long is teeming with millions of tiny specks of gray. They're too small to see. So tiny, in fact, that they work unnoticed into the pores—get packed down where the wash-cloth never reaches them.

"Not in *my* face," you say. Yes, in *your* face—in every face. Here's proof. Send for a *free* tube of Pompeian Massage Cream. When it comes, rub a small amount of the cream into your face. Then note this amazing thing—

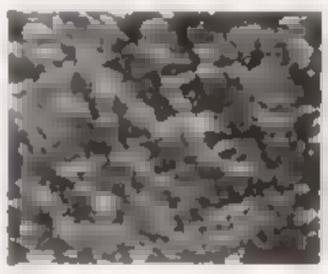
Goes in pink
ROLLS OUT GRAY!

The upper picture, taken under a powerful microscope, shows a section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

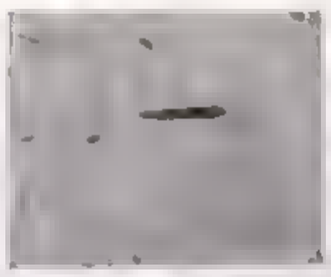
Compare it with the lower picture taken after using Pompeian Massage Cream. There's skin that is really clean! Those gray marks are the dried pellets of cream—dark with the pore-dirt that has rolled free. Dirty, aren't they? And remember, *that* imbedded dirt could never have been removed by surface washing alone.

Give yourself a Pompeian massage. Free your pores of sallow-toned dirt. Show the world a face alive with the healthy glow that a clean skin boasts. A Pompeian Massage is a great start for a busy, successful day!

A marvelous "sprucing up" for a bright evening.



Photomicrograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.



Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

FREE test
convinces thousands

Pompeian is 60 cents at any toilet goods counter. We'd really rather you tested it free. Fill in the coupon and drop it in the mails—right now, while you are reading this message.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company. Dept. 903-A, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 88)

wing in place until it could mend. For the broken leg I separated the feathers on the bird's breast, laid the broken leg against the bare flesh and drew the feathers together over it from both sides. With thread I tied the feathers together over the shank. This splint didn't interfere with circulation and in twelve days the leg was as good as ever.

We had a few invalids that I treated as we went along—colds, and so on—and about sixty birds, in all, died on the voyage. It seemed a lot to me, for, of course, my father had taken care that only strong, healthy birds left Hamburg. But with the sudden change into cramped quarters in the wooden boxes and the more restricted diet—for they got only seed and water—and the noise and fright and confusion, a number were bound to succumb, and I know now that I was lucky to get over with as many alive as I did. For those days 450 canaries was a pretty large consignment, although nowadays the shipments of stock for the holiday trade will run to 1500 birds. In one recent Christmas shipment coming over from Bremen, on what was said to be one of the roughest voyages that particular liner ever made, only 2000 canaries were lost out of a total of 16,000—12.5 per cent.

Arrived at New York, I found Uncle Ludwig's store endlessly interesting. It was near Fourth Street on the East Side, at that time quite the center of the bird trade. It was much like any of the moderate-sized bird stores of today in arrangement—scrupulously clean, cool, and orderly. But it was a new experience for me—I had never sold canaries from behind a counter.

Here was where my first deviation from European custom and traditions came in. Perhaps it was the spirit of independence and freedom in this new country that took possession of me; perhaps it was merely the sense of adventure, the feeling of having escaped from the pleasant confinement of the Harz Mountains and my father's house to this distant land of opportunity across the sea. At any event, I decided to stay on with my Uncle Ludwig and help him run his pet shop. Instead of returning on the next boat, I wrote my parents of my new intentions and asked for their consent. From the Old World I had stepped into the New. There was no complete break; I would still be in the business I had been brought up to know, but in another phase of it, and in a new environment.

A Bird of Another Color

Customers came in with all sorts of problems concerning the vagaries of their birds. One day a lady appeared in great distress, carrying a bird cage. A few months ago, she said, she had been traveling and had stopped at Funchal, on the island of Madeira. Bird dealers came down to meet the steamer and sell their wares to the visitors. She bought a canary from one of them, brought it home and waited patiently for its song. Instead of bursting into a serenade, the little bird began, almost under her eyes, to fade horribly into a dusty brown with moldy greenish spots here and there. She showed it to me with tears in her eyes. As I suspected, it wasn't a canary at all—it was an English sparrow, painted yellow.

Incidentally, history repeats itself in these matters. Only four years ago two bird peddlers sold in New York City more than a thousand Harz Mountain "canaries" for $1.50 apiece, including the cage. Slowly, inevitably, the birds faded into brown, and began to show a low taste for flies that you don't find in the canary. They turned into English sparrows, and the two peddlers, too, soon turned into jailbirds in full song.

Another day—it was quite early in the morning and I was setting various things in the store to rights—I noticed a man peering into the window at the canaries exhibited there for $3.75 each. When he became aware that I was watching him he went away, only to come back again twice, later in the forenoon. Finally, late in the afternoon, he opened the door and came in. He was all gray—hat and suit and face and eyes—and very close-shaven. He stooped a little.

"Yes?" I said.

"Can I buy," he asked hesitatingly, "three of those birds for ten dollars?"

"All right," I said. "Three for ten dollars."

He took a ten-dollar bill out of his pocket.

"Here," he said.

"Which ones do you want?" I asked him.

"I don't care," he answered, not even listening to them, as people do. "You pick out three."

Surprised, I picked out three good singers. When I turned to get a piece of the strong brown paper we kept for wrapping them, the man took the three boxes, opened the door of the store and freed the birds. They sped down the street and vanished. I gasped.

"Why did you do that?" I said.

"Wanted to see them free," he muttered. He wouldn't tell me his name. Such a pathetic, mistaken kindness. I was as sorry for the birds as for him. It was cold weather, and I knew they would probably not even survive the night in their perilous new freedom.

Tryouts for Singers

My uncle was a much better business man than my father, and he didn't confine himself entirely to canaries; didn't raise them at all in any numbers, except for an attempt to breed a line of white canaries by careful selection—in which he was partially successful. The shop was well-stocked and carried everything you could think of connected with domestic pets—goldfish and aquarium novelties, cages, bird and dog foods, rare birds, small reptiles, puppies and kittens. He was a skilled taxidermist. He taught parrots to talk—one of his had a vocabulary of more than 250 words, unexpurgated. He clipped your dog for you while you waited—and he could make a French poodle look like something somebody crocheted.

He could select the good singers out of a big shipment with amazing accuracy. On the little wooden boxes in which canaries are sold there is usually a mark in white chalk—a cross, apparently, or part of one. That has a special significance to the bird dealer. There are three different chalk marks: One means "Roller," another "Chopper," and a third "Not yet in full song." When big shipments came in my uncle would leave the shop to me, call Fritz, his old German helper, and about nine o'clock each morning retire to the second floor. There, ranged in tiers around the walls, was the new shipment of birds, all of them alternately singing and eating, eating and singing. A deafening noise. It seemed impossible that anyone could distinguish the song of one bird from another in the chorus. Old Fritz and my uncle would sit on upturned boxes in the center of the floor, back to back, a piece of chalk in their hands and two cheese sandwiches on the floor beside them. So they would sit for hour after hour, exchanging infrequently a remark in German, but most of the time silently listening to the birds. At intervals one or the other would rise, cross to his wall of canaries, and knight one of them with a white hieroglyphic meaning: "Good roller. Valuable," or "Not yet in full song." So I would find them when I brought them coffee at noon. They would keep it up day after day until every bird was estimated and valued.

My uncle knew the habits and needs of every kind of bird he sold. Canaries, of course, were the backbone of the business, but when canaries were out of season he would sell Japanese robins or shama thrushes or Chinese nightingales—all lovely birds in color and song—and give proper instruction for their care.

(Continued on Page 92)

How experienced motorists CUT TIRE EXPENSE

These two vital parts can save you many dollars a year.....
... and yet they cost but five cents each....

(1) *Five Schrader Valve Insides in the red metal box now cost but 25¢. Keep an extra box in your car for emergencies and replace old insides once a year in all tires, including the spare.*

(2) *Five Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps in the red metal box now cost but 25¢. Carry an extra box in the car for immediate replacement should those in use become damaged or lost.*

Don't miss the Schrader exhibit at the New York Automobile Show— Jan. 7–12—Booth C-12. Chicago Automobile Show— Jan. 28—Feb. 4—Booth 85

EXPERIENCED motorists everywhere are reducing their tire expense by following these simple suggestions:

***First,* they see that a *genuine* Schrader Valve Inside, in good condition, is screwed into every tire valve. This wonderful little valve inside is equally dependable for holding air in either balloon or high pressure tires.**

***Second,* they screw an *improved* Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap tightly by hand on every tire valve. Then they know it is on. This valve cap keeps dirt from damaging the valve inside and is air-tight up to 250 lbs. (Ask your dealer about the Schrader guarantee.)**

You can save many a dollar and prevent much annoyance if you will see that these inexpensive little parts are always in place. Buy a spare box of each from your nearest dealer.

Schrader products are sold by over 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN
CHICAGO TORONTO LONDON

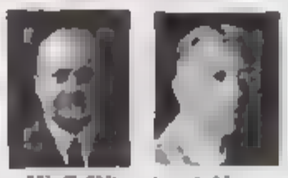
Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves • Tire Gauges

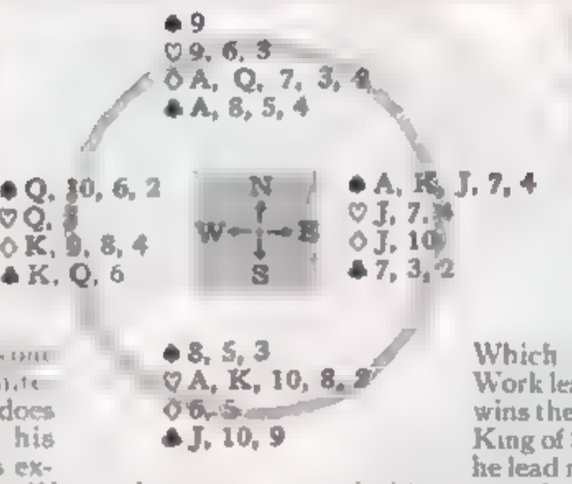
Milton C. Work, New York, West

Walter F. Wyman, Arlington, Mass., dealer South



W. C. Whitehead, New York, East

E. E. Denison, Portland, Me., North



MR. WYMAN bids one Heart, Mr. Whitehead one Spade. How does Mr. Denison show his partner that he holds exactly three Hearts? Mr. Wyman becomes Declarer with his contract four Hearts. Which Spade does Mr. Work lead? Mr. Whitehead wins the first trick with the King of Spades. What does he lead next? Does Declarer make his contract? Play this hand your way; then with the experts by Radio.

Tuesday, January 10, 10 P. M., Eastern Time

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMG, WWJ.

Tuesday, January 10, 8:30 P. M., Pacific Time

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for broadcasting time of following:

KFAD	Electrical Equipment Co.	Phoenix	
KFUM	Corley Mt. Highway	Colorado Springs	
KFYR	Hoskins-Meyer	Bismarck	
KGBX	Foster-Hall Tire Co.	St. Joseph, Mo.	
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver	
KOB	Coll. Agr. & Mech. Arts	Albuquerque	
KPRC	Post Dispatch	Houston	
KSL	Radio Service Corp.	Salt Lake City	
KTHS	Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs Nat'l Pk.	
KVOO	Southwestern Sales Corp.	Tulsa, Okla.	
KWUC	Rex Frolkey	Sioux City	
WCOA	City of Pensacola	Pensacola, Fla.	
WDAY	Radio Equipment Corp.	Fargo	
WDBO	Orlando Broadcasting Co.	Orlando, Fla.	
WFAA	Baker Hotel, News, Sears-Roebuck	Dallas	
WFBM	Indianapolis P. & L. Co.	Indianapolis	
WHEC	Hickson Electric Company	Rochester	
WJAX	Municipal Station	Jacksonville	
WJBO	Times-Picayune	New Orleans	
WKY	Radiophone Co.	Oklahoma City	
WNOX	Peoples Tel. & Tel. Co.	Knoxville	
WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City	
WRVA	Larus & Bro. Co.	Richmond, Va.	
WSAZ	McKellar Elec. Co.	Huntington, W. Va.	
WWNC	Chamber of Commerce	Asheville, N. C.	
CFAC	Herald	Calgary, Can.	
CFLC	Radio Ass'n	Prince Rupert, Can.	
CFQC	Electric Shop	Saskatoon, Can.	
CHNS	Northern Elec. Co.	Halifax, Can.	
CJCA	Journal	Edmonton, Can.	
CJGC	Free Press	London, Can.	
CJRM	Jas. Richardson & Sons	Moose Jaw, Can.	
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal, Can.	
CKCD	Daily Province	Vancouver, Can.	
CKCI	Le Soleil	Quebec, Can.	
CKCO	Radio Ass'n	Ottawa, Can.	
CKNC	Canadian Nat. Carbon Co.	Toronto, Can.	
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg, Can.	

Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York
The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A.—Windsor, Canada

Ivory or Air Cushion Finish
Easy to Deal
—
Lasting Quality
Good for game after game

Big Indexes
Easy on the Eyes
—
New
Back Designs
(Conventional and)
Artistic

BICYCLE
and CONGRESS
PLAYING CARDS

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The store was always in order. Fritz came in at five every morning and had all the livestock cleaned and fed and watered before he went down the block to get his own rolls and coffee.

I didn't go back home; the new life was too interesting, and my parents were willing to have me stay. When I was about twenty-five my uncle gave me a wonderful opportunity—he sent me on an expedition for rare birds to Central and South America.

He always got a good many interesting specimens from the tramp freighters plying between North and South America. Sailors and captains alike would pick up stuff from natives—swap a jackknife, perhaps, or a cheap watch, for a pair of Talking Dusty parrots. They'd bring them to New York to sell. Once in a while it would be a marmoset, or a tame saki monkey, or a Brazilian porcupine, playful if somewhat bristly. But there were several kinds of parrots Uncle Ludwig particularly wanted for special customers, and he decided to let me try to get them for him.

Here was my second chance to combine New World progress with Old World conservatism. Still in the business my father had taught me, I was learning, through travel and new experiences, things he had never known or even heard about.

It was a good trip, every way. I picked up a sixteen-year-old native boy on the coast who went with me—at about ten cents a day in American money, and food—and pushed quite a way into the continent by way of rivers. We didn't have to go as far into the interior for rare birds then as they do today—everything was nearer the ocean and hadn't been scared away. Of course I could have bought stuff—probably plenty of it—from the natives living on the coast, who net birds at water holes, or get them from nests, or breed them to sell to dealers' agents on their periodic visits. But I wanted to collect some myself.

South American Specimens

I came back with about all the stuff I could transport. The list included a pair of hawk-headed parrots, a hooded crow, two blue Amazon parrots, two Brazilian lizards, four coati-mondis—a rare Brazilian turtle—a couple of horned lizards, some scarlet macaws and blue-and-yellow macaws, some short-tailed talking parrots—talking Spanish!—a rare saki monkey that had been an old native woman's pet for two or three years, and a beautiful lemon-breasted toucan, as big as a crow, with a bright-yellow breast, black eyes in rings of green feathers, and a large, red, green and yellow beak. There was also a green bulbul that my uncle was very glad to get. Bulbuls always sell well, because they are hardy and tame, and amusingly accurate imitators of robins and martins.

Right on the coast, before I sailed for home, I picked up some specimens that had come from Africa and the Orient—among others a few shama thrushes from India. The shama is a universal favorite—and justifiably. It has a lovely song and sings all the year round; it is hardy—some live ten or twelve years—it is finger tame and intelligent. "Shama" means "thunderstorm," and it is said the Indians gave this bird his name because he often sings best in a severe storm. On the way home we encountered a storm—not particularly severe, but bad enough—and the thrushes kept up their song; singing, I thought, all the harder.

In all I brought back about 200 birds, worth, to their sellers, their weight in alarm clocks and pocketknives and strings of beads, and to us, whatever we could get for them. That depended on the market we could find or stimulate. In the canary-bird trade the profit per bird is very small, the loss always considerable, and the duty high—five cents to five dollars, depending on the bird's value. They cost anywhere from five cents to five dollars apiece, or more; with the average often up to three dollars, before they leave Hamburg. The dealer's profit is not much more than twenty-five cents a bird. They have to be fed before they are sold. A bolt of silk or a set of dishes may not cost anything to keep—they can be bought one year and sold the next, if necessary—but a canary requires food. So, unless the birds are handled quickly and in large numbers, the transaction is apt to mean a loss.

Birds That are Priceless

The sort of stuff that I got on my trip, however, is different. I was after four things: Rarity, tameness, beauty, and song, in the order of their appearance. Rarity always brings the highest price, whether sold to a zoo or to some millionaire whose hobby is an aviary.

"This," everyone wants to say, "is the only thoroughbred Whatziz in the United States—and one of the three in captivity!" And they'll pay to be able to say it. A shiny soprano alarm clock that cost about seventy-five cents wholesale may be the price paid a South American Indian for a tame hyacinthine macaw that brings $500 from an admiring zoo. A string of glass beads may be swapped in Brazil for a Maguire stork worth $150 in the United States. For instance, there are only three golden parrots in this country today; only last March $750 was offered, and refused, for a pair of rare turquoisine parrakeets in London; a short while ago one of the big New York City department stores exhibited a great black cockatoo, believed to be the only one in captivity, and priced at $1000. Blue-and-white parrakeets are very scarce; the Japanese are buying them up now, paying up to $500 a pair. Among the rarest of all birds is the blue canary. One was imported recently that is probably the only one in this country today. Besides its beautiful and unusual color, it is a fine singer. A bird like that is priceless; no figure, in fact, has been set on this one yet.

Our canaries went everywhere. To homes, for companionship or beauty or amusement. To penitentiaries and other public institutions, where those same three purposes badly need filling. Fort Madison now has some 500 birds, and in Sing Sing a life prisoner has been allowed to breed canaries for years. In the New Jersey Home for Defectives, some years ago, a terrific fire nearly destroyed the entire institution. Just when the blaze was at its worst, one of the inmates, who had been rescued with danger and difficulty, managed to break away from the attendants who were trying to subdue him, not knowing what on earth his frantic distress was about, and ran back into the flaming building to rescue his pet canary. He was trapped and burned to death.

Canaries go, also, to coal mines and places where dangerous gases may be present. They are used as testers—especially after an explosion when there is in the air carbon monoxide that is not perceptible to the human senses. Canaries are much more quickly affected by gas than men, and the rescuers know they can keep on going into the mine with safety so long as the canaries they are carrying with them remain healthy. When the birds begin to droop, there is danger.

Canaries often go to churches for Easter Day decoration and song. One year, when a near-by pastor tried this new living decoration—which was quite an innovation then—I attended the service. They had bought twenty-five of our birds, hoping they would sing with the choir and congregation. The first hymn was announced, the congregation rose and sang. I listened hopefully. I had sold the canaries as good singers, and though they weren't the more expensive kind, I knew they were good singers. But not a sound, except that during the lull between verses I could faintly hear my former charges cracking hemp seed that sounded like toast. When the choir sang, it was just the same. Finally the service was turned over to the children's department. Since it was Easter Day, they, too, rose to sing. They had hardly reached

(Continued on Page 94)

The AIRMAN
sets new high standards in performance and in sales

For the year of 1927—Franklin stands out as one of the few cars to enjoy a substantial sales increase over 1926.

And now the new Franklin Airman—introduced a bare three months ago—is making new sales records, setting a pace which far surpasses that of any corresponding period in recent years.

Airman performance is thrilling the world!

Just as dauntless as today's Aviators—sharing many of the airplane's engineering and travel advantages—the Airman is first to attain the new standard of speed set by Aviation—more miles per day with less fatigue, *higher average speed* maintained for hours at a time.

Air-cooling—pioneered by Franklin—has been a dominant factor in the recent advancement of Aviation. Now Franklin offers the highly efficient air-cooled motor in 24% increased size, with tremendously increased power and hill-climbing ability.

Like Aviation, the Airman advocates scientific light weight construction as the means to greater economy and riding comfort—to easier driving—and to maximum safety at every speed.

Even the lines of the coachwork suggest swift, smooth flight. To know the joy of speed in comfort, to know truly exhilarating performance, you must challenge the highways in an Airman. The first mile reveals the secret of the Airman's instant success. *Your* demonstration awaits you today.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY • SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

RUST and CORROSION
The Parasites of Industry

THE sum total of the loss to industry caused by the ravages of rust and corrosion is made up of the petty losses of millions of users of iron and steel products.

The elimination of waste which menaces both industrial and domestic users of metal products is a stupendous undertaking, not, however, without compensating encouragement.

The man who buys an article of iron or steel for either industrial or domestic use should inquire into the nature of the protection which the manufacturer provides against deterioration through rust and corrosion.

When the answer is Udylite, the consumer is satisfied. Udylite is a Rust-Proofing Process for the electro deposition on iron or steel surfaces of pure cadmium—recognized by chemists and metallurgists the world over as a positive rust-proofing agent.

Udylite serves a two-fold purpose—the silver-like finish adding beauty to the utility of the cadmium coating.

The Udylite Process is being applied by a number of well-equipped licensed job shops, or the Udylite Process Company will gladly arrange with manufacturers to apply the process in their own plants.

Udylite
RUST PROOFS
UDYLITE PROCESS CO
3220 BELLEVUE AVE
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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the third line when first one, then four or five, then the entire regiment of those canaries broke into song. They nearly burst their throats accompanying the children—and no one else—during the service.

In the period between 1900 and 1910, importation of canaries into the United States—from Germany, and England as well—increased greatly. In 1909, a total of 375,000 canaries was imported. In 1910 one firm of Norwich, England, sent over 10,000 birds. In 1911, 2000 aristocratic Yorkshire canaries—long, slim, erect and clear yellow, buff, or green and cinnamon—were sent by rail to Liverpool and by steamer to New York. Although Germany remained the leader, canary raising was being carried on in England with enthusiasm and profit. In Bradford 1000 people were breeding them and spending $1200 a year on canary seed. There were 3000 entered in the cage-bird show that year.

A little while before this my uncle had died, leaving his entire business to me. When everything was settled I took over the reins of management. I had been married for some years, and we were buying the home where we lived in one of the city suburbs. In it we had rooms outside, yet attached to the house, that were equipped for my wife to take care of some of our more valuable birds and other stock, and raise some canaries on her own account, as she wanted to do.

Such problems as I had to solve and innovations to make from time to time, as I went ahead with the business, made me all the keener about it. Advertising, for example. Practically no advertising was, or, indeed, is, being done by pet shops. The American home owner was not any too quick to adopt the idea of a pet for every home. Animals about the house were much fewer than in Europe. In the past four years imports of live birds other than canaries into the United States have increased 520 per cent.

Advertising

I began, somewhat cautiously, to try out various advertising stunts. At the end of one April I ran a modest little ad in one of the papers, suggesting a canary, instead of the usual flowers, for Mother's Day. It was quite successful and the sales for the week before Mother's Day rose perceptibly.

Shortly after that I bought a shipment of 2000 blue Java sparrows—one of the most common and inexpensive of birds. I figured out at what price I should have to sell two of them in a cage to make about a 40 per cent profit, and advertised them in the papers at that price. It wasn't high. Moreover, I advertised them as birds that could be taught tricks. So they could. So can practically any bird, if handled with confidence and patience. In less than a week we sold $500 worth. Moreover, buyers came back to get better cages and other accessories. Business that month increased 24 per cent. And what is more, as I heard later from several proud owners, many of the people who bought those blue Java sparrows did teach them tricks.

In the summer I hung some good singers and a few brightly colored parrots outside the door. It was as good for the birds as it was for the business. They attracted a good deal of attention. The parrots, as they will, basked in the limelight and did their best tricks over and over again for their audiences. I put a small notice in the paper saying I would board birds for people leaving the city for the summer at one dollar a week. By the second summer I had 100 birds a week.

During the war the process of getting birds over here was hopelessly difficult. Harz Mountain canaries had to come by way of Holland. They were packed by women, who, new at the game, were not so skillful as the more experienced men. What with poor packing and the much longer journey, the loss was tremendous. It was very hard, too, to get cables through, and often I didn't know when birds were coming so that I could meet them at the dock. The price rose more than 30 per cent at a single jump. Holland at this time began to do some breeding, sending over 6000 birds in one shipment. The United States began to take a greater interest in breeding too. Canary raising here doesn't get much publicity: partly, I suppose, because people who are in it are convinced they can't sell their stock unless it can be advertised as imported. So, theoretically, the American breeder doesn't exist. As a matter of fact, he does exist in increasing numbers. Some of the best singers in our markets today are raised in California. We get a few birds from Japan, but the journey is so long it is hardly profitable.

The question of getting help in a pet shop is always quite a problem. The head of the bird department in one big city department store tells me that it is usually hard to get saleswomen who are willing to handle and care for the stock in his department—birds, fish, and small pets of various kinds. They're not interested. They'd rather sell silk stockings. Once you find the right girl, however, she stays. One of his saleswomen has been with him for ten years. He once asked twenty-one of the saleswomen in the store whether they had ever been to a zoo in America. Six had been once, three twice, and the remaining twelve not at all. He finds, as I did, that Germans usually take more skillful and patient care of birds and animals than any others.

PHOTO FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, N. Y.

A Miner at Whitehaven Colliery, England, Carrying a Canary Into the Haig Pit to Test the Air After an Explosion

At present I am getting shipments of birds every ten days or so in the busiest season, with a man going regularly to Germany and South America. Here is a sample shipment: 1600 male canaries, 475 female canaries, 1 cassowary, 2 dial thrushes, 8 red macaws, 4 strawberry finches, 4 orange-cheeked finches, 4 white-crested thrushes, 8 black-cheeked love birds, 20 shama thrushes, 12 African green lories, 8 black-hooded nuns, 8 white-shouldered whydahs, 4 tanagers, 2 dwarf macaws, 4 half-moon parrakeets—in all 2164 birds.

A shipment of, say, 2000 birds straight from Germany will usually cost between $6000 and $8000, counting everything—original cost, shipping charges, customs duties and care. I sell more than 80,000 birds a year, besides the usual stock of marmosets, spider monkeys, coatimondis, rabbits, kittens, puppies, and the like, and my profit on canaries alone is between $15,000 and $20,000 a year. Since I am a dealer, my market is not confined to private customers, movies, hotels, clubs, churches, and the like, but includes smaller pet shops all over the country. In all, there are more than 5000 of these pet shops, or stores that stock at least a few canaries or other pets. The list takes in flower shops, seed and garden-implement stores, poultry-supply stores, sporting-goods stores, hardware stores, five-and-ten-cent stores selling goldfish, and, of course, all the pet shops proper. One animal shop in a big city has a book department in the front part of the store conducted by the wife of the proprietor.

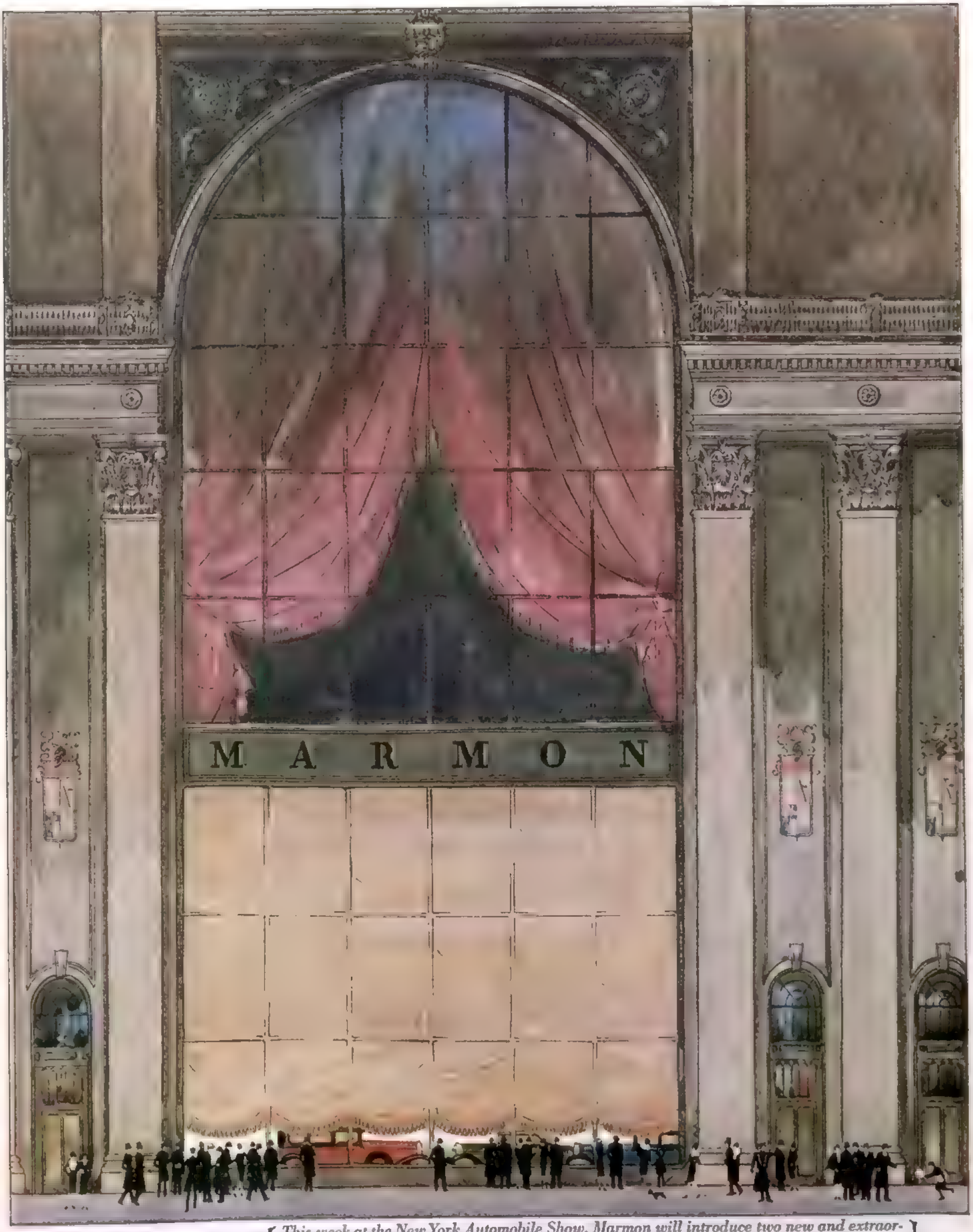
In 1922 America imported 192,000 canaries; in 1925 the number had risen to 492,514, valued at $748,381. Of these Germany sent 311,000—almost 65 per cent of the total. That year—1925—there were nearly 1,000,000 birds sold in the United States in all, bringing in well toward $30,000,000, including the receipts for cages, feed through the year, and accessories. There are 4,000,000 homes in the United States today in which there are one or more canaries; and since there are some 25,000,000 homes in this country altogether, the market is still far from saturated.

Like Father, Like Son

More pets are being sold every year. One odd market for canaries that has developed recently is the traveling fair or carnival, where birds are given as prizes for games of chance, instead of the fluffy dolls that were so popular a few years ago. A dealer in a small town on the New Jersey coast told me last year that for weeks after such a carnival had descended upon the place, he was busy explaining to disappointed people that female canaries do not sing. He sold some of these people male canaries, allowing them a dollar or two for the female canaries in exchange. But usually, although the people who win birds at these fairs have not previously had the remotest intention of owning a canary, some member of the family becomes attached to the new pet and the bird stays, song or no song. One recent newspaper interview gave as an estimate 97,000 canaries in cages disposed of through these carnivals in a single season.

Through bringing progressive ideas and methods to the business that my father first taught me, it prospered so that I was able to buy the entire four-story building to which we moved some eight years ago; I also opened a small branch store in another part of the city. There I remained until, about two years ago, I retired. In dollars and cents, I could enjoy the security won from, I think, a fairly successful life.

But there is another side. The content that comes to so many European generations, of those who follow in their parents' footsteps, became a part—a great part—of my reward for the work. Periodically, before I retired, I would take my cheese sandwich, as my uncle used to do, and retire to the fourth floor to mark the cages that lined the walls with the same hieroglyphics in white chalk. And then have a cup of coffee at noon from the restaurant next door. There I sat, as my father used to sit in the training room of our Harz Mountain home when I was a baby. It was what I liked best to do. I have lived almost constantly under the ceaseless chattering and trilling of small-bird sounds. My ears would have been empty without it.



This week at the New York Automobile Show, Marmon will introduce two new and extraordinary lines of straight-eights—the "68" and "78", at $1395 and $1895, f. o. b. factory

THE FIRST THOUSAND

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properties of the office. It was, and Giotto studied it for half an hour. Seemingly he had forgotten the perils attendant upon bachelorhood which possesses romantic eyes, for he walked with unaccustomed briskness back to the hotel. John Sand was sitting on the piazza in conversation with the somnolent Hamilcar Bellows.

"John," said Giotto, "I've been studying geography."

"Bound Timbuktu," said John hopefully.

"It's bounded on the north by water power, on the east by electricity, on the south by options and on the west by attorneys at law," said Giotto.

"Wait," said John, "till I tell Hamilcar the one about the elephant in the old woman's garden and I'll prove you're wrong."

So presently John Sand leaned over Giotto's desk.

"How much money have you?" asked Giotto.

"Maybe two hundred and fifty."

"I," said Giotto, "have saved a hundred out of my salary."

"What'll we go and buy?" asked John.

"Experience, maybe. If we get caught at it, John H. Rockwell will set his dogs on us."

"And if we don't get caught at it?"

"The firm," said Giotto, "will come into possession of capital."

"What do I do?"

"In this instance," said Giotto, "all you do is the work."

"I'm young and strong," said John.

"Are there a couple of lawyers who don't like Rockwell?"

John ignored the question as being self-answering, and asked, "What do they do?"

"They," said Giotto, "get a sixty-day option on the stock of Pazzy Fox and his sister in the Hempstead Electric Company. They pay a hundred dollars for each of the options and they maintain an abysmal silence."

"And then? That leaves a hundred and fifty dollars," said John. "What do we buy with that?"

"Pazzy's Uncle Jim's ten shares," said Giotto.

"Outright?"

"As all git out," said Giotto. "And that's enough for your young brain to bear for one day. Become active while I run this hotel. You've no idea what a chore it is."

"Um—by the way, you have been exciting favorable comment."

"Among whom?"

"Not among—amidst. Amidst the somewhat positive emotions of John H. Rockwell's daughter and heir." Giotto groaned. "All the same," said John, "it's an idea. Of course you'd have to do the work, but I thought of it, and that makes it fair. You marry her and give me half the swag. I think you might as well do it and have it over with. She seems determined."

"John," said Giotto, "that child is a severe trial."

"If," said John, "you think she's a child, why, my friend, your goose is cooked. Never underestimate the enemy. Don't let her sneak up on you under the guise of childhood. Don't be an affable uncle to her. Personally I think there's no hope for you. In fact, she intimated there wasn't."

"Oh, Lordy!" exclaimed Giotto.

"Of course," said John, "you can hide in the cellar. But I don't think she's afraid of the dark."

"John," said Giotto, "do me a favor. Tell that girl I've a wife in China. Tell her I'm a wicked old man with another wife in Turkestan. Tell her the world is positively dotted with my wives and that I'm in hiding here from fourteen charges of bigamy."

"I've known her from babyhood," said John comfortingly, "and when her mind is made up it stays made up. Go on, like a good egg, and have it over with."

"Mr. Sand," said Giotto, "whatever marrying is done by this firm will have to be done by the working partner. All I do is think up things."

"Well," said John from the door, "you'd better think up something pretty smart now. And believe me, when I say smart I mean smart." He cleared his throat. "She says," he said from the door, "that your eyes are wells of sad romance." He dodged outside in time to avoid the missile, but put in his head for a last observation. "She alluded also to the haunting music of your voice."

Giotto meditated violence, but before he could follow his friend he heard a clear, lovely little voice ask, "Has Mr. North come back yet?"

"Yes," said John Sand. "He was just asking for you. He's behind the desk now."

Giotto calculated not upon the order of his departure, but took the stairs toward his room three at a stride—and locked himself in.

III

IN THE same mail Pazzy and his sister received letters from different lawyers, making practically identical offers for their stock in the Hempstead Electric Company on behalf of unnamed clients. It was a reasonable, not to say generous, offer; and, after an evening of discussion, they determined to accept.

"Even," said Pazzy, "if nothin' comes of it, we git a hundred dollars apiece for nothin'."

So on the following morning they deposited their stock, one with one legal practitioner and one with another, accepting each one hundred dollars in cash and giving a sixty-day option according to terms made plain and legal in an agreement. Of these facts Uncle Jim was informed, so that when he was offered fifteen dollars for each of his shares, which he had considered to be worth less than ten, he all but locked the door upon his caller until the money had changed hands.

"The only condition being," said John Sand, "that you will tell no one—no one—you have sold this stock until you have my permission."

"I got the tightest jaw in the county," said the old man, thrusting the bills into his wallet. "Anyhow 'tain't nobuddy's business."

"Exactly," said John Sand, and withdrew.

Giotto received with satisfaction the news of the success of the first portion of the venture.

"Well," said John Sand, "we've used up our cash—and how in tunket do we pay the lawyers?"

"That," said Giotto, "remains to be seen. I hope, as I suggested, you've been studying the future."

"Some of it," said John. "But there's so darned much future a man can't study it all in a week."

"Some of the future is past," said Giotto. "Water-power developments have more than commenced, and we are in the middle of an era of combinations. We are passing out of the day of isolated electric and water companies. Enormous holding corporations are being formed which own or control the utilities of vast territories. I know, because I read it in the papers."

"You sound like a story on the financial page," said John.

"I've also read the reports of some of these great companies. They show a history of lowered rates to the consumer, increased earnings and decreased expenses."

"That," said John, "sounds perfectly entrancing. You ought to get a canoe and tell it to some girl in the moonlight."

"We," said Giotto, "must get aboard the wagon."

"Fine," said John. "Can we ride for nothing?"

"We," said Giotto, "are about to plant our acorn. I've been riding up and down this valley. It hasn't been discovered. Here's a river capable of developing millions of horse power and it isn't developing thousands."

"It runs practically dry in summer," objected John, "and you can't turn a water wheel with a dry river bed."

"No," said Giotto, "but you can build a storage reservoir back at the headwaters so that you can regulate the flow through the twelve months. It's coming. It's got to come."

"And then what?" asked John.

"You and I," said Giotto, "are the fair-haired boys who are going to catch the worm. This river will be the center of a hundred-million-dollar development one of these days."

"Which, of course," said John, "you and I shall own."

"That," said Giotto, "remains to be seen. Just now we hold the key to a door. Rockwell has some vision. He has bought up two small electric companies in the eastern end of the county and one to the west. The Mountain Power and Light Company has half a dozen companies in this part of the state—and Hempstead is right in the middle of them. It's a strategic what-is-it. Now you will visit the Mountain Power folks with maps and conversation. You will proceed to sell to them Pazzy's sister's stock in the Hempstead Electric Company."

"And thereafter?"

"Thereafter," said Giotto, "we will fall upon Rockwell hip and thigh and smite him."

"With the jawbone of an ass, it seems as though," said John.

"Nevertheless, go and sell," said Giotto.

John Sand was a general who could obey the orders of the general staff with promptness and with intelligence. He was not then nor did he ever become a dreamer of great dreams; but once a vision had manifested itself to Giotto, John could labor as few men could labor to make it material. The young men supplemented each other nobly.

Therefore John sought and obtained an interview with the president of the Mountain Power and Light. He was prepared with data, with maps and with arguments, and the clinching argument was that the man who held the franchise of the Hempstead company held the financial West Point of the river.

"I," he said, "am in a position to deliver to you approximately half the stock of this little concern. The cost is a mere bagatelle—and the opportunity may not last."

"How about control?" the president asked.

"Somebody," said John, "will get it. Why not you? And forty-nine and a half per cent of the stock is a sweet start toward it."

"How much?" asked the president.

"I," said John, "have an option at ten dollars a share."

"What's in it for you?"

"A ten per cent commission," said John.

"You can deliver?"

"At noon tomorrow."

"Then deliver," said the president. "Afterward we can talk about control."

"We certainly," said John, "can do just that."

He returned to Hempstead and reported to Giotto at the hotel.

"The deal," he said, "is done. The firm has earned a commission. Now what?"

"You," said Giotto, "pass out of circulation for a few days. I am about to interview a lawyer."

The result of this interview was that Matthew Frost, one of Hempstead's two attorneys at law, called upon John H. Rockwell at his office—and was received brusquely. For John H. was one who loved to impress the world with his importance.

"Well?" he asked harshly when Frost entered the door.

"Mountain Power and Light are after Pazzy Fox's plant here," said Frost shortly. "I've an option on Pazzy's stock. It's for sale. If Power and Light gets in here——"

"I know what happens if they get in here," said John H., "without your telling me. And I can buy out Pazzy without your help."

"The point is," said Frost, "that you can't—because Pazzy doesn't own a share of it. I've an option, and I can turn it over to the Mountain folks quick as a wink—which I aim to do tomorrow if you don't talk business. And that means talk business quick."

John H. scowled. "If you got the idea you can come in here and bluff me——" he commenced.

But Frost, having been instructed in tactics by Giotto, interrupted.

"If you think I'm bluffing climb on your horse. But here's the proposition in a nutshell: I've an option on this stock at ten dollars a share. You can have it for eleven"—he drew out his watch—"until ten minutes past three. It is now three. Thereafter the price to you goes up one dollar a share a minute until four, and after that you can't have it for any price."

Mr. Rockwell's jowls took on a purplish hue.

"Git out of here!" he bellowed.

"Certainly," said Frost. "My next stop is the office of Mountain Power."

"Wait a minute," said Rockwell as Frost reached the door. "How many shares you got?"

"There are a thousand in all, with a par of ten dollars. I can deliver four hundred and ninety-five of them—at eleven dollars."

"Then deliver," snapped Rockwell; "but bear this in mind, Frost: I don't forget. You've worked a holdup on me, and if it takes me twenty years I'll square it up with you."

"Help yourself," said Frost, who was not without courage in his own right.

The stock was duly delivered to both parties and payment received. The new firm was in funds to the extent of nine hundred and ninety dollars, and, as John pointed out, was still shy ten dollars of its first thousand.

"And with lawyers paid, considerably more," he pointed out.

"But," said Giotto, "the show hasn't begun yet."

"No? When does the curtain go up?"

"That," said Giotto, "depends upon how soon Rockwell and Mountain Power discover the true inwardness of the situation."

"Ah!" said John. "Suppose we hasten that happy moment."

"Fly at it," said Giotto.

IV

BUT it was Giotto who brought light to John H. Rockwell, seizing upon an opportunity that very evening as the great man approached the desk to pay his weekly bill.

"I hear," he said conversationally, "we are to have better electric-light service here."

"You do, eh?" snapped Rockwell, as to an inferior.

"Yes," said Giotto; "the story's about that Mountain Power has bought out Pazzy."

"It's a lie," said John H.

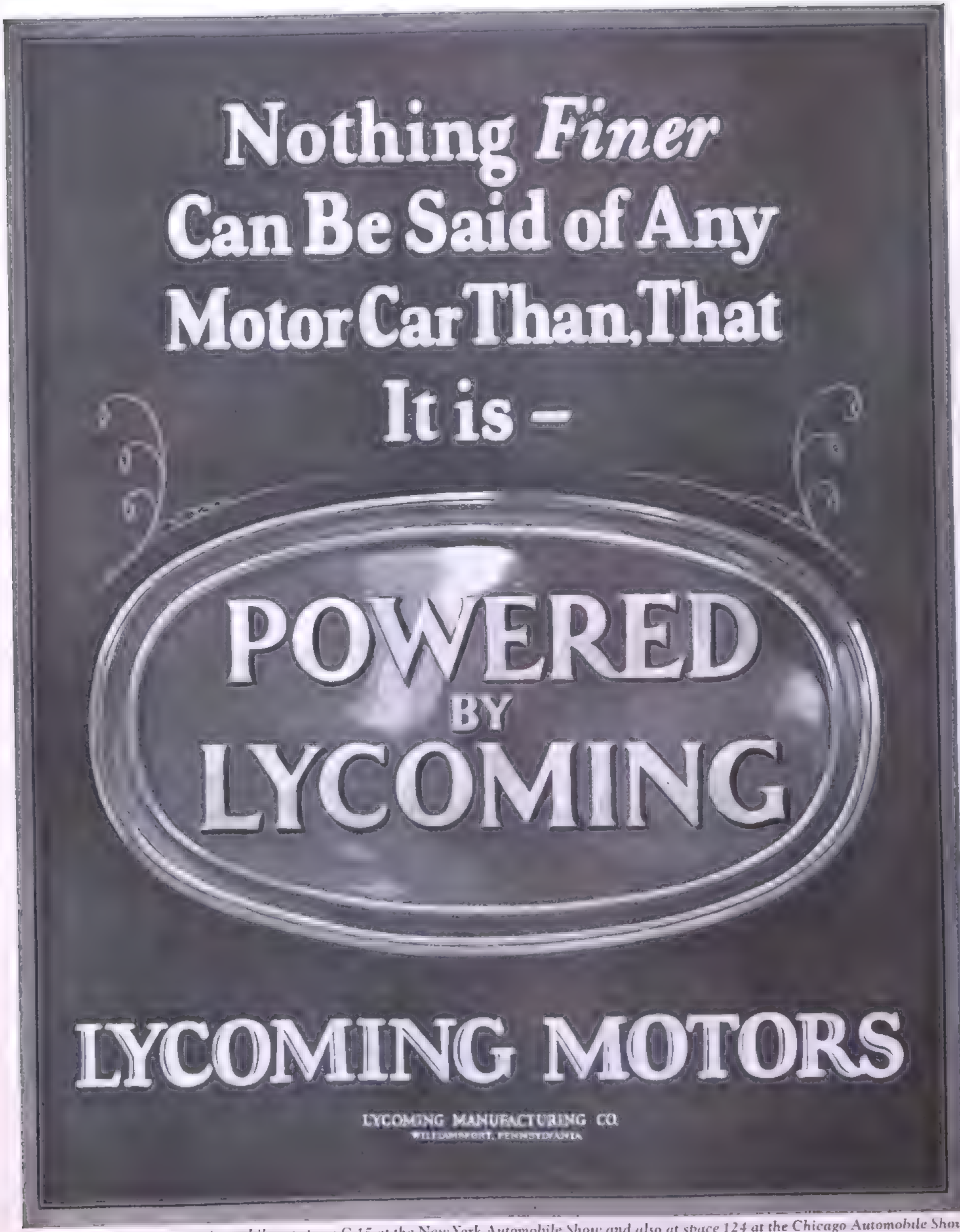
"Affability," said Giotto, "has been regarded as one of humanity's most engaging qualities."

John H. considered this briefly and came to the conclusion it was calculated to lessen his dignity.

"Young fellow," he said, "if you like your job here don't give me any of your jaw."

"You've no idea," said Giotto, "how fond I am of my position. Indeed, you'd be surprised."

(Continued on Page 100)



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(Continued from Page 96)

"Then," said John H., "keep your tongue between your teeth."

"Yes, sir," said Giotto meekly. "Thank you, sir. But Pazzy's sister says she's sold her stock to Mountain Power, for all that."

"What?" shouted John H. "What's that?"

"It is being spoken of in the highways and byways," said Giotto.

John H. left that place at speed. He dashed across the street to Lawyer Frost's office to demand facts—which Frost could not give him.

"I represented Pazzy's stock. Know nothing about his sister's—and don't want to."

John H. banged the door after him and his next stop was at Pazzy Fox's house.

"What's this," he demanded, "about Mountain Power buying your sister's stock?" he demanded.

"They done it," said Pazzy. "Same quantity you bought off'n me—cash money down."

John H. could think with reasonable celerity in emergencies. He reviewed the situation mentally: Mountain Power owned forty-nine and one-half per cent of the stock; he owned the same. One per cent was outstanding some place.

"Where's them other ten shares?" he asked harshly, forgetting the veneer of grammar which recent years had provided for him.

"Uncle Jim owned 'em last I heard tell," said Pazzy.

"Where's he?"

"Fishin'," said Pazzy. "Most allus he's fishin'."

"Where?"

"Dunno."

"When's he coming home?"

"Sometime," said Pazzy.

"I'll wait right here till he does," said John H.

"Make yourself to hum," said Pazzy.

It was more than an hour before the old man returned, and then John H. pounced upon him as though he were guilty of some misbehavior.

"Where's that stock of yours?" he demanded. "You can't put up any game on me and get away with it. I want that stock."

"A body could tell that from what you say," said Uncle Jim mildly. "I hain't deef. You kin speak moderate."

"That stock's no good to you," said Rockwell.

"No," said Uncle Jim. "That's what I figgered myself. That's how I come to sell it."

"Sell it! Sell it! Who to? Mountain Power?"

"Don't know nothin' about Mountain Power," said Uncle Jim. "I sold mine to a young feller by the name of Sand—John Sand. He gimme cash money fer it—oh, quite a spell back."

Mr. Rockwell omitted the finer courtesies; indeed, he left without dispensing the major courtesy of saying good-by. He found John Sand in conversation with Giotto North over the desk of the tavern and descended upon him portentously.

"Sand," he said roughly, "I want to see you."

"The view," said John, "is open to all mankind. One of God's gifts to his children. Rich or poor, come one, come all."

"What," demanded John H., disregarding the flippancy, "d'ye mean by buying old Jim Fox's stock?"

"I figured," said John, "it would be a good investment for my declining years. Don't you agree with me?"

"I'll take it off your hands."

John looked across the desk at Giotto.

"He says he'll take it off your hands," he said with an air of innocence. "We don't want to sell, do we, Giotto?"

"We might listen to a proposition," said Giotto. "Propositions are always interesting. Lots of times they're amusing, besides. Don't you like to be amused, John?"

"I dote on it," said Sand.

"What's he got to do with it?" demanded Rockwell, jabbing a finger in Giotto's direction.

"He? Oh, didn't you know? Mr. North and I have been united in the holy bonds of partnership, to love, honor and cherish till death do us part."

John H. showed his opinion of the partnership by sniffing audibly.

"About that stock," he said.

"Hear! Hear!" applauded John Sand.

"I want it. It's no good to you. Ten shares!" He sneered at ten shares. "I'll give you a hundred dollars more than you paid for them."

Giotto regarded John gravely.

"I told you we'd make money on this deal," he said.

"I bet you we can make more than a hundred dollars," said John. "A kind of a sixth sense I got tells me so. Er—Mr. Rockwell, ever study European politics? Well, there's an expression in them that's mighty telling—balance of power. Isn't that a mouthful?"

"I'm not interested in Europe," said John H.

Giotto sighed. "Too bad. You can pick ideas almost any place if you keep your mind open. Can't you go a mite higher with your offer?"

John H. shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll make it fifty dollars more," he said sneeringly.

"It isn't quite enough, is it, Giotto?" John asked.

"I don't think so," said Giotto. "No, it's too little. It's quite a little too little."

"In fact," said John, "not to drag it out too long, it ain't enough."

Rockwell again shrugged his shoulders.

"You can't gouge me," he said. "I don't have to have it. How much do you think you're going to get for it?"

"We don't think," said Giotto "we know. We have advance information."

"Yes," said John, "we're certain, not to say positive."

"How much?" Rockwell snapped.

"Well," said Giotto, "there's ten shares, but they're hand-picked shares. They're the very best shares of the whole crop, and worth a lot more than the ordinary run. They're real dressy shares, if you get what I mean."

"How much?" Rockwell asked again, not restraining his impatience.

"Well, John and I talked it over, and we thought about a thousand dollars a share—and they're worth it. You ought to see how clean Uncle Jim kept the certificates."

"You're crazy!" said Rockwell in a voice quivering with anger.

"Maybe," said Giotto, "but I doubt if Mountain Power looks at it that way."

Rockwell snorted at Mountain Power.

"What have they got to do with it?" he asked.

"Forty-nine and a half per cent of the stock," said Giotto—"same as you. Gives each of you an even break, doesn't it? And what can be fairer? But they seem to want the control. Yes. John talked to them and they gave him that idea. And control of this company gives them control of the river—and cuts off the companies you own on the east from the one you own on the west. Oh, I'm sure our holdings will be worth ten thousand to Mountain Power."

"Yes," said John; "and besides, our new firm needs capital. You've got to take that into consideration. Aiding infant industry and all that. And besides," John went on, "you owe me more than that. I'll regard this as a first installment; a partial restitution, you know, and creditable to your conscience."

"It's a holdup!" Rockwell said furiously.

"Right!" said John. "Right the first guess!"

Rockwell compressed his lips, and his eyes narrowed. He was not without intelligence and resolution. He could see as far into a block of granite as the next man, and he did most heartily despise making a fool of himself in public. He approached a step nearer to the desk and looked from one young man to the other.

"You win," he said, and then struck the desk a resounding blow. "But this isn't the end of it—not by a jugful! From now on it's war!"

"Oh," said John, "we discovered that first. And we prefer a certified check."

Rockwell walked abruptly away. John sighed.

"North," he said, "the only part of this I don't like the smell of is the way we hung it on Mountain Power."

Giotto smiled a bit wearily.

"Oh," he said, "that's fixed. I had a talk with their president and told the tale and agreed to take the stock off their hands. So we own it between us. That," he said, "was always a part of the scheme. It's our entering wedge."

"So we come out of it," said John, "owning the minority interest in an electric-lighting company and something over five thousand in cash." He whistled through his teeth. "Er—not so bad," he said.

"The trouble," said Giotto, "with the man who invented that saying about the first thousand being hardest to get was that he was too modest. Never try to get a hard first thousand; go after an easy ten thousand. There's a way to beat every adage."

"Except," said John mischievously, "the one that says a young man married is a young man marred."

V

THIS saying of his friend's was fresh in Giotto's mind when Leslie Rockwell, on her way in to dinner, halted at his desk. But she did not halt long, for John H., coming into the lobby, saw her position and companion and bellowed, "Leslie, come away from there!"

She half turned her head and regarded her father out of the corners of her dancing, crinkling eyes.

"Why?" she asked saucily.

"Because I tell you to," he said. "Come here before I fetch you."

She came, not cowed by his command and threat, but rather purring.

"Why can't I talk to Mr. North?" she asked sweetly.

"Because," he said, "he's a crook and a schemer, and I won't have flesh and blood of mine taking notice of him."

"But I've got to notice him, papa."

"Got to?"

"Yes, indeed! You see, I'm going to marry him, and you have to notice your husband, don't you? Most wives think so."

John H. Rockwell was almost speechless—but not quite.

"Has—has that confounded young spriggins dared to make love to you?" he demanded.

"Not yet," said Leslie. "Oh, not the teeniest bit. He really doesn't know anything at all about it." At that she closed her lips very firmly. "But," she said with a bob of her head, "he's going to find out—and like it."

THE HUMAN CHASE

Continued from Page 31

immediate neighborhood, there are a good many tricks they might play. Unless we have definite news within the next few minutes, I should think the odds are in favor of their reaching their first hiding place. It's when they try to deal with the stuff that I fancy we may come in."

"What about a reward?"

"That wouldn't make a shadow of difference so far as the force is concerned," was the unencouraging reply. "We'd all give our next promotion step to lay our hands upon the man who planned this coup. Still, it might bring an informer in."

"I'll discuss the matter with my directors," Sir Thomas promised.

"You needn't lay too great stress upon it," Ansolom advised him. "In any ordinary case I should recommend it, but I don't fancy there's a criminal or an ex-criminal in Europe with courage enough to inform against the man we have in mind."

"Why the mystery?" Sir Thomas demanded, a little irritably. "You can give him police protection, I suppose."

The inspector nodded gravely. "Yes," he admitted, "we could do that. The time would come, however, when he'd want a little freedom, a chance to spend the money. They all get like that. We can't protect them against themselves. We have a small black book, Sir Thomas, which the chief commissioner keeps, and in it are the names of four men and two women who, at different times within the last seven years, have found their way to Scotland Yard to inform against the man we have been talking about. They've had their money, or a part of it on account, and we've had their information. We scarcely knew their names. They drifted back into their own world, but not one of the six lived a week after having visited Scotland Yard. Two were run over as suicides, two were found drowned, the coroner's verdict on the two others was 'Death at the hands of some person, or persons, unknown.' They wouldn't accept police protection. They thought they could get away with it. They never have done so. I don't think they ever will. Offer your reward by all means, Sir Thomas, but if it is an informer who claims it, he is looking for a quick form of suicide."

Sir Thomas was impressed, but inclined to be a little sarcastic.

"I suppose I ought to feel my establishment honored by the attentions of such a paragon of crime," he remarked.

The chief inspector rose to his feet. Streaks of sickly looking morning light, tempered with fog and a drizzling rain, were finding their way into the room. Outside, the sound of traffic was beginning to increase.

"We'll move our headquarters to Scotland Yard now, Brett," he announced.

A sergeant presented himself at the door of the office and saluted.

"Telephone message just in from Woking, sir," he reported. "A plain van, answering to the description of the one we're after, has been found in the lane leading down to the golf course."

"Found? Do you mean that there was no one with it?"

"No one at all, sir," the man replied. "I think it's the one we're after, though. There was a card pinned onto it with a bit of writing: 'Kindly return this van to Warren & Co., who will remunerate.'"

The sergeant coughed; he was not quite sure whether a smile would have been in order.

"Well, I'm damned!" Sir Thomas exclaimed.

"That's Matthew, all right!" Brett muttered.

The press ran riot, excelled itself in superlatives and trotted out every time-worn phrase to blacken its headlines. A new era of scientific crime was prognosticated. No place henceforth would be safe. The guards at Buckingham Palace and the other treasure houses of London must be doubled. The superman had come—the superman of crime. . . . Meanwhile police headquarters was stonily silent. The officials made no announcement, gave no hope.

(Continued on Page 105)

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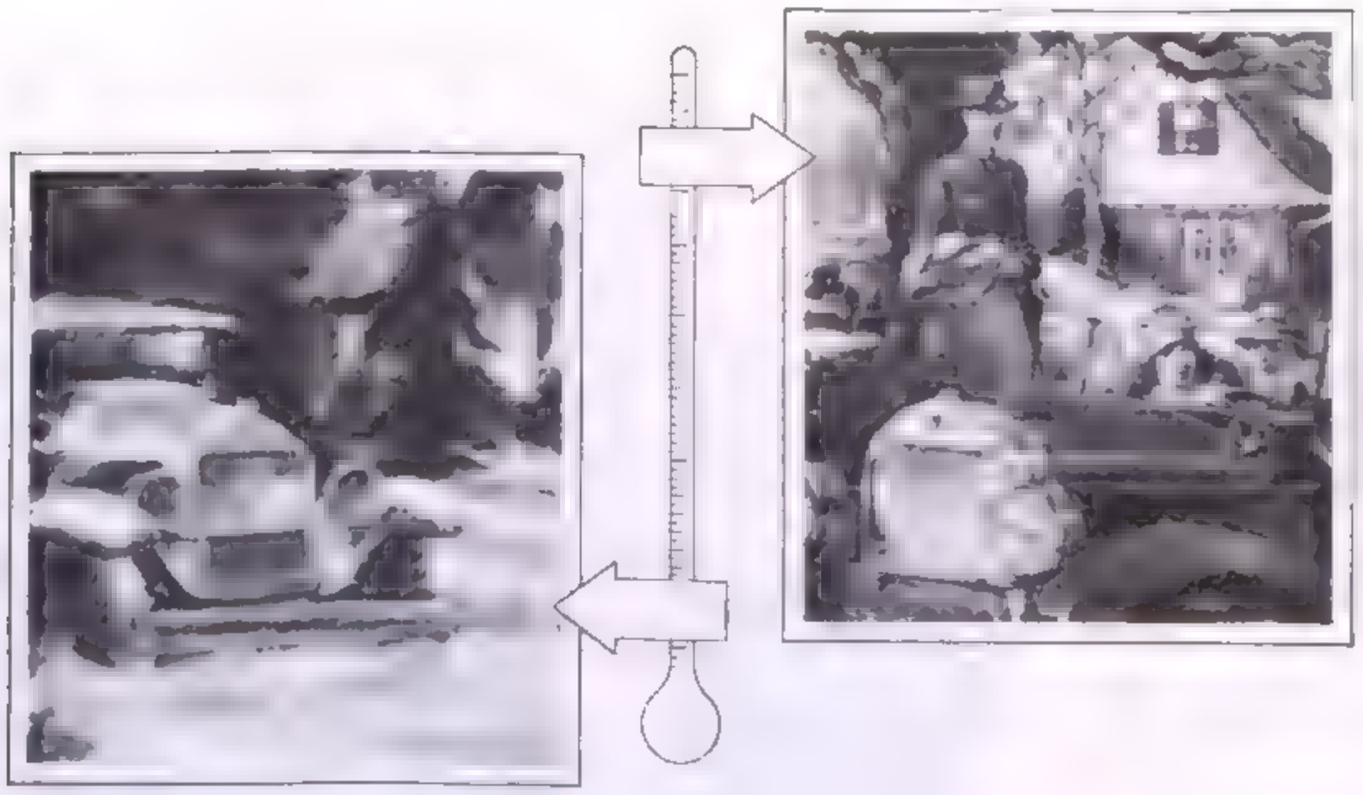

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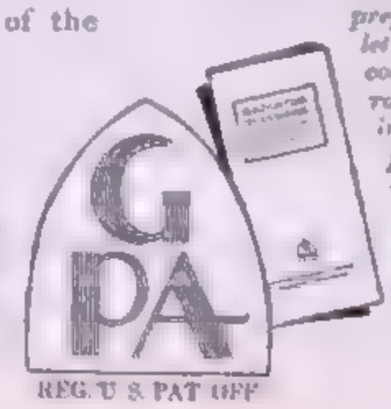

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NATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOWS — 1928
New York City—January 7th-14th—Spaces C-79 80-81
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(Continued from Page 100

The very fact of their indifference to popular clamor was in a way encouraging. Yet the fact remained that, after four days of eager investigation and diligent combing of every criminal-frequented haunt in London, no arrest had been made or any single clew discovered except that empty van with its impudent message. The chief commissioner became alarmed at last and sent for Chief Inspector Absolom.

"Is it true, Absolom, that we are up against a force of superior intelligence to ours?" he inquired dryly.

"Equal at any rate, chief," was the cool reply. "All this breathless search we are conducting is necessary, of course, but the odds are a hundred to one against any useful results. We are up against the same gang who personated Lord Ellacott and Howson, the tennis player, and then robbed them. They are not ordinary criminals at all. We have the names and addresses of a hundred and thirty-two of what we call Class-A burglars and misdemeanants on our books. We have to put these through a process of elimination, but, as a matter of fact, not one of them is likely to have ever seen or heard of the men we want."

"What are we going to do about it?" the chief commissioner demanded. "The public expect protection from us, and they're beginning to wonder whether they're getting it. First the Ellacott and Howson burglaries—both on the same night—and then this hideous affair, you know. You'll have to change some of your head men, Absolom."

"Not just at present, chief, if you please. Remember, we as nearly as possible got the Ellacott and Howson gang the same night. They only slipped through our fingers by a miracle."

"The miracles seem to work only one way," the chief commissioner grumbled. "What am I to say to the Home Secretary?"

"Let me talk to him, if necessary, sir," the other begged. "The relative positions between us and the criminal world are entirely changed now, and the sooner we recognize it the better. Years ago, before all these recent scientific inventions and before the educated classes took up crime, the odds were all in our favor. Today, the whole situation's altered. Given a certain type of intellectual who chooses deliberately to serve his apprenticeship and embrace crime as a profession, and the odds are in his favor as against us."

"That's the sort of home truth the public would never accept without a clamor," the chief commissioner warned him. "It's a dangerous admission for anyone in your position to make, anyhow."

"It's the truth," was the dogged pronouncement, "but it isn't so terrifying as it sounds. I say that, take every enterprise singly, with the luck being even, the odds are in favor of the criminal; but when it comes to bringing off, say, half a dozen affairs, the odds increase against him every time. The public know all about it when our coup comes off and we really get the man, but I assure you, sir, that if we could publish an account of everything that happened the night of the Ellacott and Howson burglaries, Scotland Yard wouldn't seem such a dud institute as they are trying to make us out."

"Who is the man you're pinning your faith on?" the commissioner inquired.

"A fellow named Brett, sir. Not much to look at, I'll grant you, but thoroughly sound—the most dangerous type for the criminal. He's a plodder, and yet he has inspiration and isn't afraid to make use of it. He'll get our man yet, sir, if they'll only let us alone."

The chief commissioner, although he was only half satisfied, brought the interview to a close. His second in command returned to his room and sent for Brett.

"The chief's had me on the carpet," he confided. "Any news?"

Brett was looking a little pinched. The routine work of the past few days had been a strain.

"This morning," he recounted, "I had my first success. I have either been to see, myself, or communicated with, a hundred and forty dentists."

"Didn't know there were so many in the world."

"I found one this morning down in the City who treated a man with a tooth knocked out on the day after our affair. I have just come back to look through some records."

"What type of man was he?"

"His name was given as Ellis. He's a leather factor of Endale Street, Bermondsey. I've seen the warehouse. It's a neat little place just on the edge of the commercial district and next to a couple of empty houses. There is a brass plate on the door with the name of the firm on it—Ellis & Humphreys—and there was a dray taking some merchandise away. I dared not go in myself, of course, but I put the place under observation and I hope to get a description of the partners today or tomorrow. That particular dray, by the by, was a disappointment. I had it followed to Liverpool Street Goods Station, but the cases contained nothing but leather, addressed to some manufacturers of children's boots and shoes—Chittuck & Baynes, of Norwich."

"What about this man Ellis?" the chief inspector interrupted. "Is he in the records at all?"

"No mention of him," Brett acknowledged. "I don't take any notice of that, though. Solomon was a highly respectable man; so was Vanderleyde, so was Wheatley. The game over here seems to be for Matthew and his friends to create identities through their subordinates which they can assume when necessary. This firm of Ellis & Humphreys, for instance, may be conducted for that purpose and that purpose only. If I'm on the right track, it probably does a certain amount of genuine business; the two partners, subsidized by Matthew, really exist; and when he comes along and needs an identity to shelter himself behind, there it is all ready for him. This is my theory, at any rate, and it's the one I'm working on."

"What's the next step? You haven't evidence enough to raid the place yet, have you?"

"Not yet. Nor am I thinking of calling on Mr. Ellis to inquire about his tooth. Tomorrow, however, I shall get some further information about the place. I have a friend who's a small shoe manufacturer in the East End. I did his son a good turn once and he is only too anxious to pay it back. He is going in to buy some leather and have a look round. If he brings me the sort of information I want, I shall take out a search warrant."

"You haven't much to go on at present," the chief inspector reminded him a little dubiously.

"Perhaps not," Brett acknowledged; "and yet," he added, "when I'm on a clew, I like to believe in it—it gives one confidence. I can't bring myself to believe, anyhow, that there were many men who needed a front tooth replacing on Thursday morning, and fewer still, I should think, who would choose to go to a complete stranger to have it done. My dentist had never seen Mr. Ellis before in his life. Had to have my teeth scaled to get him to talk—nasty painful job."

His superior smiled. "Well, I will say this for you, anyhow, Brett," he remarked: "You are thorough."

Brett, dressed with less care than usual, as though to bring himself into touch with his surroundings, sat before a marble-topped table in the saloon bar of the Three Kings Public House, near London Bridge, with a pipe in his mouth and a half pint of beer in front of him. The walls were hung with advertisements of various forms of drink and the floor was adorned with spittoons. The atmosphere reeked with the odor of stale liquor and sawdust. To him, in due course, entered Mr. Moses Klein, a shoe manufacturer from the Bethnal Green Road, a Hebraic-looking person with black curly hair and wearing what might have been a very fine diamond ring on his third finger.

"Vell, vell!" the latter exclaimed, with a rather overdone start of surprise. "Fancy meeting you in these parts!"

"Sit down and have a drink," Brett invited.

There was a brief interregnum of general conversation, during which Mr. Klein discoursed upon the state of business, the high price of leather, the health of his wife and son and others of the family. As soon as the refreshments were served, however, he leaned forward in his chair.

"Funny sort of show," he confided. "Send no travelers out and like to do their bithneth for cash. Suits me, all right, when I've got thomebody else's cash to pay with."

Brett nodded.

"You shall give just what the stuff's worth," he told him. "We'll make up the difference."

"It will be about 15 per thent," Mr. Klein said cautiously. "You thee, Mr. Brett, I buy very cheap, because I pay cash. They likes my money, these leather men. Ith good money, Mr. Brett."

"No doubt; but not quite so much of my name, please," the latter cautioned, dropping his voice a little. "Tell me some more about the place."

"Vell, they've got some stock, but they don't theem to know much about it," the other continued. "I buy a bill of goods, about forty pounds, but the funny part of it wath that they didn't theem to care much whether I bought or not. Not like me when I take my boot cathes out."

"Think!" Brett begged. "Was there anything about the place itself that struck you as being different from an ordinary warehouse?"

Mr. Klein reflected:

"Vell, there were a good many people hanging about for a small bithness, and except for one man upstairs and another down, they none of them theemed to know very much about what there wath to thell. One of the bosses came out of the offith and thpoke to me, but he didn't theem to take any interest in what I wath buying. Now when I go in anywhere else to buy goods, the bosses take off their coats and try to thell everything in the place. I think he wath upthet, though. He had a little accident."

"What sort of an accident?"

"He gave me a good thigar," Mr. Klein explained, "lit one himself and thpat a front tooth out. Just had it put in, he thaid."

For a moment Brett sat quite still. Notwithstanding the sordidness of his surroundings, it was for him a brief period of unadulterated joy. Then he pushed his tankard away, ordered fresh ones for his guest and himself and relit his pipe.

"Moses Klein," he said, "you owe me a good turn, don't you?"

"Ain't that why I'm here?" the other rejoined reproachfully. "I didn't want to come buying no leather from a thtick-in-the-mud firm like Ellis & Humphreys."

"Then just remember everything you can about that man Ellis' appearance. I've got to know exactly what he looked like."

Mr. Klein accepted his second tankard and warmed to his task.

"What he looked like," he declared, "wath a toff. He wath wearing clothes like they wear in those thwell warehouses in St. Thomas's Street, where they've got capital that runs into hundredth of thousandth of poundth. Kind of black coat, linen, as though it had just come out of the laundry bathket, pressed pants, patent boots, and a gold thigarette case thticking out of hith pocket. He got no hair on his face, queer sort of eyes that theemed to be wandering about all the time, and one of them black felt hats with the top squashed in, like Rachel—that's my wife—wanth me to get. He looked a great deal too much of a toff for a thmall firm like they must be."

Brett held out his hand. "We're quits, Klein," he said. "I'm glad I got your boy off that day. Drink up your beer and then I must go. I want you, if you don't mind, just to get me a taxi. I mustn't be seen in these streets for an hour or so."

Mr. Klein obeyed cheerfully, and Brett, making his way to London Bridge Station, spent ten minutes in a telephone booth and half an hour over a luncheon which he was grimly aware might be his last on earth.

It was an evil afternoon down Bermondsey way. There was no absolute fog, but a mist had driven in from the river, and combined with the drizzling rain had created an atmosphere of obscurity and drear depression. With the electric light turned on in his little office, Mr. Ellis, proprietor of the firm of Ellis & Humphreys, with the help of an envelope cutter and a waste-paper basket, dealt at lightning speed with a mass of correspondence arrived by the foreign post—a correspondence that seemed a little excessive for the state of the business. By his side, watching keenly, and every now and then accepting one of the letters handed to him, stood the pseudo Mr. Humphreys, lank, lugubrious, yet alert, at times singularly reminiscent of Mr. Amos Wheatley, the cotton millionaire. They reached the end of the pile, with only muttered words passing from one to the other. Then Mr. Ellis leaned back in his chair.

"You know how to deal with the letters you have," he said. "Take them down to Riverside Street and attend to them there."

The person addressed looked curiously at his partner.

"Anything wrong with this place?" he inquired.

His companion tapped a cigarette of fragrant quality upon the desk and lit it.

"Nothing actually wrong," he admitted. "I've got one of my psychic fits, that's all. I feel there's something moving around us I don't understand."

He touched a bell. A salesman in linen overalls answered the summons.

"Britten," he asked, "what was the report about that man Klein who was in this morning and bought some goods?"

"Perfectly straightforward, sir," was the prompt reply. "He has a small business in the Bethnal Green Road—been there for four or five years. He's a shoe manufacturer, all right, and the type that goes about trying new places to buy a little cheaper."

"Did he seem curious—ask for any other goods—make any remark about the stock?"

"Nothing to excite any suspicion, sir," the salesman assured his principal. "The only thing he did inquire twice about was whether we had any American offal for sale."

"You didn't take him down to the cellar?" the latter asked quickly.

"No, sir. I told him that we didn't stock it—not in our line at all."

Mr. Ellis smoked for a moment thoughtfully.

"You're a practical man, aren't you, Britten?" he asked. "Our predecessors here insisted that you knew all about the business."

"I ought to, sir. I've been in the trade for more than twenty years."

"In this man Klein's class of manufacturing, should you have thought that he would have used American offal?"

"No, I don't think I should," Britten acknowledged thoughtfully. "Max delivered the goods and had a careful look round. He certainly had no heel-building machinery."

Mr. Ellis scowled into space. Customers asking for American offal were very unwelcome visitors in Endale Street just then.

"How many barrels are there in the cellar?" he asked.

The man counted upon his fingers.

"Twenty-seven."

"Well, they're sold, and we may as well get them out of the way at once. Address the labels: Mr. Jacob Rubel, Leather Dealer, Barcelona. Telephone for a dray

(Continued on Page 106)

TO CONSUMMATE THE WONDER OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MECHANICAL ACHIEVEMENT DEMANDS CREATIVE ABILITY OF A PECULIAR AND HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ORDER. IT IS THE TASK OF ADROIT GENIUS, AND NOT OF CUMBERSOME GROUP-ENGINEERING. FINEST THINGS ARE VERY SELDOM THE RESULT OF GIANT PRODUCTION.

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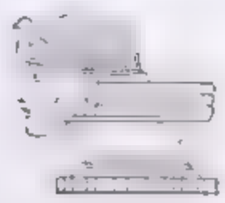

THESE NEW MODELS WILL COMMAND FIRST CONSIDERATION EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 105)

and have them delivered on board the Juanita, lying at Riverside Street docks, this afternoon. And, Britten ——"

"Yes, sir."

"—— if that fellow Klein comes in again, I'll see him myself."

"Very good, sir."

The man hurried off. Mr. Ellis opened the door and glanced out. In the warehouse was gloom and silence. In the far distance, Britten was speaking down a wall telephone to the railway company. He stepped back into the office.

"What's the trouble?" his partner asked him again. "No warnings in, are there?"

"Not a word," the other acknowledged. "By all the rules of the game, we should be as safe as though we were in the clouds. I doubled the watchers yesterday. Ludoff himself has a taxicab outside the big warehouse at the corner. No one could escape him. It's this weather gets on my nerves. Carry on here for a time, Maurice—don't go to Riverside Street."

The principal of the firm walked into the warehouse and, pushing open a swing door at the farther end, crossed another room apparently full of linen-shrouded merchandise. Opposite to him was a door let into the wall, and almost unnoticeable. He opened this by touching a spring, passed along a passage, descended two steps, and with a key opened a second and more formidable-looking door of sheet iron. Here he stepped into a different atmosphere. His feet fell upon a soft Turkey carpet. He touched an electric switch, and a very delightful man's sitting room, save that it was curiously destitute of windows, was revealed.

A correctly attired manservant came hurrying in.

"No reports?" Mr. Ellis asked swiftly.

"Nothing at all, sir."

"Both wires in order?"

"Absolutely, sir. I tested them a few minutes ago."

"See if Ludoff is still on his taxicab."

The man disappeared for a moment and returned.

"Still there, sir."

"The car is in the shed?"

"The engine has been going since eight o'clock, sir. Francis is at the wheel. He has fixed a new number plate and there are two spare ones under the cushions."

"I'm clearing out for a time," Mr. Ellis announced abruptly. "Everything in order at Riverside Street?"

"Everything, sir. Were you thinking of moving there?"

"For a night or two, perhaps," his master decided thoughtfully. "Take every precaution, but if you're sure the coast is clear, and there's no one hanging around, come down at eight o'clock. I want to go to the opera tonight, if possible."

"The usual code warning, sir, if there's anything disturbing?"

Mr. Ellis nodded. "They won't be changed until tomorrow. Mix me a strong brandy cocktail, Morrison."

The man crossed the room noiselessly, opened a handsome walnut cabinet, produced the necessary bottles, with some ice from a zinc pail, and a silver shaker. Mr. Ellis drained the contents of a beautiful Venetian glass which was handed to him a moment or two later and turned away. Outside the door, he hesitated, and took a fateful decision. Instead of making his way back to the warehouse, he descended a narrow flight of stairs and disappeared.

The drayman, with his load of twenty-seven barrels and a very satisfactory tip in his pocket, rumbled up Endale Street, crossed Market Street and, on his way along St. Thomas's Street, was mildly surprised by a signal to stop from a uniformed policeman who stepped out from the curb.

"What's wrong, governor?" he asked cheerfully. "Ain't exceeding the speed limit, am I?"

A man in a mackintosh buttoned up to his chin, who had been loitering behind the policeman, stepped forward.

"Obey orders quickly," he directed. "I am Detective Brett, of Scotland Yard, and there are several others of us here. Turn up under that arch to your right and stop at the second lamp."

"Crikey, guv'nor!" the man exclaimed, as he whipped up his horse. "I ain't stolen these barrels, I can promise you that—just got 'em from Ellis & Humphreys in Endale Street. Ain't nothing wrong with them, is there?"

"We are going to see," was the quick reply.

The dray, followed by the policeman and Brett, drove on a few yards and turned in under one of those great gloomy arches, tubular chasms of mystery and darkness. At a sign from the policeman, who jumped onto the step, the driver brought the dray to a standstill under the second of the flickering insufficient lamps. Down some dank stone steps came clattering half a dozen more constables, one of whom produced a bag of tools and mounted the dray. Its attendant lit his pipe.

"My Gawd!" he muttered between his teeth, and wondered no longer at the magnitude of the tip which reposed in his waistcoat pocket.

The top of the first barrel was soon off. Inside were closely packed fragments of reddish-brown leather which had evidently been cut through by a machine and left in the odd strips, here large, here small. From top to bottom, two stalwart policemen thrust in their hands and emptied the contents of the barrel onto the dray. When they had finished, they stood up, waiting for instructions.

"Another one," Brett ordered, unperturbed.

They got to work and repeated the process. This time, however, they were barely halfway through when one of the policemen uttered a little exclamation. From his fingers dangled a necklace of glittering stones. They all gathered round to stare at it with fascinated eyes—a cascade of falling light, glowing and fading with the flickering of the poor illumination. Then Brett's voice was heard, sharp and incisive:

"Four of you guard the dray. Bicycled police for Endale Street. Rush the warehouse—and have your firearms ready."

A dozen men or more hurried to the bicycles which were leaning against the wall. Brett himself leaped into a small police car which seemed to have made a miraculous appearance. In less than five minutes it drew up outside the wide-opened doors of Messrs. Ellis & Humphreys. A warehouseman, flicking some sides of leather with a feather brush, looked up inquiringly at their entrance, but made no effort to stop them. Brett was the first to mount the stairs and push open the door leading to the office. Britten, in his long linen duster, was apparently engaged in sorting some skins at the counter. The only other occupant of the place was a man seated at a desk, typing some letters. Brett, with his automatic in his hand and stooping a little, crossed the floor in half a dozen strides.

"Hands up!" he shouted, and his voice was like the crack of a revolver shot.

Mr. Humphreys, of Ellis & Humphreys, looked longingly at the drawer toward which his hand had wandered. Then he glanced into the steely blue eyes of the man who stood just out of reach, noted the tension of the forefinger, and his hesitation vanished. He raised his hands high above his head.

"Is this a holdup?" he asked calmly. "We have fourteen pounds and a small bill of exchange in the safe."

"Be quiet, Amos Wheatley, or whatever you call yourself down here!" Brett interrupted. "Where's the chief?"

The shadow of a smile flickered across those grim lips.

"He had a psychic feeling," was the dry response.

That night the evening papers were full of the dramatic recovery of practically the whole of the jewelry stolen in the great night raid upon the Warren Stores, the capture of one of the leaders of the gang and the detention of a number of its subordinates. Scotland Yard regained all its former prestige, compliments were showered upon the police and leading articles acclaimed their acumen. Brett was warmly congratulated by the chief commissioner and almost embraced by Absolom. Photographs appeared everywhere of the bogus warehouse and the secret abode adjoining it, which, without a doubt, had been one of the headquarters of the great criminal organization. Nevertheless, Philip Brett slept with a sob in his heart, for somewhere under the murky skies Matthew was smiling.

Lake McDonald, Glacier National Park, Montana

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The New Century Eight will be displayed for the first time at the New York automobile show next week. ¶ At the same time, Hupmobile distributors will be ready to show it to the throngs which will surely want to see it, in view of the tremendous public outpouring for the new Hupmobile Six just a few weeks ago.

H U P M O B I L E

ACCELERATING SENTIMENT

(Continued from Page 41)

were any doubt about her reception in America, they would not be ready to risk a large sum of money in the enterprise.

First, I declared, every plan we had in mind embraced the absolute protection of her amateur standing. We were to star her in a motion picture which would be shown all over the world. Then we would syndicate her newspaper articles and accelerate the sales of her novel and the subsequent books she would write. We would also put her on the stage as the star of a musical comedy. I talked everything but professional tennis and smeared plenty of icing on the beautiful birthday cake I was baking up by offering her a substantial cash bonus, with an absolute guaranty of the entire amount to be named in the contract.

All this oratory was verbal shadow boxing. What I really wanted was some hint from her as to the amount of money necessary to interest her. It soon developed that the figure she had in mind was large. Shortly after the Armistice she had been approached by someone who had offered her $200,000. That's a lot of money, folks, even when you say it fast. I spavined my fountain pen trying to figure all that dough out in francs. We chirped along for another hour and then I sent for a photographer to snap mamma, Suzanne and myself out in the garden. Suzanne autographed several copies of her book and many photographs. Then Mamma Lenglen invited me back into the villa, where she poured me out some 1847 Oporto. I drew up an optional agreement, Suzanne signed it and mamma celebrated the situation by giving me some more Oporto. I had interested Suzanne in an American tour. Her figure was $200,000, but I knew that old Doc Pyle would slice that sum right down the back like a finnan haddie.

I returned to the Negresco and started shooting cables under the Atlantic. Suzanne was worth $100,000 for an American tour, but not in motion pictures or on the stage. She would have to do her stuff on the tennis court. In less than thirty minutes I got a telephone from the Lenglen villa. Suzanne must see me at once. I was not to do anything with the option paper she had signed until she saw me. She was coming over to the hotel and would meet me in the ladies' library.

The Game of Business

Accompanying the tennis queen was a young man.

"My manager," said Suzanne sweetly—"Major Charles Wilen."

The major was an American, and while he was telling me about himself, I was figuring out methods of easing this new managerial menace out of the picture.

Wilen showed great interest in the document signed by Suzanne and asked to see it right away. I was too old a promoter to be habeas-corpused that way and I told him he could see a photographic copy the next day. The copy itself was in the dark room being multiplied. Suzanne excused herself and the major and I got right down to cases. He told me that he was pleased to meet me and that he was glad to deal with a man who spoke dollars and cents. He called Suzanne back and asked her to tell me that he had absolute authority to make deals for her. Suzanne corroborated this and left

"Mr. Pickens," said the maje, "I have planned to take Suzanne to America for a long time. There is a lot of money waiting for her over there and I am not going to allow you or Pyle to put anything over on her."

"Major," I replied, "neither Mr. Pyle nor myself is in the habit of putting anything over on anybody. We realize that Miss Lenglen would be a great attraction in the United States and we want her over there. Everything will be on the up-and-up. When we come to terms the money will be deposited in a weather-proof bank."

We conned back and forth like a couple of rival ticket scalpers and finally signed a tentative agreement which called for Cash and Carry to visit France in August and conclude financial arrangements. There was no doubt that the major was the real manager of Suzanne. I didn't mention outright professionalism to the major, but hinted that Suzanne's success in the movies would depend on the publicity acquired by plenty of tennis playing.

Following the French championships and the Wimbledon tournament, Cash and Carry came to Paris with his attorney, William Hayward, who is not only a lawyer but also has the Legion of Honor won in the World War. He is also a battling colonel, which delighted me, for a colonel is one up on a major at all times. After meeting Major Wilen in Paris, Pyle and Colonel Hayward trouped to Pourville, where the Lenglens were spending a month with an uncle—who belied such a close relationship by not claiming to be one of Suzanne's managers.

Open Season on Amateurs

Here is where Cash and Carry did some of his greatest manipulating. Lenglen's tour would be a financial bloomer if we had to thump around the bush and camouflage details of her activities in America. Her books, syndicated stories, stage appearances and other methods of compounding financial interest might flatten out. But should Suzanne, the perennial amateur, blossom out as a good square twelve-by-twelve professional, the tour would be a success, and Pyle, Suzanne and myself would all own tickets on the gravy train.

So Pyle spilled his smoothest line of conversational oil. He was ably seconded by Colonel Hayward, whose Legion of Honor ribbon was not without effect on the Lenglen jury, consisting of father, mother and daughter. Even uncle sat in as an alternate delegate and kept a keen eye on Suzanne's eyebrows, which she manipulated to control the situation as a chairman uses a gavel.

Pyle caucused the convention from time to time, but for some reason Mamma Lenglen did not choose that Suzanne should turn pro. She was finally won over and so many signatures were signed to the contract that it looked like a petition.

The next morning sports writers and tennis officials were unanimously astonished by the cabled news that Lenglen had turned professional and would tour America under Cash and Carry's indorsement. After the cables were verified by Suzanne, there came a shower of articles saying that she could come over, but that she would go right back. There was no one in the United States to play unless Pyle intended to teach me the game.

That Mr. Pyle is deeper than a wildcat oil well. He allowed the officials and sports writers to nibble this negative bait until it was all chewed up. He had plenty of announcements to make, but he was milking one cow at a time. The uproar over Suzanne's signature lasted until we got back to America, and then Cash and Carry bombed conservative dugouts with the statement that Lenglen had somebody to play in America—and that somebody was Mary K. Browne!

But where were Mary and Suzanne to play? That was the next question propounded by the mournful glee club. When Greek meets Greek, the tug of war is all the fiercer if one of the Greeks is an ask-me-another boy and the other belongs to Now-I'll-Tell-You-One Lodge 463. Pyle told them one, for by this time I was hustling around America, Canada and Cuba, leasing auditoriums, coliseums, arenas, car barns and any other buildings that had roofs and entrances.

Cash and Carry beat them to the next question by displaying a huge indoor tennis court. This cost $10,000 and was made of cork, rubber and canvas. It provided a uniform court on which the players could scamper every scheduled evening of the tour.

There was still another query. Who would care enough to see Susie and Mary play? And the ones who would care about the contests—would they care enough to pay? This was one question the professional worriers shared with Pyle. But Cash and Carry was like the darky crossing the river. He had waded so far that he was swimming and it was too late to turn back. Suzanne arrived on the Paris at this time and her arrival was ballyhooed beautifully. Cash and Carry tossed a couple more big chips into the jack pot by announcing that he had signed Howard Kinsey and Harvey Snodgrass.

By this time, even Lindbergh could not have been photographed unless he held a tennis racket in his hand. Paul Feret, prominent French player, tripped over the dotted line, and amateur tennis sorrowfully turned three more pictures toward the wall.

But there was another shock left in the Pyle batteries. He still required a male tennis star of the first rank, and opened up group negotiations by wire, telephone and personal representatives with the big-timers.

Three days after Lenglen's arrival on the Paris, Pyle gave Suzanne a dinner on that boat. It was attended by newspaper men and noted sportsmen from Canada and the United States. The food was fine, and the dessert consisted of the news that Pyle had captured Vincent Richards.

Vince and his wife got a great reception when they walked down the main staircase after a dramatic introduction by Big Bill Edwards. All the performers were now signed up and we were ready to move out on the main line. Richards' decision to become a salaried employe really rattled the crockery in exclusive pantries.

The tour opened in Madison Square Garden on October 9, 1926. Prices ranged from two to five dollars. Suzanne was making her first appearance in America since that melancholy day at Forest Hills when she walked off the lot. She was back in a country which she felt to be not too friendly; she was a professional, and therefore entitled to none of the neutral consideration which is an amateur's birthright.

The Main Attraction

The entire tour hinged on the reception tendered to Suzanne that evening in Madison Square Garden. Even though I am a man who allows his finger nails to grow long when there is a dollar to be picked up, I really felt sorry for the French girl when I rapped on the door of her dressing room and told her to hustle. The crowd was waiting for the tennis business to start. Lenglen was very nervous and had an imported cry before appearing. Then she braced up and marched out under the mammoth arc lights like the daughter of the regiment, while the band ripped off the Marseillaise and the crowd whooped in the affirmative

Suzanne had arrived. I don't know whether it was Suzanne, the Marseillaise—which tune is thrilling enough to make a phantom do the Charleston in a haunted house—or whether it was C. C. Pyle, who lifted the gypsy curse off the old castle. I rather think it was Pyle's ballyhooing.

Lenglen hadn't been playing a minute with Mary K. Browne before her status in America was declaring dividends. She amazed the spectators by her brilliant playing. The critics were fair and heaped her with praise. However, you wouldn't have had a doubt as to the reception waiting for Lenglen that evening if I had started by telling you that the gate was $34,000. People do not pay that kind of money to come inside and hoot.

Then followed a snappy tour of thirty-nine other cities in the States, Canada and Cuba. Suzanne's popularity continued to blossom and throw off sparks. Here are the vital statistics in some of the towns we made on the tour:

Chicago, $19,000; Cleveland, $13,000; Boston, $16,000; Montreal, $15,000; Toronto, $14,000; San Francisco, $14,500; Los Angeles, $22,000. Many of the other towns assayed more than $10,000 for one night's gleaning, proving that the people did not come to view professional tennis, but did come to see Lenglen. The ballyhoo standard established in New York was never allowed to simmer down to a diminishing lullaby. We kept pounding the dishpans, sounding the cymbals and doing everything essential to annoy the welkin. Advance men went ahead of the special train to stir up the publicity.

A Famous Partner

An expert tennis writer made the grand tour with Lenglen. There was a woman fashion writer on the train. There were also star feature men and a battery of photographers. I am proud of our efforts in the portrait line. After we got through posing Suzanne, art editors fought for close-ups and fashion magazines demanded full pages of her in Paris gowns and sport suits.

Sports writers along the route were amazed at the gracious manner in which she received them after an all-day ride in a Pullman. There was no spoiled darling about Suzanne, and although Cash and Carry claims credit, I think that her attitude was due to the fact that she was a genuine professional and therefore free of the involved bookkeeping and financial worries of an amateur. Each week she received her money and she didn't have to hide it. She had also rid herself of a thousand managers. Pyle was her manager now, and Pickens was his prophet.

Only after playing in thirty-five cities did she miss a scheduled engagement. After returning from Havana, she got a severe attack of tonsilitis. This caused a shuffling of five dates, which were later played.

This tour was spangled with the usual twenty-four-sheets and other strong billing. As in the case of Nurmi, we had to educate the public up to Lenglen, who is now a very rich girl.

We old-time sports promoters were thankful if newspapers were generous enough to run items concerning our stars, for daily publicity was the life of our game. But Cash and Carry was of the new school, which figured that if a thing was good enough to print it was good enough to pay for. He has made a science of promoting and leaves nothing to chance. The old glamour has departed from ballyhooing, for in the old days of hit-and-run we old-timers never knew whether we were going to lunch with the mayor or have dinner with the jailer.

My promoting days started early in life in Birmingham, Alabama, when I went into partnership with another young fellow whom I considered almost my equal as a genius. The lad's name was Thomas Edison. He had just invented a cast-iron machine with a human voice. If you had been in Alabama in the late '80's you would have seen Will H. Pickens standing in front of one of these machines with a leather bag slung over his shoulder. He opened the back of this iron monster with a key and milked the interior of five-cent pieces, frowning every few seconds as he tossed a worthless lead slug into the gutter.

Having separated the nickel alloy from the pure unadulterated lead, he snapped his leather bag, carefully changed the precious cylinder records and went moodily on his way. For the accumulated nickels did not belong to Will Pickens. All he received for his labor was four dollars a week and all the

(Continued on Page 116)

VISIBLE OR INVISIBLE SLIDE FASTENER

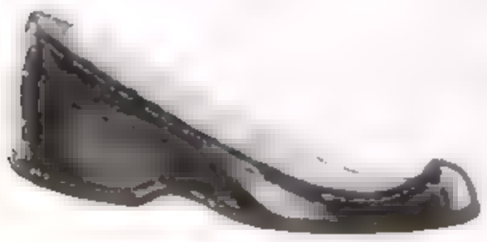
Both styles also have snap fastener with two adjustments under the smart cuff which can be turned over or up. This galosh is about one-third lighter than last season's styles. Fabric tops in rich colors; moiré rubber foxing. Cost no more than old-style galoshes.

ADJUSTABLE SNAP FASTENER

The "Betty" has a snap fastener on the adjustable strap beneath the turn-up cuff. The tongue spreads out when the top is opened up, making the galosh easy to put on or take off. Weight, only eleven ounces each! Made with attractive fabrics in gray, black or tan.

Smart styles... exclusive fabrics... new moire effects

This light-weight rubber retains its glossy finish even after long service. Our special construction makes the men's rubber (below) hug the shoe without gaping; the Conformo sole shapes itself to the lines of the shoe, made in medium and wide toes.



In rubbers and galoshes that are amazingly light, trim and colorful

TO MEET the need for foot protection that modish shoes require, Ball-Band offers these interesting new models in footwear that braves the storm.

Now every curve of the smart silhouette is carried out, to the point of the toe and the turn of the heel, by such tailoring as only Ball-Band does.

Now fabrics of richest texture—produced in Ball-Band's own mills—complete the modish costume . . . and in a choice of tan, gray and black carry through even on the color scheme! Moiré rubber foxing adds a distinctive touch, while materials of excellent quality give long wear with amazing lightness. The fine knit linings can be readily washed with a mild soap and soft brush.

Look for the Red Ball

Ball-Band's patented Monopul slide fastener—sure to work, easy to operate and light and flexible on the foot—insures trim lines around the ankle and leg. Or if you prefer, you may have the style with smart adjustable strap and snap fastener.

The Red Ball appears on all Ball-Band rubbers and galoshes. Be sure you see it. Ask your dealer for Ball-Band by name. If he does not furnish the style and size you want, write us, for our illustrated booklet and the name of a dealer who can supply you.

BALL-BAND

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO.
467 Water Street, Mishawaka, Indiana

BOOTS • LIGHT RUBBERS • HEAVY RUBBERS • ARCTICS
OALOSHES • SPORT AND WORK SHOES • WOOL BOOTS AND SOCKS

The

ON DISPLAY THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY JANUARY 5TH . .

Announcing

VICTORY SIX

BY DODGE BROTHERS

From an engineering standpoint The Victory is radically new, radically different and thoroughly original—is literally years ahead of its time in many vital features.

In a very real sense, too, it compares with no other car or class, because NO car, either here or abroad, provides features that are comparable. To enjoy these advantages you must buy THIS car, for elsewhere they simply do not exist.

Revolutionary New Principles of Design

1. For the first time since the invention of the automobile, the chassis and body of The Victory are a single integral unit—the wide, deep Victory chassis frame, flush with the lines of the body, replaces the customary body sills. (Heretofore, the body was mounted on a sill and both in turn mounted on the chassis.)

2. For the first time in history, battleship construction (i.e., double steel walls) is here applied to the motor car.

Spectacular Performance

The results of these, and other basic innovations are astonishing in their effect on every phase of motor car value; beauty, comfort, safety, strength and most impressive and important of all—*performance itself*.

With chassis and body a single unit, there are 330 fewer parts—175 pounds less weight—and an extremely low center of gravity.

The results are greater motor efficiency—increased power—quicker pick-up—greater stability and flexibility in relation to load—an easier car to handle—a faster car to drive!

21 miles to the gallon at 25 miles per hour is precisely what you can expect—with sustained high speed all day long at instant call!

Drive over cobbles and await the usual discomfort—it will never occur! The Victory is the smoothest riding car, for its type, ever built.

Safe, Strong and Stable

Because the chassis frame conforms precisely with the body lines—and because of the car's low center of gravity (weight close to the ground) The Victory is remarkably stable—tipping, skidding and swaying are reduced to a point positively negligible!

Turn a sharp corner and you will understand!

And the double steel walls mean double protection in case of accident—double the safety of any type yet known. A staunch body, with doors that close with a substantial and non-metallic snap.

Quiet and Comfortable

The aim of all engineering is simplicity, for simplicity means economy—strength—SILENCE. There are only 8 major parts in The Victory body—and they are welded into a single unit. Not a joint to squeak or rattle. A *silent* body.

And Dodge Brothers powerful new six-cylinder motor—specially engineered for The Victory—preserves this luxurious quietness at all speeds.

A Car of Striking Beauty

Body and chassis built as a single unit—without the customary body sill—permits lower over-all height with liberal head-room and road-clearance.

Splash shields, a constant source of noise and annoyance are replaced by the wide, deep Victory chassis frame; wide, heavy-gauge one-piece fenders and drum-type head-lamps are provided. Upholstery, hardware, instruments, color combinations and other appointments satisfy the most exacting demands of style and good taste.

Indeed, you have a distinct and thrilling impression that the car in which you are riding is long, low, swift and safe—a car of surpassing originality and smartness down to the smallest detail.

$1095

4-DOOR SEDAN, F. O. B. DETROIT

WITH THE SENIOR SIX AND AMERICA'S FASTEST FOUR

Towels
for shavers
little or *big*

It isn't so bad washing up if you can use Boott Towels!

Mothers like Boott Towels because they are efficient, economical, absorbent, reasonable, long-wearing, and they launder bright-white.

Buy Boott Towels in packages of six or singly from your dealer, or send 25 cents (stamps or check) for full sized towel. Boott Mills, Dept. E 17, Lowell, Mass.

Makers of Boott Serim and Serim Cleansed

BOOTT MILLS
ABSORBENT
TOWELS
WIPE DRY

Blue Band
VELVET
PENCILS

Used by millions

5¢
at all dealers

The Lead has special strength with perfect smoothness and softness. Velvety black, yet it is readily erased

The Rubber is of the famous *Venus* quality

The Costly Wood is a specially selected cedar, treated to give best satisfaction in sharpening.

The Walnut Finish and *Blue Band* make it easily recognized.

Write for Sample

AMERICAN PENCIL CO., 218 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.
"Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils"

See Page 156

"I Don't Care"

That is what your finger nails *should*, if they are untidy. Refined men and women ensure neat nails *always*, by using Gem, the handy pocket manicure that quickly cleans, files and trims the nails in odd moments. Ask your dealer

The H. C. COOK CO., 7 Beaver St., Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers NAIL

Gem 35¢

(Continued from Page 112)

lead slugs he could collect. One day I decided that a nickel in Alabama was anybody's property, and gathering my four dollars together I hired an iron monster from a phonograph company in the South for three spinners—a spinner being the robust outdoor word for dollar. The extra spinner was held back for promotional purposes.

The busiest corner in Birmingham was my area of conquest. Until Will Pickens started operations, the busiest day experienced by that corner was when the elephant stepped out of the circus parade and sat down to think things over. The three spinners merely leased the talking apparatus for twenty-four hours. I had to make good in a day or go back to work. I soon informed Birmingham that Professors Will Pickens and Tom Edison were ready to present all the latest songs, both comic and sentimental, through the medium of the iron machine with the human voice. I spent my fourth and last spinner for a huge sign which explained that Professor Edison was the inventor of the electric light. Professor Pickens needed no introduction. He was a home-town product making good.

A Degree for Thomas Edison

That old mechanism played a good many tunes. Outside of Sousa's Band, another performer I remember who featured the program was Dan W. Quinn, singing Molly, and I, and the Baby. The machine played nothing but cylindrical records. These slid over a tube-like arrangement set in motion by power derived from electricity generated in huge wet-cell batteries. Instead of the usual broadcasting horn which features the phonograph and radio today, the old machines were equipped with five ear tubes and all concerts were strictly private. My first day's business took me off the nut.

"The nut" is another circus expression, meaning overhead expenses. It is derived through a logical sequence of reasoning. The old-time carnivals, which are now taboo in many towns, carried along in their wake a riffraff of sharpers, grifters and other doubtful lads. The carnival wagons travel with their sides firmly held in place by bolts and nuts. Even in the old days many towns were hostile to carnivals and itinerant side shows, and it became necessary to send a man ahead of each show to buy off law officers who were willing to submit to reason. This money was known as grease. After the authorities were greased, it was possible to roll into town, unscrew the nuts holding up the sides of the wagons and start to trim the yokels. The amount of grease paid out to officials became known as nut money. In other words, this graft had to be paid before the carnival owner could take off a nut. You would be surprised at the number of big business men who use this term as a short substitute for overhead expenses.

My one machine was successful until some Birmingham crape hanger discovered that Professor Edison's talking automaton was destroying the delicate thingumbobs inside the human ear. I counteracted this propaganda by getting a prominent doctor to write a testimonial stating that the iron machine with the human voice would cure deafness, stuttering and falling of the arches. Its musical stimulus coupled with the gentle vibrations set up by the electric batteries acted as a massage on the tympanic membrane, thereby clearing up auditory afflictions. I made my first twenty-four-sheet of this testimonial and promoted Professors Edison and Pickens by adding an M.D. to their titles.

Professor Edison rewarded my incognito endeavors in his behalf by inventing a fourteen-tube machine which would collect seventy cents at a clip. This latest appliance stimulated business and I was soon able to announce a concert tour through Fayette, Shelby, Blount and Jefferson counties, featuring the cast-iron singer and its fourteen tubes at five cents a tube. Towns clamored for booking, and Pickens and Edison became famous—in the order named.

High-school sororities, ladies' clubs, the Alabama Odd Fellows and other organizations spent jolly evenings grouped around the iron entertainer with tubes held solemnly in their ears. It was a mysterious way of torturing an evening without actually killing it, for no one without a tube in his ear could hear a thing. I had a good list of songs, but the most popular was May Irwin's famous New Orleans colored bully song, When I Walk That Levee Round.

Then Professor Edison swamped his junior and unknown partner by perfecting the horn and doing away with the rubber appendages and the ear nips. Phonograph music became public property and some vision-intoxicated prophet predicted that some day there would be a phonograph in every home. I went out of business, figuring among my total losses a sea-green Prince Albert coat and a high hat which I had worn only through three mild Southern winters. I was forced to drop the "Professor" from my name, but got some revenge by revoking Edison's medical degree.

By this time I had an incurable taste for profiting by other men's efforts, and authorities on fungus and barnacles could classify me as a promoter. When roller skates became popular I ran rinks. When bicycles sped by the roller skates, I promoted the first bike races in Alabama. The first bike sprinter I managed was the man who trimmed me in a match race. I became his promoter because I was determined to beat him some way.

The Box-Office Value of Bandages

When they reduced the size of the front wheel of the bicycle and that popular vehicle became known as a safety, I looked around for something more dangerous to other people. Barney Oldfield sprang to the front while the motor car was still a dreaded Juggernaut, and the two of us cheerfully capitalized sudden death while our screaming twenty-four-sheets joyfully hypothecated disaster. Barney's vogue was built up on the romance of freshly healed accidents and the lure of catastrophes yet to happen. In my opinion he was the greatest driver who ever skidded a turn, and he made his rep in the days when the tool box was bigger than the engine.

Oldfield's great box-office value lay in his utter disregard of danger. He had no more nerves than a sawdust doll. I used to ballyhoo his Green Dragon as roaring around the track, but it actually wheezed. It was in September, 1904, at the Fair Grounds in St. Louis, that Barney, blinded by dust, swerved through the track railing and killed two men hired to police an outer fence two furlongs distant. Barney's injuries were almost fatal, but when he recovered he was a national figure. A year later Barney banged into the fence around the Grosse Pointe track in Detroit. His scalp was badly lacerated by the rough-lumber shampoo, and the doctor wound so much gauze around his skull that Barney looked like a Hindu prince. Racing dates were so close together in those days that he was compelled to wear the bandages in the next five cities. I was sorry that he ever took them off, for the showmanship was good for an extra 10,000 attendance in every town we played.

In 1909, during one of Barney's retirements, I got together the greatest racing team ever assembled with the object of ballyhooing a certain motor car. My crew consisted of Lewis Strang, Bob Burman, Louis Chevrolet and George DeWitt. Later I added Arthur Chevrolet, Ray Harroun and Jimmy Ryall. My job was to promote cities and states into encouraging road and track races for a new brand of cars.

Although the war interrupted automobile racing for several years, it is still a considerable sport in the Middle West. Indianapolis claims crowds running up to 200,000 for its Decoration Day meet and hangs up liberal prizes. Provided that the winner of the race has been well up in front during the contest, he can draw down around $40,000 for first place and lap money. There is another $60,000 distributed to the other drivers. Tommy Milton is the only driver who ever won two of these Decoration Day races. It is a racking test of 500 miles on a brick speedway.

A Free Show and No Audience

There is no more money in promoting airplane exhibitions. Just last summer I stood outside of San Diego and saw 200 army and navy planes swooping and tumbling in the air like tame pigeons. It was a free show, but few citizens were there to waste a glance on it. It made me hark back fifteen years, when Lincoln Beachey was in his prime and my pockets were the granaries for a weekly harvest of round dollars. Now people wouldn't pay a split dime to see an elephant go aloft in a paper bag. The Government has a monopoly on the exhibition game and I weep when I see the silver-coated Los Angeles floating in the skies without the aid of my accelerating twenty-four-sheets.

However, it was all in fun, and I made many sincere attachments during my early career, the sincerest of those attachments being furnished in many cases by the county sheriff. And although the most lasting of my friendships was and is with Barney Oldfield, the dare-devil I think of oftenest is Lincoln Beachey as he flew upside down over San Francisco Bay with his wings closing, one by one, like the shutters on a village store at twilight.

And when both those shutters were folded, Lincoln had closed his shop.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Pickens.

Echo Lake, White Mountains, New Hampshire

Champion Spark Plugs are Standard Equipment on the New Ford car

More attention has been attracted by the new Ford car than by the introduction of any automobile in the past decade.

This is because Ford engineers and designers virtually started unhampered by anything that had been done before.

Every piece of material, part and accessory was selected after the most exhaustive tests.

Champion Spark Plugs are standard equipment on the new Ford car, as they have been on Ford cars and trucks for 16 years and Fordson Tractors since their introduction. The selection of Champions was made after exhaustive tests by Ford engineers.

Ford engineers selected Champions because they proved for themselves that Champion is the *better* spark plug.

The Champion 3X Spark Plug, standard equipment on the new Model A Ford, price 75c.

Champion X, for Model T Ford, 60c.

DependableChampionSpark Plugs, keeping pace with every motor development, met the exacting Ford requirements. They are standard equipment in the new Ford car, just as they have been standard equipment on Ford cars and trucks for the past sixteen years.

No greater tribute could have been paid to Champion.

It is better because of its sillimanite core, the finest insulator ever devised, which is practically unbreakable and retards carbon formation. It is better because of its two-piece, gas-tight construction which permits it to be taken apart for cleaning. It is better because of its special analysis electrodes which do not pit or corrode.

It is for these very same reasons that Champions are regular equipment on cars in every price class from Ford to Rolls-Royce.

CHAMPION Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO.

ROSS *Cam and Lever* STEERING

Makes Steering Easier
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Ross is Standard Equipment
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California Transit
Clinton
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Gramm Bernstein
Gramm
Guilder
Hahn
Indiana
International
Kelly-Springfield
Kenworth
Kissel
Larrabee
Maccar
Menominee
Moreland
Motor Transit
Peninsula
Pickwick
Rehberger
Safeway Six Wheel
Santa Rosa
Schacht
Selden
Service
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Sterling
Stewart
Stoughton
Studebaker
Twin Coach
Uppercu
White
Wilcox
Wisconsin
Yellow Coach

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Abbott & Downing
Acme
American La France
Armleder
Austin
Autocar
Available
Backhus
Biederman
Brockway
Butler
Chicago
Clark Tructractor
Clinton
Clydesdale
Coleman
Commerce
Corbitt
Day-Elder
DeMartini
Denby
Diamond T
Dixon
Doane
Duplex
Eagle
Electruck
Elgin Street Sweeper
Fageol
F W D
Garford
G M C.
Gotfredson
Graham Bros.
Gramm Bernstein
Gramm
Grass Premier
Guilder
Hahn
Hal Fur
Harvey
Hawkeye
Hendrickson
Hug
Indiana
Kearns
Kelly-Springfield
Kenworth
K. Z.
Kissel
Kleiber
Lange
Larrabee
Lehigh
LeMoon
Luverne
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Menominee
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Netco
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Parker
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Cam and Lever Steering Gears
EASIER STEERING--LESS ROAD SHOCK

REPLACEMENTS Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gears for replacement on the following cars are available through dealers and jobbers everywhere. For complete information and prices, check name of your car; give model; write name and address in margin below, tear off and mail to Ross Gear and Tool Company, Lafayette, Indiana.

☐ FORD ☐ OVERLAND ☐ CHEVROLET ☐ DODGE ☐ PONTIAC ☐ BUICK ☐ OLDSMOBILE ☐ OAKLAND ☐ ESSEX ☐ HUDSON

A SAGA OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 13)

opened and the sirupy wine mingled with water in the great bronze mixing bowls, and while the flute players made melody and some danced they had feasted gluttonously long after the sun had gone down and the red glow vanished from the houses of the city and all the ways were darkened.

At last, he, the chief, had arisen, had authoritatively bidden wives and sweethearts to stand off from their men, had by the flare of torches led his crew, riotously singing, down the path to the ship. There, at the water's edge, they had made the final piously prudent sacrifice to Poseidon, had hauled upon the rope, had scrambled into the rocking craft, had rowed her out into the calm sea, had hoisted mast and sail, waiting for the land breeze which would spring up an hour before midnight. For, as the meticulously accurate Homer knew, those of Ithaca who would voyage southward had perforce to harden their hearts and, in variance to the otherwise strict rule, navigate at night. All day in those waters, during the summer season, a stiff breeze blows from the south, forbidding progress in that direction to square-sailed ships incapable of tacking; conversely, at night a land wind blows with equal regularity from the north-northeast.

Very ordinary and normal had been all that procedure. There was no one but believed that they were going to cruise in the usual way for heavy-cargoed Phœnician round ships creeping up through the Ionian Islands to the ports at the head of the Adriatic where the precious amber came down from the North. Not even to old Amphilocos, the pilot, or to Leukos, his foster brother, now sleeping upon the other *ikrion* at the prow where in the daylight he would stand as lookout, had he, the deep-counseled, breathed a word of his project—of that breath-taking audacious project which had seethed in him all the winter while he hunted among the mountains or with his own hands fashioned furniture and carpentry work for his *megaron*.

Where the far-voyaging Phœnician ships could go, even into that mysterious monster-filled westward sea whence they returned laden with unimaginable treasure, could he go also. Now—and his heart leaped in the intoxicating sense of it—was he at last launched upon that surely long and perilous adventure, remote from the familiar headlands of the coasts they hugged, the mere suspicion of which would have sent his men into terror-maddened mutiny. As he sat, hour after hour, with an occasional word to the pilot steering a necessarily still normal course within the long barrier of Same, he racked his brain for some subtle scheme that should delude them into acceptance of his will.

He glanced at their sleeping innocence, rose, went a step or two to the crudely carved wooden image to be found under the high-curved poop of every ship, bowed profoundly and reverently before it—still, hardly knowing why, men salute the quarter-deck—muttered a prayer the pilot could not hear, took from his own neck his precious collar of gold and amber, hung it upon the goddess. Surely Athene, the gray-eyed, the wise one, potent in her divine virginity, would send counsel to him who was a king, himself originally of the race of gods.

There was flat calm and intolerable sun. Over a glassy sea of vivid blue the men rowed feebly, their all but nude bodies crusted with salt, their tongues protruding, black and swollen, from their bearded mouths, while from the *ikrion* Odysseus, as gauntly hideous as they, sang to them in an odd cracked voice the rowing song that kept their oars to the beat. Two days was it since they had drunk the last drop from the water jars—and to drink the sirupy undiluted wine seemed but to add to that maddening thirst; five days was it since, obedient to the oracle, they had stood directly westward from the watering place where the fresh stream—ah, the ecstasy of such a stream!—ran down to the beach on the isle of Zakynthos.

In the middle of the second night of their voyage that oracle had awakened them, as after happy feasting on some wild goats, they lay asleep around the ship pulled up on the sand—a mysterious voice that came uncannily, in a formidable reverberation, from the steep surrounding cliffs.

"Men of Ithaca!" it had cried. "Men of Ithaca! Row your swift ship whither the sun sinks into Oceanus. There shall ye find rich treasure that shall make all of ye kings, envied by all when ye return to rocky Ithaca. Obey not, and never shall ye see homes and wives again!"

The voice had reiterated this imperative command after they had all awakened and, shivering with superstitious awe, sat listening. Then had they run, full of this marvel, to the cave just above the beach which Odysseus had chosen for his resting place, alone, since the cave was reputed sacred, inhabited by a nymph, and men there might have dreams which foretold the future. They had found him in a profound slumber. Roused by their excitement, he had listened skeptically, had made them repeat the awesome words, had then confessed that in a dream Athene herself had come to him, had shown him a vision of piled-up bars of gold, of multitudes of fair women, on a coast just over the rim of the sea where the sun goes down, had bidden him load the gold upon the ship and take the fairest of the women captive.

"Yet might it be a false dream," he had added craftily, "sent to lure us far from the havens of Ithaca. Better is it that we seek and plunder the ships of the Phoinikoi."

But they had insisted that the oracle must be obeyed, that his dream was plain confirmation of its truth, and he had gone back with them to the beach for more talk around the glimmering ashes of the cooking fires. At last the dawn had broken, and after a sacrifice to Athene and another to the unknown male deity who evidently inhabited this place, and having eaten, they had filled the water jars from the stream and pushed the ship off until she floated, casting a pure green shadow into the crystalline blue depths where the fishes darted.

Vigorously, singing and reminding one another of that wondrous promised wealth, they had rowed bravely westward all day long, cleaving with high-flung, glittering spray the waves sent at them by a south-westerly wind, and the calm of sunset had found them far out on an empty sea. Somewhat disconcerting though was the absence of any land on which they might, as the rule was in any waters save those near and familiar, beach the ship and sleep in safety through the hours of darkness, they had nevertheless kept up their spirits. The great bronze mixing bowl had been placed upon the center gangway running the length of the ship, and one part of wine and five or six parts of water mingled for each man to dip into as he would. The skins of barley flour had been opened, and the meal mixed with water into a thick uncooked paste.

They had eaten and drunk and poured libations to Athene and Poseidon, and talked noisily of the land rich in gold and women which surely they would reach on the morrow. Sitting on the *ikrion* with Amphilocos and Leukos, Odysseus had supped also, had in a loud voice that could be overheard in the sudden silence from the rowing thwarts told confidential stories of marvelous islands in that direction, described to him once, he said, by a Phœnician pilot flushed with wine. Mast down and oars shipped, they had at last settled themselves to sleep in the darkness which overspread the calm sea. But in the night the northeast wind had risen, had blown so freshly that, lest they should be swamped, they had been forced to raise the mast and hoist the sail, which, by the orders of Odysseus, was braced to make the utmost possible distance to the westward, keeping upon the right hand Orion, bright amid the multitude of stars.

With the next morning that wind had not died down but, under a black-and-gray sky of tattered cloud streamers, had increased to a screaming fury that strained the mast in its wedge-tightened socket and almost tore the close-reefed sail from the yard. They had had now no option but to run straight before it, wallowing in the great waves that threatened to overleap the high poop as they raced foaming past, curling hungrily ere they fell to a spread of hissing, boiling whiteness that was sucked up under the next rearing crest.

Once, in a terrifyingly ferocious squall of blinding rain, the heavens curtained with low-hanging clouds, it had seemed—and they had shrieked as one of the mariners had pointed—that they had had a dreadful glimpse of the angry Poseidon himself, monstrous, whelmed in mist and spume, his gray beard, his gray hair blowing out before his awful black vagueness of body, his white coursers tossing and leaping as they drew him rapidly over the tumultuous waters which were his realm. On the *ikrion* Odysseus himself had taken the steering oar, exerting all his strength and all his skill to keep the violently pitching ship from broaching broadside to the sea. Below him, between the undecked rowing thwarts, the men bailed desperately to keep down the flood which leaked through the overstressed seams and came over the gunwale in sheets of spray. There had been a disaster when some of the precious water jars had broken loose and smashed.

For two days and two nights that gale had continued, unallayed by vows and supplications to Poseidon, to the stolid wooden Athene streamingly wet under the high-curved sternpost. They had despaired of life; some of them huddled in motionless misery, their cloaks drenched through, renouncing further effort, while yet the others bailed and Odysseus still stood at the steering oar. At last, when on the third morning the sun had broken through the clouds and the sky had cleared hearteningly to brilliant blue, the wind had veered suddenly, had blown hard from the southwest. They had only just had time to get the ship round in the lull which had warned the experience of Odysseus. Again, hour after hour, they had raced helplessly before it, smashing through a confused sea, no longer with the faintest idea of their whereabouts. When, with the going down of the sun, the wind had died and the sea no longer foamed and buffeted them, they had discovered that there was no more drinking water, nor was there any land upon any horizon.

There had been a minute or two of poignant panic, in which even the old pilot had torn his beard, until Odysseus had come forward to them on the *ikrion* and smilingly, with unexpectedly cheerful voice, bidden them pour the wine of libation and sing the chant of thanksgiving to Athene, who puissantly had saved them. Surely with the next dawn would she reveal to them the promised land of gold and women and flowing streams; they had but to row toward it as the oracle had commanded. Reassured a little by his authoritative confidence, they had piously performed the rite, had sung the chant in a unison of voices that made them momentarily forget the loneliness of the sea. Then, lowering sail and mast, they had commenced to row in the sunset track, had rowed onward desperately through the windless night, keeping the Great Bear ever upon their right hand, in horrible fear of the thirst which began among them.

That next dawn, however, had brightened over a glassy sea of still unbroken horizon. The rowers had drawn in their oars, had stood up to gaze around in haggard eagerness, had ejaculated in despair, and some had wept. And then a madness of mutiny had come upon them. Turning toward the *ikrion*, they had shouted frenziedly that the oracle was false, that it had but lured them to their doom far from dark-cliffed Ithaca. No longer would they labor at the oars, since no man knew in which direction was safety and in which merely the vast shoreless ocean which washed around the world. Ainos, he who was always most talkative among the men, had waved his fist and vociferated that there was no oracle, that the voice they had heard had been the voice of Odysseus himself, deluding them in his impious ambition—he himself had once overheard him talking with the old Laertes—to voyage whither no Achæan had ever voyaged before. Whereat Odysseus had picked up his *skeptron*—the sacred spear which was the symbol of his kingly authority—and coming down from the *ikrion* to the gangway had with a quick blow of his fist knocked Ainos senseless among the broken water jars. Formidably he had threatened to slay any man who obeyed not his orders or who blasphemed against the oracle, and they had shrunk back from the vehemence of his wrath and the menace of his uplifted weapon. And then again he had smiled confidently. When had the goddess Athene ever deceived them? Had she not, over and over again, protected them in the fights when they boarded the ships of the Phoinikoi? Had she not even now protected them in those days of storm, bringing them safe from the rages of Poseidon? Of a surety, just below the horizon lay the rich coasts she had promised them!

Forbidding them to eat of the barley meal lest their thirst should be worsened, he had divided them into two bands, the one half to row whilst the others rested, and once again the oars had been put out and the ship had slid gurglingly forward on the arbitrarily chosen course he bade the pilot steer.

So all that windless day in a furnace heat and in a torture of parched throats they had rowed, and through the dead calm of the night when the Great Bear swung around Orion to their right they had rowed also, in moaning, gasping fear of Odysseus, sitting inexorably with his spear upon the *ikrion*. As the next dawn broke, Leukos had climbed upon the *ikrion* at the prow, had turned to them, excitedly pointing, had uttered a wild unearthly cry. There, just visible on the horizon, was an irregular blur of land. Then had every man put out his oar, and with their last strength they had pulled toward it while the sun rose and became hot, and that strange coast revealed itself as a line of high, forbidding crags with, lofty in the background, a conical snow-capped mountain whose summit smoked.

To that coast they now drew near while Odysseus croakingly sang the rowing song, spurring their exhaustion to a regularity of effort. On their right a towering headland thrust itself out in front of a yellow-beached, curving bay. Access to that bay was made difficult by a dangerous profusion of half-submerged rocks among which even this calm sea surged in white foam, nor could they discern any sign of fresh water. They turned to their left, skirting along it, toward a long low promontory similarly beset by sunken rocks. As they rounded that promontory Odysseus cried sharply to cease rowing. On the farther side a high-curved ship—instantly recognizable as a ship of the Phoinikoi—was drawn up on the beach, near the reedy mouth of a little river flowing from an adjacent forest. Close to it were a few tents and hutments, and a little farther off, a conspicuous, large, white, cone-shaped upright stone. An exclamation of dismay broke from the haggard crew. Disconcertingly unforeseen was the deadly peril implied by that ship. Plainly this was one of the stations where the Phœnician mariners made a long sojourn.

Continued on Page 122

Sorrento craftsman of an early period

DECORATED IN ART RELIEF

The Period

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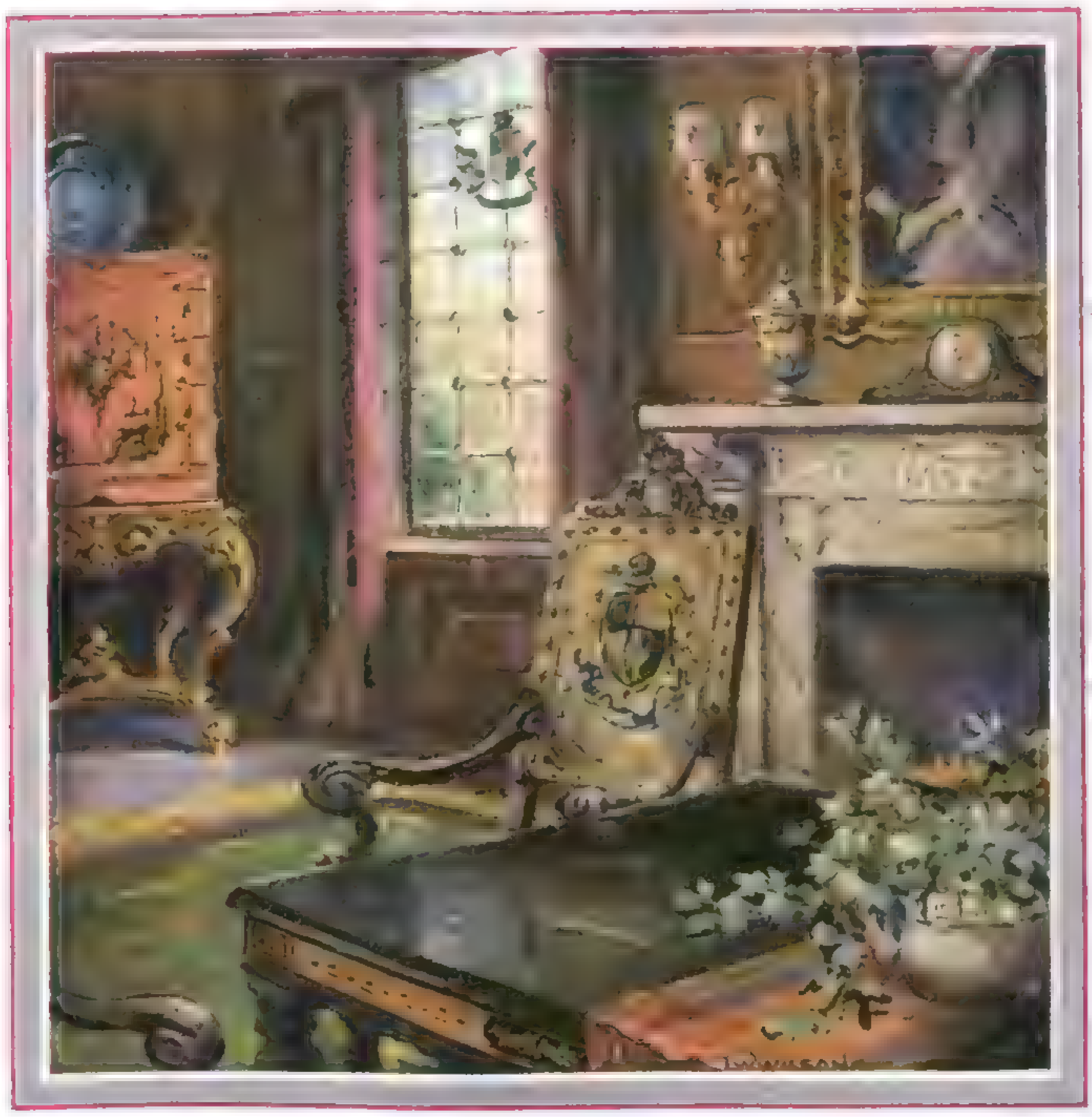

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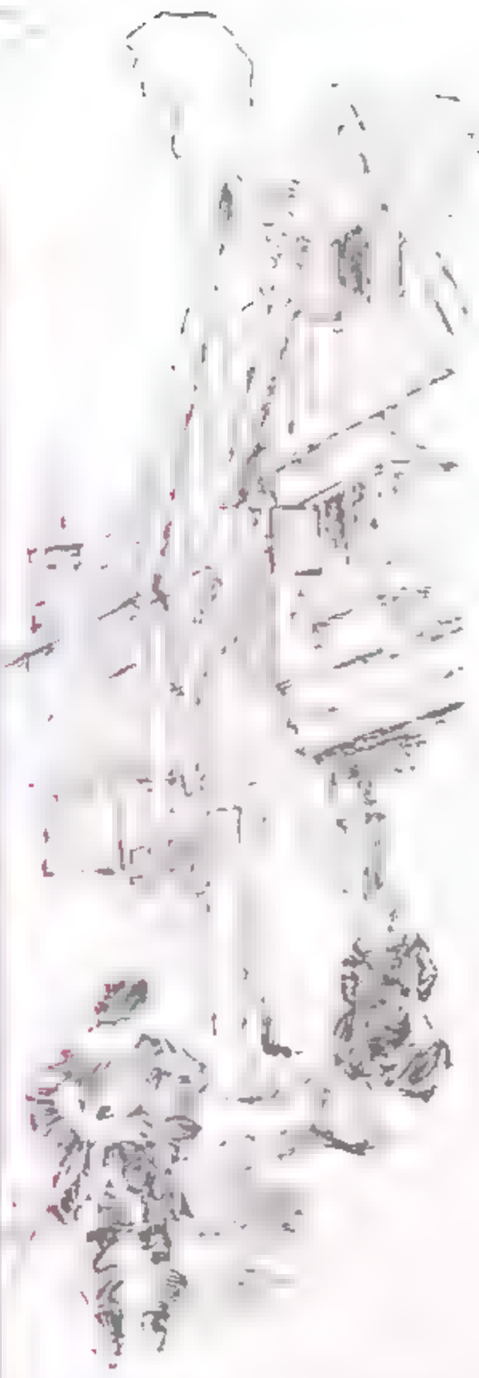

Bath, England, where many English designs originated

(Continued from Page 119)

as their custom was, selling their merchandise and loading with the treasures of the country. The Achæans needed no telling that they tolerated no intruders on the preserves whose secret they so closely guarded.

Anxiously, from the ship now motionless and half hidden among the rocks off the promontory, Odysseus scanned that beach. Had their approach been observed? It seemed not. He could perceive nobody on the shore. Yet somewhere in the vicinity must be those who had come in that ship, who dwelt in that encampment. He glanced at his own men. Many had collapsed gaspingly over their oars, were pitiably without strength to fight. Temptingly, maddeningly close was that reedy fresh water for which he, not less than they, was in extremity. Dare he risk a dash to it?

Even as he hesitated a strange thing happened. From the forest came a wild music of pipes and horns and cymbals and a confused singing of male and female voices. The next moment those who made that music emerged from the trees—a procession headed by an old bearded man, unmistakably a Phœnician, in a gold-flashing conical cap, holding above his head a pair of great curved cattle horns tipped with gold. Behind him four Phœnician men bore, shoulder high on a litter made with green boughs, a woman in a blue robe spangled with golden stars and wearing a headdress of similar though smaller curved horns. In rear of them came, two by two, a throng of other women, flowers festooned over their young, slim nudity, waving garlands as they danced and sang. Completing the procession, came the remainder of the Phœnician mariners, a score of them, dancing and singing, clashing cymbals and blowing on pipes and horns. They advanced joyously toward the conspicuous white cone. In the ship the Ithacan rowers stood up to look, exclaiming—though almost inarticulate in the agony of their thirst—at this marvel. Verily, it was the fulfillment of the dream sent by Athene; here was the multitude of fair women; the piled gold would of a surety not be wanting.

"In truth art thou the favored of the goddess, O Odysseus!" they gasped at him. "Lead us, that we may fall upon them! Lead us, that we may drink of the river!"

"Wait!" he answered in a low tone. "They make the festival of Astarte, even as once with my father I saw at Paphos. Be silent lest they hear us; but let each man have shield and spear ready under the rowing seats. Not yet are they ware of us."

Absorbed in the performance of the rite and expecting no interruption on this remote strand, the Phœnicians had indeed no suspicion of their presence. They had arrived at the large white cone, the litter had been deposited, and she of the horned headdress, who personified Astarte, now stood erect, the cone-capped priest holding up the huge curved horns behind her. Around them the others ranged themselves concentrically, the women within, the men on the outside, and making barbaric music, renewing the chant, they commenced a circular ritual dance.

With grim satisfaction Odysseus had diagnosed that those men bore no weapons; probably for this sacred ceremony they had been left in the ship or at the tents and huts. Narrowly he estimated their own distance from the mouth of the river, just beyond the Phœnician ship, some three or four hundred paces, and the comparative distance of those worshipers from encampment and ship. Certainly would their own ship be observed, once it shot out from the promontory. Approximately the race would be equal. Nearly equal, too, were the numbers of those who would fight. If only first he could get his men to the river, give them an opportunity to slake their consuming thirst and revive their energies! Suddenly Athene whispered to him while still the worshipers circled in a dance that was becoming orgiastic.

Immediately below him, under a rowing thwart, lay the stern anchor—a great stone attached to a twisted-hide cable. He descended from the *ikrion*, took up that bowlder, so heavy that he could but just carry it, remounted to the platform. With all his strength he lifted the rock high, hurled it with a crash through the planking. Instantly the ship began to fill with upgurgling water. He picked up his *skeptron*, threw the strap of his great leather shield over his neck, while his men cried out in panic alarm.

"Swim!" he bade them imperatively. "Swim to the river and drink; and him who arrives without spear and shield will I myself slay!" They hesitated, but already the ship was sinking under them. As Athene had whispered to him, exhausted though they were, they must swim or drown, and there was more than a chance that swimmers would not be visible from the shore as the ship must inevitably be visible. Moreover, if they were to see Ithaca again perforce must they then win in the fight and make the Phœnician ship their own. So it had flashed into him, and now, with low-voiced peremptory words, he drove the frightened men overboard, making sure that each had spear and shield. Even as the waters met over the gunwale, he leaped into the sea, spear in his left hand, striking out with his right, his shield, attached to his neck, floating over his back.

Completely successful was that stratagem. Accustomed from their infancy to swim like fish, his men arrived one after the other in the mouth of the little river, unsuspected by the worshipers yet singing and making music at their rites. Hidden among the reeds, Odysseus drank of that nectar-like fresh water as though he would never stop drinking, and, lying face down to it on the mud, his men drank also, choking and gasping with the urgency of their thirst. At last, when they were refreshed, he led them cautiously upstream, still through the reeds, making for a point which would be well above the encampment and the ship, between the Phœnicians and their arms.

Stealthily, when they had gone far enough, they crawled out of the river bed, to a din of pipes and horns and cymbals and ecstatically chanting voices. Not fifty paces away the votaries were circling madly, while within the ring the gold-capped priest was anointing the cone with glistening oil and, arms high above her head, the personification of Astarte screamed incomprehensible words, urging them to a yet unreached climax of frenzy.

Odysseus rose to his feet, brandished his spear. "Athene! Athene!" he yelled. "Slay! Slay!" Behind him his men yelled also as they rushed forward. From the throng of worshipers, breaking apart in that abruptly sudden cessation of their ecstasy, came a multiple shriek of terror.

It was no fight, but merely a massacre of weaponless men and a chase after the women who fled, screeching. Odysseus himself had driven his spear through the throat of the venerable priest, had seized the headdressed incarnation of Astarte, who writhed fishlike in his grasp and at last was quiet, with large, gray, wondering eyes fixed on him; a woman who was plainly not of the Phœnician race. Each of his men had secured a similar prize and joyously they hastened toward the high-curved ship that was now theirs. Within that ship they found among many other treasures a store of gold in neatly piled bars which those hapless merchants had been accumulating. Verily, great was Athene, and of marvelous truth were the prophetic dreams she sent to those who were favored of her!

As soon as might be, when they had caught and slain some of the huge-horned cattle wandering on the promontory despite the anguished protests of the captive women in broken, half-understood Phœnician that those herds were dedicated to a god and untouchable; they had made due sacrifice to the goddess, burning the inward parts of the thighs upon a pyre to her and pouring over them the thick wine of which the Phœnicians had plentiful store. Thereafter they had feasted colossally, magnificently, eating and drinking until they could eat no more; and the native women, smiling pathetically at their captors who still prudently kept cords upon their legs, had feasted with them. Asked, partly in dumb show and partly in the semi-Greek, semi-Semitic sea lingo, of what race they were, they had pointed to themselves and replied, "Sikel." She who had been Astarte sat submissively by Odysseus, stroking his strong, muscular arms, looking up into his eyes. In her imperfectly pronounced Phœnician she called him "Adon"—Lord.

So came Odysseus and his companions to that Sicilian shore of which as yet the Achæans were ignorant, landing a league beyond the lofty headland which is now Taormina, at the spot where centuries later the first Greek colonists were to found the city of Naxos, oldest of Greek cities in that island which was to become Greek. But ages before then, the far-roving Phœnicians, and haply the Minoan Cretans precedent to them, had made a primitive commercial station of that promontory-sheltered watering place, and there, astutely and perhaps piously, had they established that orgiastic worship of the great goddess Astarte which, enlisting the native women in its ecstatic rites, traditionally necessitated that they should grant their favors only to men who were strangers. Through long, long ages that worship was there to persist; Astarte succeeded by Aphrodite as Greeks succeeded to Phœnicians, and the *aphrodision* being still a landmark from the sea when the Roman Augustus thither came on shore, and Aphrodite was called Venus in the Roman tongue. Early Christianity made a saint of the pagan divinity, and to this day that little river is named the river of Santa Venera.

Odysseus, however, on that joyous evening, knew and recked nothing of that unimaginable futurity as he sat and dipped into the Phœnician mixing bowl and poured grateful libations to Athene, with her who had been Astarte at his side. Every now and then he put his hand into his tunic and took out a parchment scroll inscribed in Semitic characters which he had found in the hut of the master of the ship. Like all seafarers of that age, he knew necessarily a little corrupt Phœnician and was imperfectly familiar with a script that did not greatly differ from the first primitive Greek that then commenced to be written. Presently he would endeavor to decipher that scroll, telling doubtless of important things. He sighed over the difficulty of those little signs of curve and stroke and dash so pregnant with elusive meaning. She who had been Astarte—the Phœnicians, it seemed, had called her "Mylitta"—stroked his strong arm and murmured fondly, "Adon!" He looked into her gray eyes, into her young loveliness of face, and putting back the scroll, forgot it in the magic of her smile.

They were on the Phœnician ship, with full-spread painted sail gliding over the sun-sparkling sea. Under the high-curved sternpost Athene, recovered by a zealous Achæan diver from the wreck off the promontory, had replaced an ugly Semitic deity. On the *ikrion* Odysseus sat with Mylitta stretched by his feet, her loose brown hair intertwined with flowers, her beautiful face propped upon her elbows, gazing up at him, a half smile awaiting his glance to be radiant. For the moment he heeded her not. With frowning brows he was poring over that Phœnician scroll, identifying the words one by one, muttering them to himself. Down in the undecked hull crossed by the rowing seats, the Ithacan mariners were happy, crowded with the captive women who laughed with them, but whose limbs—by the advice of Mylitta—were yet bound with cords, lest they leap overboard and swim to the land. Marvelously rich was the treasure they were taking back for division when they should reach their distant isle. Of a surety, all men would envy them.

Two days only had Odysseus allowed for the gluttonous feasting, the luxurious idle repose on that beach where the river flowed to the sea and where also there was a spring of purest water, near the promontory crowned with a much used altar to Adon Melkarth, tutelary god of Tyre. Precious indeed was that parchment—nothing less, in fact, than what the later Greeks were to call a *periploos*—Anglice, "Sailing Directions"—a maritime itinerary, detailing every coast feature for the guidance of the navigator, such as centuries later Hanno, the Carthaginian, would leave of his great voyage down West Africa, and such as every Phœnician shipmaster carried with him when he sailed from Tyre and Sidon, to be added to when he made new explorations and to be guarded with his life lest others discover the wealth-bringing routes across the seas. From it Odysseus had learned that this haven was especially frequented, and he had no desire to be caught in a trap by Phœnician ships.

Therefore, as soon as might be, he had ordered the loading of their spoil, the filling of the water jars and the launching of that newly acquired vessel, which was exceedingly better built than the craft he had sunk. Now they coasted northward before the southwest breeze; on their left the sun-bathed precipitous coast where the herds of huge-horned cattle ranged at liberty—disquietingly were they perhaps, after all, sacred to the sun god, as the captive women said; they had made a sacrifice to propitiate him—and away on the right, overhung by thick clouds in noticeable contrast, a land of mountains. Between the two was a channel of blue sea. The mariners entered the channel cheerfully, for Odysseus had told them that the cloudy land was an island and that northward around it was the nearest way home. So he purported to read to them from the Phœnician scroll. For himself, deep counseled, he reserved the knowledge, derived from that precisely detailed itinerary, that it was no island, but the extremity of a long unbroken shore where much wealth was to be found. In this Phœnician ship, passing unsuspected and unchallenged by possible Phœnician cruisers, he, protected of Athene, would venture whither no Achæan had ever ventured, would see with his own eyes the many marvels related in that parchment.

Swiftly, their great sail distended with the freshening breeze, they slid past the high cliffs of the Island of the Sun. The channel narrowed, its blue water streaked by strong-flowing currents. Presently, when the sun was well down from its meridian, they saw on their left, curving out from a shore that was now lower, a hook of sand inclosing a haven. "Zankle"—"the Sickle"—or "Messana"—"the Sleeping place"—the parchment called it, and said that it had a fountain of good water. Fain would Odysseus have entered therein and remained for the night, resting before encounter with the peculiarly deadly perils which, according to the scroll, would beset them further up the strait. But over the flat spit he could see three ships that were certainly Phœnician, and he bade the pilot steer outward, ignoring the men who ran along the beach and waved to this compatriot vessel.

The channel bent away to the right. Some way off on that right hand, jutting out from the mountainous cloud-capped coast, a lofty conspicuous mass of bald rock thrust itself into the blue sea that was white about its base. The captive women cried out in fear, tugging at the seamen, pointing to it. Odysseus recognized the description implied in the Semitic words of the scroll: "Skoula Krata"—"the smooth-cut rock"—where dwelt Skylla, the six-headed monster whose legend of terror had persisted since the ancient days of the now vanished Cretan thalassocracy. Already, while the captive women shrieked and the Achæan sailors went silent with scared faces, they could hear her doglike multiple howlings, the howlings which are yet heard by passing mariners, as waves and winds rush into that honeycomb of caves.

Odysseus fought back the cold fear which invaded him also, pushed off Mylitta, who

(Continued on Page 127)

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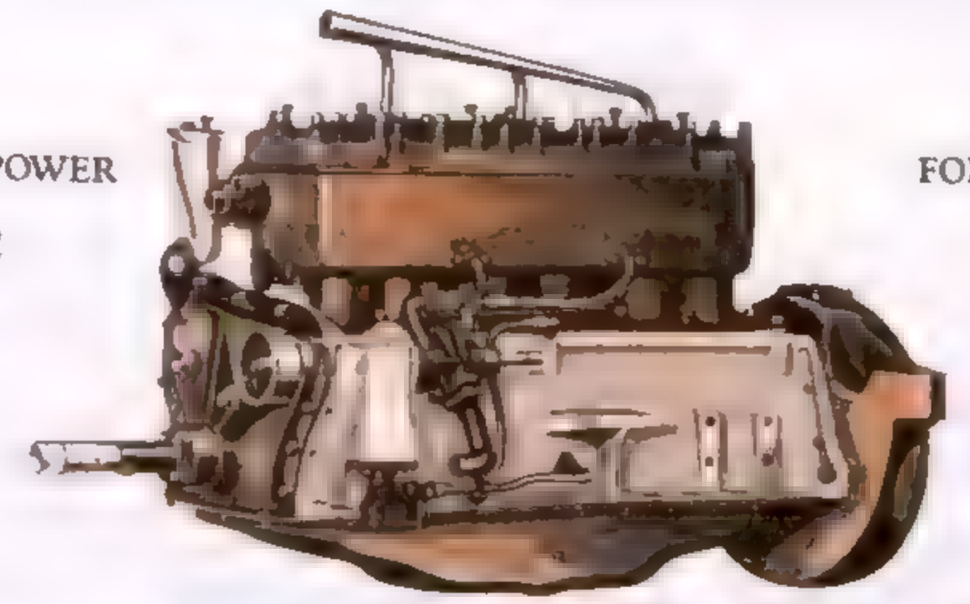

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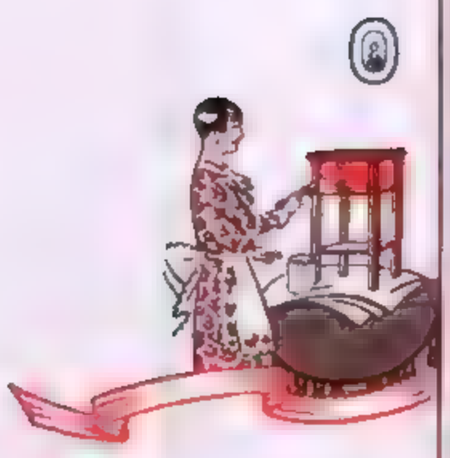

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(Continued from Page 122)

had flung her arms round him in pleading, superstitious panic, and rising to his feet, sternly commanded the pilot to head toward it. So the parchment bade him do—even as the modern Sailing Directions bid the ships of today—if he would avoid the yet more terrible whirlpools of "Khar-Ohd"—the Abyss of Ruin—on his left hand. Some distance away on that side, he could in fact see the fierce currents of the strait racing and eddying, could see the waters boiling and bubbling and swirling, as though a fire were under them. They sped off to the right before the fresh wind, found themselves in the grip of a current that hurried them with terrifying swiftness directly toward the rock of hideous howlings. Despite the screaming of the women, the alarmed cries of the men, Odysseus, erect and formidable with his spear upon the *ikrion*, maintained that course which the parchment said was the one hope of safety.

The huge rock loomed up close ahead of them, great waves dashing in a tumult of sound against its flanks. It was time to swing away out of that onrushing current. He shouted the order and a despairing cry came from the pilot. No longer would the ship obey his steering. "Out oars!" The men tumbled to their places on the thwarts, thrust out their blades, fastened the leather thongs to the pins, pulled in a desperate urgency to get her round. Appallingly near were the monstrous howlings of Skylla from the rock high above them; at any moment now her grisly triple-jawed heads might dart out and snatch them from the ship. Sending Leukos to help the pilot with the steering oar, Odysseus ran with his spear along the gangway to the forward *ikrion*. So, if she appeared, might he perhaps thrust at her; at least, his act would hearten the men.

They shouted in admiration of his courage as with all their strength they rowed, pulling on the one side, backing on the other. The rock was immediately ahead, the waves leaping at it, falling back in foam. Could they escape it? All his faculties tense, he scanned those caves, watchful for a suddenly darting, dreadful head, scanned the swirling waters. Surely there to the left was a patch of calmer sea. Even as he turned to yell to the rowers, a great wave recoiled from the cliff, licked up at him in a new crest, plucked him irresistibly from his feet, swept him outboard as, choking and strangling, he clutched vainly at the bulwark of the *ikrion*. It happened in an instant, a spasm of agony that wrenched his soul—surely was it the snatch of awful Skylla!—and in that instant he felt a strong human hand seize his tunic and drag him back to safety. He wiped the water out of his eyes as the ship swerved and plunged and pitched, and looked round to his rescuer. It was Mylitta, with one hand still clinging to him, with the other clinging to the bulwark of the *ikrion*. He had left her on the steering platform; what was she doing here? She smiled at him. In the dreadful tumult of noise he could not catch the foreign words she uttered. And then he perceived that miraculously they had just missed the cliff, were already in the calmer water beyond.

So came they out between Skylla and Charybdis and, sailing onward for a while as the sun went down, at last beached happily on a curving shore of sand. When the fires were lit Mylitta made a sacrifice to some mysterious deity of her own. Having offered the wine and barley meal, she picked up a flat, sharp-edged sea shell and began to saw off tresses of her loose-flowing brown hair, throwing them into the flames. Odysseus quickly laid his hand upon her arm, restraining her.

She smiled round at him. "I vowed it for thy life, Adon," she said. So he half caught the meaning of that broken Phœnician. Nevertheless, he insisted, determined not to allow this impairment of her beauty and her value. She smiled again into his eyes. "Then must it be my life, Adon, that redeems thine," she said, or he thought she said, exaggeratedly, a strange tenderness in her lovely face. She put her arms about him and embraced him fondly. It occurred to him that never had he had so pleasant a captive. He would almost regret parting with her to the slave merchant.

The summer was passing into autumn. There were no more flowers on the cistus in the little cove where the ship was drawn up under the isolated mass of rock called in the parchment by the Phœnician name "Aisie"—the Sparrow Hawk—in Greek, "Kirke," and still marked on maps of the Italian coast as "Monte Circeo." On that beach were still some fragments of the other Phœnician ship which had been there when, rather more than a moon since, theirs had come cautiously through the narrow entrance from the sea. Only half the crew of that other ship had been left with it, and they had run joyously into the water to help these evident fellow countrymen drag their vessel up the strand. Massacre of them had been easy. Easy, also, had it been to slay the remainder when they returned unsuspectingly in the evening. The timber of that Phœnician ship, not so good as their own, had been highly convenient for fuel. They had been very happy in that cove, counting their riches and adding to them by barter of the Phœnician goods with the native inhabitants at the sanctuary and market half a day's march inland. Most of the sailors had sold their Sikel women and had bought or abducted others of the country. But Mylitta still sat side by side with Odysseus and now ate with him the morning meal of broiled goat's flesh, of which the choicest parts had piously been offered to Athene.

Many adventures had they had since they had won through the perilous strait between Skylla and Charybdis; the mariners, in abject fear of returning thither, seeking ever that promised way homeward which must surely lie around the next promontory; Odysseus poring over his scroll, proceeding from discovery to discovery. Navigating leisurely and by daylight only, they had crept along the coast, passing one day the group of little islands—opposite what is now Amalfi—which the script called by the Semitic name of "Aben Sir-en"—the Meadows of Magic Song—a regular halting place for Phœnician ships and therefore particularly dangerous to these Achæan intruders.

Northward of them, they had followed the great curve of a bay with a fiery mountain in the background, had rounded a headland into a gulf where was a little islet harbor—men call it now Nisida—had come to a strange, uncanny country of low volcanic craters, whereof some were water-filled and some still smoked—the country known to long-subsequent Romans as the Phlegrean Fields. In the scroll it was designated as the land of the "Oin-Otara"—the pool, or eye, that was circular. Literally translating into Greek that Semitic phrase, Odysseus knew that they had come to the dreaded legendary land of the Kyklopes, and they fled from it. Thereafter, Boreas, the north wind, had driven them far southward to the High Island—"Aiolié," in Phœnician—which is Stromboli, and where the volcano, by its greater or less activity, indicated future winds and perhaps had divine mastery over them. Thence, putting to sea, they had been driven northward again by Notos, the south wind, which had raged furiously, so that they all but foundered. And at last, reaching and once more following the coast, they had come to this haven of Kirke.

It was a cove in a huge rock that rose like an island from the extremity of the low plain in later ages to be known as the Pontine Marshes. From its summit one looked landward over a vast sea of green forest to a horizon of hills. Through that forest, swarming with wild boars and swine and every kind of game, wide, dead-straight avenues had been cut by the aboriginal inhabitants—"broad ways" that Homer was to note and that may yet be traced after lying derelict throughout classical antiquity. One of those forest ways led directly from the rock of the Sparrow Hawk to an awesomely sacred shrine close under the hills—the sanctuary of Feronia, she who from time immemorial had been the goddess of wild animals—they roamed sacredly untouchable in her precincts—and at whose altar, even in the later greatness of Rome, slaves were still freed from their thralldom by pronunciation of a magically ritual formula. Often had Odysseus and his companions journeyed thither, for there, profiting as was customary by the sacred truce pertaining to the dwelling of a god, had been established the market where the country folk were wont to exchange their produce with Phœnician traders, and the scroll said it was a good place to sell slaves and captive women. There, also, the priestess of Feronia, who was herself an incarnation of the goddess, spoke in oracles and made enchantments for those who desired them.

Once had Mylitta gone with Odysseus to that temple. He, because he wanted an enchantment that would insure fair winds for the homeward voyage he was now at last meditating; she, because she had smiled at him and would not be gainsaid. It was an acquiescence he had since regretted. She had entered within the circle of upright stones where the wild-eyed, awesome young priestess of Feronia stood in the pungent-smelling smoke of the altar, had prostrated herself, had spoken eager words he could not overhear. Then with the priestess had she entered the stone-built dwelling place, where no man might follow. Long time had she been absent, and an acute alarm had leaped up in him, had become a profoundly disturbing certainty. Surely were they making magic together! Had she not herself, until he had violated her sanctity, been a priestess of Astarte—even now her horned headdress, her spangled robe were in the ship—and therefore practiced in the arts of magic? What manner of enchantment was she making now, she and that young half-savage holy one? Haply was it some spell that would utterly enslave him!

Already, indeed, he had uneasily suspected that she had worked some magic on him, mingling it perhaps with his food. How otherwise came it that of late her smile could make him do almost as she would, that when she was absent he felt a craving as of hunger for her caresses, for her mere presence? Verily—he perceived it now clearly—was it an enchantment she had thrown upon him, an enchantment against which he must vigilantly be on guard. He had a prudent impulse to sell her there and then, as at last she emerged, large-eyed and mysterious, a strange expression on her face, from the inner sanctuary. But he bethought himself shrewdly that, in some island of the Achæans, would she—a daughter of kings, she had told him; and verily walked she now as such—command a higher price; a slave woman fit for a prince, and not for these uncouth savages was she. He contented himself with sharply questioning her on the way back along the forest path where the wild beasts lingered and were tame. She had only laughed and embraced him fondly, and then she had put a flower into her loose brown hair, had sung a song, half happy and half sad, in her own incomprehensible language. Before they arrived at the cove was he wearing flowers in his hair also, and he was glad that not yet had he sold her.

Now they sat together, with the Achæan mariners still feasting noisily a little way off, having finished the last meat they would eat upon this beach. Within the high-curved ship all the treasures were already stowed, and no longer stood a lookout man upon the summit of the hill, scanning the wide sea for Phœnician craft making for this haven. For at last they were to depart for distant Ithaca. From his parchment Odysseus had learned that there was a way back to the Achæan islands which avoided the fearsome passage between Skylla and Charybdis. Southward to a twin-domed islet would he sail, and thence southwestward, skirting around the other side of the

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(Continued from Page 127)

Island of the Sun. There would he find a steady southwest wind that would take him in few days to Same and the familiar seas of home. Presently would they make the sacrifice to Athene and Poseidon, and with joyous shouts row away in the ship already floating on the water of the cove. Odysseus stroked his curling black beard, and his eyes were happy in the thought of it.

Mylitta turned to him. "Adon," she said in her soft murmurous voice, "we go now to the island where thou art king, and in the temple did I bespeak for thee fair winds and a safe return. Promise that if the goddess whom I served permit that I arrive with thee thou wilt not sell thy slave. Smile now upon me, and promise that ever I may sit spinning and weaving for thee in thy house, even after the day when, wedded, thou shalt bring back thy happy fair-haired bride in the ship loaded with bride gifts!"

Looking into the loveliness of her face, into those large gray eyes liquid in their poignant, pleading fondness, almost he caught her involuntarily, instinctively, into his arms, in a cry that never would he part with her, whatever the price offered by covetous merchants. And then, in that all but irresistible impulse, he checked himself. Surely this was indeed sorcery that was upon him! Those reckless words he had almost cried were proof of it. Fortunate was it that yesterday he had eaten of the root *moly*, an antidote against enchantments, which grew in the forest of Feronia. He smiled, indeed, upon her, but it was the smile of a man who is cool and prudent; spoke warily as was his wont.

"Happy, in truth, will be the man, whoever he may be, in whose hall thou shalt spin and weave, O Mylitta."

She turned away her head, sat silent. A large tear went slowly down her cheek. A twinge of compunction was uncomfortable in him. He rose abruptly.

"Time is it that we make the sacrifice to Athene and to Poseidon," he said. He shouted, in a sudden anger, to the men that they hurry.

They performed those sacrifices piously. Then the ship was dragged close to the beach, and vociferously they scrambled aboard of her; all save one man, who, with a hauling rope, went round the cove to the rock at the narrow exit.

They upon the ship were busy with the tackle of the mast, preparing it for raising when they should be out upon the blue open sea ruffled by a freshly blowing Zephyros. Suddenly there was a shout from the man on shore. He ran back excitedly, plunged into the water in a short cut to them, swam out with quick, powerful strokes, was dragged up into the ship.

"Two ships of the Phoinikoi!" he gasped. "Even now they lower the sail to enter the haven!"

A cry of dismay broke from the Achæan mariners, a cry of panic in which even the captive women shrieked. Two Phœnician ships! Shut in this cove, their single ship was caught in a trap. Even Odysseus, upon the *ikrion* with Mylitta and the steersman, chilled in that cry as though his blood went frozen. Escape was impossible. Equally impossible was it to fight against double numbers. At any moment would the first of those ships appear in the entrance. His brain worked swiftly, desperately. Again it seemed to him that Athene whispered to him, her favorite, Polytropos—the man of many wiles.

Shouting to his men to put out their oars and sit silent, he leaped down from the *ikrion*, cut feverishly through the cords of the bundle which contained the gold-tipped horned headdress and the star-spangled blue robe of the priestess of Astarte. Hurriedly he handed those garments up to Mylitta, commanded her to put them on. She stared at him wide-eyed for a moment, and then her face went bright in quick comprehension of his purpose. With a strange cry that was perhaps an invocation, she donned the sacred insignia. Odysseus bade the pilot come down from the platform, bade her take the steering oar in her hand, stand erect and alone, as though she, and she only, were mistress of this ship. Ordering his men to cuff the captive women into silence out of sight under the thwarts, to sit in utter silence themselves, with oar blades poised and ready, he himself crouched under the *ikrion*, beneath Mylitta standing resplendent in the robes and headdress of the goddess she had served. Not yet had the first enemy ship shown itself.

A moment later, high-curved to prow and stern, oars out and foaming, it slid round the rock at the entrance, its fellow close behind. A shout of glad greeting came from both at the unexpected sight of that other Phœnician ship, a strange shout of awe and wonderment as then they saw who stood, magnificent and majestic, in command of her—incredibly but visibly, Astarte herself, most puissant goddess of the Phœnicians!

Odysseus spoke through the planking of the platform, "Mylitta! Bid them halt who profane with their presence this chosen haven of the goddess!"

Above him, he heard her voice, stern, clear-toned and resonant, in the language she had learned at the sanctuary in the Island of the Sun. From the ships broke again a cry of awe, of panic dread. Who might look upon a goddess and live? They raised their oars, drifted on the glassy water of the cove.

Odysseus spoke again, cautiously, through the planking, "Tell them that their ships are accursed and condemned for this sacrilege! Bid them throw their oars into the water and cut the tackle of mast and sail so that not again may they be used!"

Again her voice rang out peremptorily, awesomely even to him who had prompted her. Tumbling over one another in their superstitious dread, the Phœnician crews obeyed.

The water was strewn with floating oars. He heard their voices in agonized supplication to Astarte as desperately they hacked through the cordage.

"Bid them if they would save their lives now cast themselves into the water, and upon the shore make the solemn sacrifice of penance and propitiation!"

Mylitta cried again, and instantly there was a mighty splashing as the crews leaped overboard. He peered out to see the ships deserted, the water of the cove swarming with men who swam. Then in a low voice he bade his men begin to row, gently, without hurry and without sound. From under the *ikrion* he directed Mylitta how to steer. Thus passed they out through the narrow entrance.

Then might they have hasted away—with alacrity his men began to raise the mast—but Odysseus would have felt shamed thus to slink off with no taunting boast in the orthodox Achæan manner. Springing upon the *ikrion* where stood Mylitta, he shouted in his loudest voice that echoed round the cove. Some of the Phœnicians had now already reached the shore, and they turned in astonishment at this man on the ship of the goddess who waved his spear at them and laughed. Joyously he reviled and taunted them, calling them dogs of Phœnicians, adding opprobrious name to opprobrious name, jeering at them for being outwitted by an Achæan, mocking at their simplicity in rendering their ships useless at his bidding. They upon the shore yelled and waved their fists at him in impotent rage, and some of them commenced to swim purposefully after the floating oars.

For just a moment too long continued he that ecstatically enjoyable taunting. One of the Phœnicians who had landed nearest the entrance sprang upon the rock still quite close to them and, snatching off the bow he had kept slung over his back, loosed a straight-sped arrow. Even as he perceived it—too late!—Mylitta flung herself in front of him, sank in his arms while the men shouted as they hoisted the sail and the ship leaped onward. She looked up into his eyes as he lowered her gently to the floor of the *ikrion*.

"Adon!" she gasped. "Adon! The goddess is avenged—my life for thine." She smiled strangely, and then there was no more speech from her.

In the ship the men sang the joyous song of homeward sailing.

There came a day when Odysseus, the restless of heart, the ever-wandering, brought to rugged Ithaca the fair-haired, docile Penelope whom he had wedded in far-off Sparta, sailing with her happily in a ship laden with rich bride gifts. Standing with her in the *megaron*, he presented to her the slave women.

"Behold, wife, thy handmaidens to spin and weave for thee!" he smiled and said. As he spoke it seemed vividly to him that one was missing from among them. Yet was he glad that she was not there. Of a verity had she exercised sorcery over him, so that even yet he awoke in the night, crying her name.

Centuries later, when the Trojan War had become a magnificent legend of wondrous Achæan heroes, and every bard sang of their exploits and of the vicissitudes of their return from plundered Ilion, a poet in an Ionian city of Asia Minor wove into deathless verse the saga of Odysseus, the ever-wandering. Haply that original saga preserved some memory of a real sea rover, favored of Athene and skilled in many wiles, who had voyaged where as yet no other Achæan had ever voyaged. Certainly the poet who lifted his story into immortality had by his side some Phœnician *periploos*, even as perhaps Odysseus had, from which with meticulous accuracy he described sites, hidden under cryptically significant names, which even yet the ingenious may recognize. And with his genius he fixed for all time the archtype of the primitive seaman.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

FOREIGN MASTAR, NUMBER ONE BOY

(Continued from Page 23)

We knew what that "Long way," meant: it meant that we would see no more of Lee for a number of hours. However, we accepted the offer. In China there comes a time when one is glad to get a desired thing at any cost or inconvenience.

As we had foretold, Lee was gone eight hours, delaying dinner, but he returned with the silk. And as he had foretold, the price was two dollars a yard more than we had expected to pay. We paid.

After our belated dinner that night, I poked my way into the servants' quarters to abate a nuisance consisting of one bamboo flute and one two-stringed fiddle upon which Lee and the cook were performing. On the floor, my eye caught a bit of wrapping paper with the crudely printed mark of the silk shop my wife had tried So Lee had been able to purchase the silk where my wife had not. That was a fact curious enough to investigate.

The next afternoon I started out alone. Lee's fervid request to accompany the master was ignored. I went straight to the emporium. I picked out a clerk by hazard. He spoke pidgin English. I asked to see Shantung silks.

The second bolt he showed me was the hue of our curtain material. In order to promote harmony in the ranks, I bought a small piece—the price being just one-third what the boy had charged us. Then I asked him why he had not sold the silk to my wife the day before. For a moment he was evasive.

But by careful questioning I was able to elicit the following:

"Yesterday, when missie get out of ricksha, Numbah One Boy, he run inside. Say to us: 'If you sell silk now to missie I make troub' for you. I tell her dis bad shop. She no mus' come back here any more. If you no talkee-talkee to her, if you no show silk to her, den I come back nighttime, makee buy.'"

"I see. So he threatened a boycott. How does it happen you are telling me this now?"

The clerk smiled. "Why not—yes? You come here. You see dat we have got propah silk. No good makee lie now."

"And when the boy came back, how much of that extra two dollars a yard did he divide with you? Come on, tell me! You got your profit out of this too!"

He drew himself up with an expression of injured innocence. "Mastar, no man this shop evah squeeze!"

The smug complacency of his face was too much to witness. With a smothered snort I turned and fled.

We made no mention to Lee of our discovery, but we cut down sternly on the boy's opportunity for running lengthy and profitable errands. He grew visibly restless and less than a week later he came to announce:

"My grandmudder in country belong sick. Maybeso I can go home? My poor olo grandmudder!"

I sniffed openly at this. But since the Occidental lives according to a code that demands his acceptance of such an excuse—no matter how serious his suspicions—I consented to the boy's departure.

The next morning an obese Chinese with bleary eyes and stertorous breath descended upon us. He announced that he was Lee's cousin, his brother, and that he would take the absent one's place until the grandmudder either died or recovered.

A reign of terror began. Our cigarettes disappeared. Our tins of cocoa vanished. Our cans of Australian butter made their absence felt at the most inopportune times. In the case of serious theft, we had heard, one could get in touch with the head of the thieves' guild and for a small sum, ransom a purloined possession. But this pilfering was too small to permit of our resorting to such heroic measures.

A series of less criminal but more distressing contretemps occurred. Once, at a tea which we were particularly anxious should go smoothly, the new boy tripped, made an unusual entry to the living room on his left ear, causing the otherwise pellucid air to rain tea. On another occasion, while passing the *petits fours*, he coughed so resoundingly in the ear of an elderly guest that we feared for a moment that she was about to embark upon an attack of frightened hysteria.

Despite the boy's lethargic manner, he was a typhoon center. The core of the storm is calm, but around it the wind whirls. One night, in the excessively small hours, he awakened us from a sound sleep by rattling our bedroom door, apparently dancing a rigadoon, and shouting unintelligible Chinese through the portal. I rose, unbolted the door, and into the room he shot as though all the furies of the East were after him. A short but heated debate took place between us. The boy began it:

"*Ey-yah! Sau mah chien! Ega, lianga, sunga, souga* ——"

"Wait a moment! Take it easy! What's the matter? Talk pidgin English! What thing? What have got? Is it soldiers? Has Peking been captured?"

At last he managed to explain: "Belong Buddha—black Buddha! He buried under

(Continued on Page 135)

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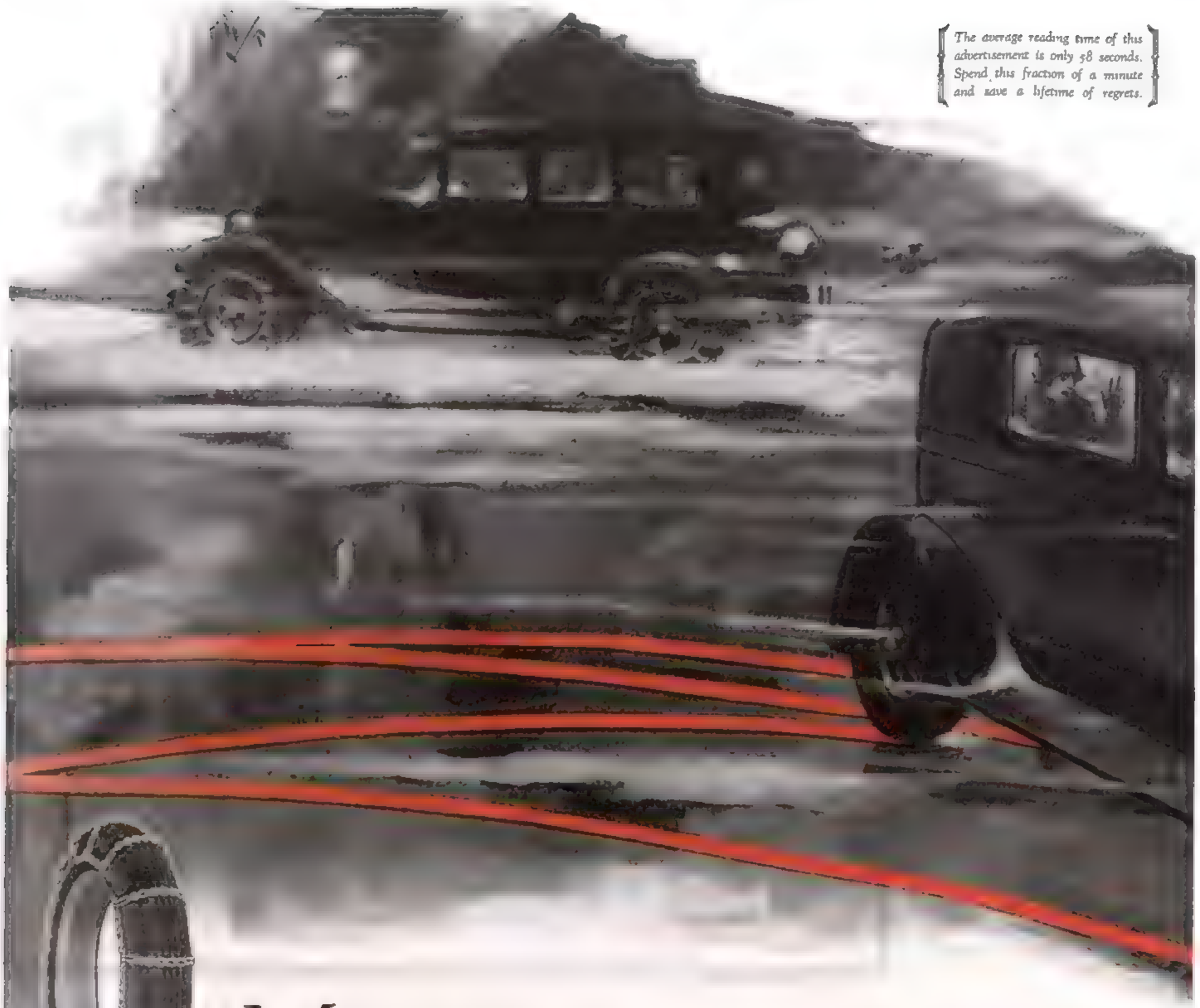

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(Continued from Page 130)

dis house! He makee talk! Just now when I sleep, he come and makee hit! I no stay! Mastar and missie more better go 'way too! Big black Buddha! He maybeso makee kill!"

I laughed, although a chill, not alone because of my scanty pajama attire, crept up and then down my spine.

"A big black Buddha, eh? What does he want with us?"

"One time dis house belong temple! Buddha, he want his temple back! He say foreign man must go! He say all man must go! You takee look-see outside!"

The Chinaman in the Woodpile

I sallied into the courtyard while the boy cowered fearfully at the door, refusing to leave its shelter. The court was filled with stones. There were no windowpanes in our Chinese house, and some of the missiles had riddled the Korean parchment that took the place of glass. The rocks had come from one general direction—the *hutung* outside our main gate. The lattice of the boy's sleeping quarters had borne the brunt of the bombardment.

At tea the next afternoon with American friends, our guests commiserated with us over the attack. To our surprise they did not pooh-pooh the Buddha theory.

"There are so many things in China that you can't explain," one of them said sententiously. "Now take my own experience. We had a house with five doors. Originally it had belonged to a Manchu prince who was handed a silken cord by the emperor—as a favor of course—and told to make away with himself. I say 'as a favor,' because the prince had incurred the displeasure of the Son of Heaven and might have been sentenced to something extremely unpleasant, such as the slicing death. The death of the Manchu prince, combined with the fact that the spirits in the Orient notoriously dislike a house with five doors ——"

"Why five?" I interrupted to ask.

"Nobody knows. But the superstition is that five doors seem to enrage some sense of proportion in the ghosts. Oh, a Chinese geomancer could probably give you the reason. But what I started to say was: From the moment we moved into that house some exceedingly queer things began to happen. I've answered a rat-a-tat at an entrance a score of times myself, opened the door and found the vestibule empty. Both my husband and I have heard shuffling footsteps across the next room. But the moment we opened the door and peeped in there the shuffling ceased and, as usual, the room was empty. Our wind bells, too, would occasionally ring like mad, without a breath of air stirring in the eaves.

"But that wasn't the worst of it. Our servants began to complain that they were being kicked and cuffed by hefty though quite invisible fists and feet. At last, after three or four sets of domestics had been frightened into running away, we were advised to cut a sixth door, or to brick up one of the five. We cut another, and would you believe it, after that, no more ghosts! No tappings! No ringing of our wind bells!"

I glanced surreptitiously at my wife. Her thumb was being rapidly pressed against the ball of first one then another of her fingers. She was counting. I saw the thumb and fingers press—one, two, three, four—a pause—five.

I scorned such feminine methods; I tapped my foot. The outside door was one tap. The living-room door was two. The bedroom, that was three. Bathroom door made four. My foot poised. The door to the cook house—no use getting around it—we had five doors! And a big black Buddha!

However, I had not dwelt in the East long enough to be completely convinced. The next night I crouched upon the roof of our dining room, an exceptionally heavy niblick in my hand. The night was chilly. I took a marvelous, sneez-ish cold, but I captured a big black Buddha red-handed, or rather his hands laden with small bowlders.

He proved to be a disgruntled coolie whom we had been unable to persuade to work and whom I had discharged in the first days of our tenancy. Feeling that he had lost face with the Chinese who lived in that vicinity, he was preparing to regain it by this continued bombardment.

He begged me to let him go. Being a soft-hearted American, and not a Chinese householder, who would have haled him off to jail, I gave the man a dollar and a command to do a disappearing act. He departed for parts unknown.

Eventually, Lee, our Croesus, reappeared. His pock-marked face—smallpox is considered a lucky disease in China and children are exposed to it early in life—glinted with a succession of smiles.

"My grandmudder have makee die," he chuckled delightedly. "All go 'way. No have got any more. All finish. Too bad."

The obese brother, cousin, cousin brother—I never did discover what the exact relationship was—faded from the picture. No visible sorrow was evinced at his departure, either by mastar or missie.

Then ensued a halcyon week in which Lee actually swept, dusted and made orderly our house. I began seriously to fear that he would crack under the strain of such rectitude, when a morning came that drove from my mind all thought of his previous duplicity. He came to me with eyes tear swollen. For a moment he sobbed, unable to speak.

"What is it, boy? What in heaven's name is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Aie-e-e! Aie-e-e! Very bad, mastar! My heart, he eat plenty bitterness! My littla boy, my onlee son! He have troub' with his stom'k! Makee kill in his stom'k!"

Sick in Spirit

I was concerned. Spring had just broken and rumor had it that cholera was appearing, poking up a vicious head even as far north as Peking. Cholera!

Also, I knew how vitally a Chinese values a man child. A son is the one person to insure a man a comfortable existence after death. Upon the son devolves the pious duty of burning incense to his father's ghost, incinerating long chains of gilt paper money in order that his dead parent may have spending money in the nether world. The son is expected to leave trays of food at stated times, so that his progenitor's spirit may assuage its hunger. It is a selfish love perhaps that a father bears for his son, but a very genuine one.

"Boy," I suggested, "you'd better have a foreign doctor for your son. I'll get you one. And, don't worry about payment. I'll see to that. Where is your home? You servants never will tell us where you live! I'll send the physician there today."

Lee shook his head violently. "No! I no likee foreign doctah! I think it belong bad spirit who try catchee my son! I have got priest—plenty priest—twenty, thirty men. Dey makee noise. Drive 'way all bad spirit!"

I sighed at the thought of the poor youngster trying to fight for his life with the hellish din of drums and flutes and gongs and firecrackers just outside his sick room. More than once, in our walks about Peking, my wife and I had witnessed the ritual for the exorcising of demons. Once we had seen a grim variant of this, when a priest doctor heated a silver bodkin white hot and thrust it into a groaning man's midriff to drive out a pain devil. A crowd had collected to watch, their faces unmoved except for a faint curiosity.

I gave Lee an indefinite leave of absence and twenty-five dollars to spend in medicines for his son. As he departed he promised a substitute—who never materialized.

A day elapsed, and then Wing, our cook, taking pity upon our plight, added boy pidgin to his duties. Hitherto Wing had remained modestly in the background of our life. He took most of his orders from Lee, who had recommended him to us. Our cook, we understood, had served his apprenticeship in the American Legation's kitchen. Now, according to the Chinese system, he had graduated from actual cooking. That function was delegated to a second cook, an apprentice who worked for him without pay. Wing deigned only to grill a venison steak or baste a bamboo partridge or concoct a series of pastries when guests were to grace our board. At such times he brought in a third cook and all three labored tremendously.

The Cook Serves Notice

My one daily contact with Wing had been in the morning after breakfast. He would bring in a small account book which read somewhat cryptically:

1	mo day	28
1	flo	10
2	pnut	83
1	pto	12

This, thanks to experience, I was able to translate as: The twenty-eighth day of the First Moon. One sack of flour, ten cents; two pounds of walnuts or almonds—all nuts were generically termed peanuts by Wing—eighty-three cents; a small bag of potatoes, twelve cents.

These represented his purchases in the market the day previous. Once he inadvertently added the date, thus swelling the day's total to an alarming—and for a few moments an inexplicable—sum.

Occasionally I would contest an item. Whereupon his face would darken and he would announce in a high, squeaky voice that shook with anger:

"Pea! Just now pea very dear! No can catch cheap! You try! You see!"

I knew better than to try. Although I was certain that Wing squeezed, I respected him as being an artist at that game.

With the advent of Wing in the double capacity of cook and boy, life suddenly became stabilized for us. The house was run along solid, thorough lines, not with Lee's mercurial brilliance, but dependably. Wing himself lifted no hand in our service, but like all captains of industry, he possessed the gift for inveigling labor out of others—namely, our two coolies and the apprentice cook.

The missie and I were soon shamefacedly saying that while of course we wanted Lee's son to get well, nevertheless we did hope he would take his time about convalescing.

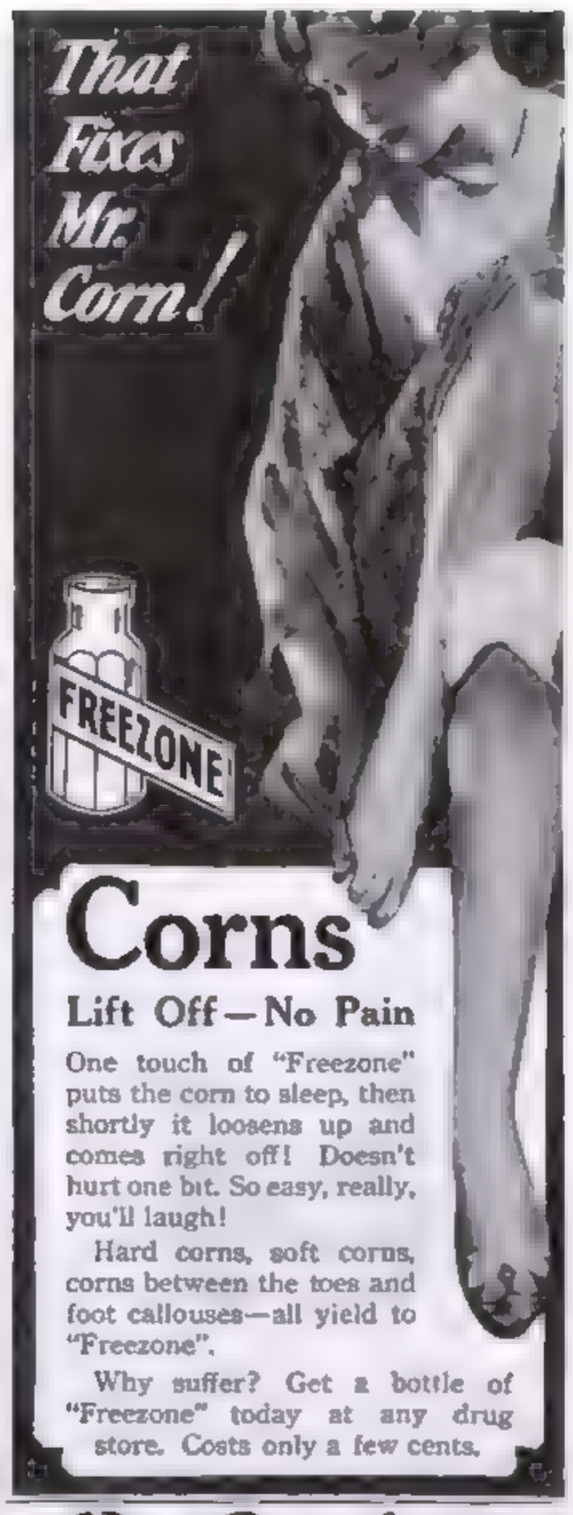
Then one morning a small urchin flitted into our courtyard and demanded speech with Wing. I waved him in the direction of the kitchen. I was sitting in the sun, pretending to work. The sky was a lovely pale blue and ducks were winging south from Siberia in swift, marvelous wedges. Pigeons flashed and wheeled low over the housetops, tiny whistles in the fan of their tails making a thin and sweet melody. Lazily I turned my head and watched the small Chinese boy go up to Wing, who was smoking a long bamboo pipe in his doorway and directing the second cook in the manufacture of some noodles.

The next instant the peaceful scene was ended. Wing began to whoop. The youth, not to be outdone apparently, lifted a high penetrating treble. Both talked at once. The courtyard became filled with a horrid cacophony.

With a sigh for the morning that was being murdered, I left my chair and entered the servants' courtyard. Wing ceased his impassioned speech, and the urchin's mouth abruptly closed. The boy was plainly frightened, but it seemed apparent to me that he was holding firmly to whatever stand he had previously taken. The cook stared sheepishly at the ground in the general direction of my feet, refusing to meet my eye, then hurriedly he removed himself to his sleeping quarters. Fifteen minutes later he reappeared, bearing a roll of his bedding, neatly tied.

"Why that, cookie?" I asked.

He ignored the question; instead, he demanded that I count the silver. I looked at him in some amazement. I saw no reason for tallying knives and forks. All the necessary cutlery had been present at breakfast.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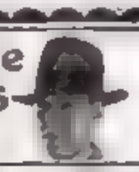

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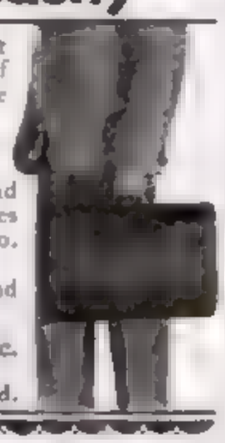

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But he repeated, "You makee count!" And added: "Take look-see dat I no steal!"

"Don't be absurd, cookie! Of course you haven't stolen any!" I followed this with the old, old question, accompanied by the old, old foreboding—an awareness, a sixth sense which had grown to be mine since living in Peking, that the state of Denmark was not alone in its peculiar unsavoriness: "What is wrong, Wing? There's something up! Come on, tell me!"

After an instant's hesitation he answered: "Lee-Boy have found other job. Dis morning he send for me. He say I must leave here. He say I must go. Just now, I must go. Foreign mastar and foreign missie at his new place no have got cook. Dey wantchee cook. Lee-Boy say I must go. Just now, I must go."

"All right, cookie! All right! All right! I heard you! . . . Well, of all the ingratitude! Of all the—but wait a moment. Answer me one question: Do you want to leave us?"

He had the grace to hang his bristly black poll. "No. I no wantchee go."

"Um-m-m. I don't see what valid reason I have for believing you, but as it happens, I do. I'll tell you what I propose: You're getting eighteen Mex dollars a month, plus your squee—plus your commissions. I'm a fool to do it, but I'll call and raise. If you'll turn a deaf ear to the siren Lee, if you'll stay on with me, continue your cook-boy pidgin, I'll—I'll give you thirty-six large, round Mexican dollars a month—just twice what you're making now. *Hao? Hao-buhao?*—good? Not good?"

When Wing Lost His Cue

I am sure he comprehended but three words of my entire speech: "Thirty-six dollars." But they were enough. His eyes glazed. His breath came in gasps. His mouth opened and shut several times in a manner strongly reminiscent of a carp out of water. But the next thing I knew he was shaking his head sadly—very, very sadly—and the dazed opaque look in his eyes seemed to deepen.

"I very much love mastar; I very much love missie ——"

"Stop it, cookie! I know exactly what that means! When you very much love mastar, you're going to turn the master down. Right?"

"Yes. It belong dis way. Lee-Boy have give me my place here. You remember when you first come Peking-side, you say to Lee-Boy: 'Go catch me one-piecee cook.' And he say, 'Aw right, mastar; can do.' Lee-Boy catch me. Derefore, when he go 'way, I must go too. Dat belong Peking *kwei chü*. How you say?—olo custom. No can change."

I stared at Wing in despair. Now that he was on the point of departure he became very dear to me. I saw visions of cooks—long processions of them—being tried out in my kitchen, preparing one awful meal, and then being fired. As I was about to bid him good-by, curiosity stirred feebly as to the cause of the catastrophe, and I asked:

"Who, by the way, is this youngster—the one who brought the bad news?"

"Oh, dat belong Lee-Boy's son."

"His what?"

"His son, mastar. His littla boy."

Horrid suspicion crackled and flamed. "Cookie, just how many sons has Lee?"

"Only dis one, mastar."

I turned directly to the youth. "Come here!"

Evincing extreme unwillingness, he sidled up to me. I stared coldly at his face. The cheeks bloomed with health, a touch of red seeping beneath the brown-skin surface. The body was plump. If he had been suffering from any serious internal difficulties, if there was any great derangement of his youthful "stom'k," he was concealing it admirably. He looked abominably bounding, sturdy and vigorous.

"Cook, has this boy been ill lately?"

For a moment bewildered by this question, Wing shook his head. "Dis littla boy sick? Ey-yah, no! He strong boy! Plenty well! He ——" The cook stopped. His mouth formed the letter O as memory gave him a sudden dig. "I forget. Yes, he belong very sick—his stom'k. I forget."

I stared at him wearily, and I spoke, half to myself: "When I think that I was fool enough to give Lee twenty-five dollars, because this fine specimen here was supposed to be ill ——"

A Fatal Mistake

Life in the Far East never follows the pattern that the Occidental is prepared to expect. For at my words Wing suddenly stiffened. The glaze disappeared from his eyes. They focused to a pair of twinkling, sinister points of agate.

"Does the mastar say dat he gave Lee-Boy twenty-five dollah for his son?" I nodded, now a trifle ashamed of myself for having told him this. "Twenty-five dollah? You very sure?"

"Yes. But let's forget that I ——"

Wing interrupted me by giving way to profane expletive: "The hell and damn! Mastar, if you wantchee me stay with you, I think now can do. But I go for littla time. Den I come back."

I stared at him cynically. I was not taken in by this promise to return. "Farewell, cookie! You depart not unremembered!"

The next hour the missie and I seriously contemplated hauling down our colors ignominiously and making a hegira to a hotel. We told each other with a great show of cheerfulness that the food there really would not be so bad, after one became used to it. Of course it would take a bit of doing, that hardening of the inner man, that inuring of oneself to vegetables without seasoning and served in birds' bathtubs, to the occasional inclusion in the sauces of the lesser lepidoptera.

Be it recorded that an hour later Wing returned. Actually he was again in our midst. We disgracefully spied from a half open window his businesslike action of unstrapping his bedding and carrying the blankets into the servants' sleeping quarters. We watched the smoke rise black and cindery from the portable funnel of the great Chinese oven in the kitchen. We heard the dulcet click of chopsticks in a bowl as he began to beat the eggs for a noontime *omelette aux asperges* that the missie had so trustingly ordered after breakfast. Then, convinced that he was once more with us—yes, even unto his second cook, who had also reappeared upon the scene—the missie and I solemnly shook hands. We chanted the Chinese congratulation: *Kungshih! Kungshih!*

Later Wing knocked at the door of my study and querulously demanded that he be given money "Just now" to buy "Cookie buttah."

As I handed him the coppers for the cooking butter, I asked with elaborate indifference, "Are you going to stay a while with us? How did you get around that bit of Peking *kwei chü*—that olo custom of the cook having to resign when the boy quits?"

He shrugged. When an Oriental shrugs it is a marvelous gesture. It explains everything and nothing. But he did offer a halting recital of events that had transpired with him in that hour's absence:

"I go to Numbah One of servants' guild. You savvie? All cook, all boy in Peking belong servants' guild. I talkee to Numbah One of guild. I say dat Lee-Boy have tell me he get nothing from mastar—no money. You see, mastar, boy can leave any time he want, if he no take money from mastar or missie. If he take money, den dat all same advance wages and he must stay to end of month."

"I see. And this is the middle of the month. Of course ——"

But Wing was not to be balked of his full explanation: "Yes, dis middle of month. Boy must stay to end. Den, if he want, he can take cook and coolie with him. But Lee-Boy no do dat. He makee mistake. He take twenty-five dollah. He all finish'!" Wing laughed, "Chk! Chk! Chk! Lee-Boy, he very mad with me. He have promise' his new missie dat he catch her Numbah One, first-class, propah cook today." My narrator drew a virtuous expression over his countenance. "I very much love mastar; I very much love missie. I no think of leaving." He paused. "But, mastar, you talkee true talk when you say dat if I do all thing, boy pidgin and cook pidgin, you will pay me thirty-six dollah each month?"

"Yes, yes, you scarlet and unmitigated crook—I mean, cook—you! And I'm glad to do it!"

In the Best-Regulated Families

We had tea a few days later at the home of the Englishwoman who had been in our train compartment en route to Peking—she who had first warned us of the guileful and hidden tricks of the East.

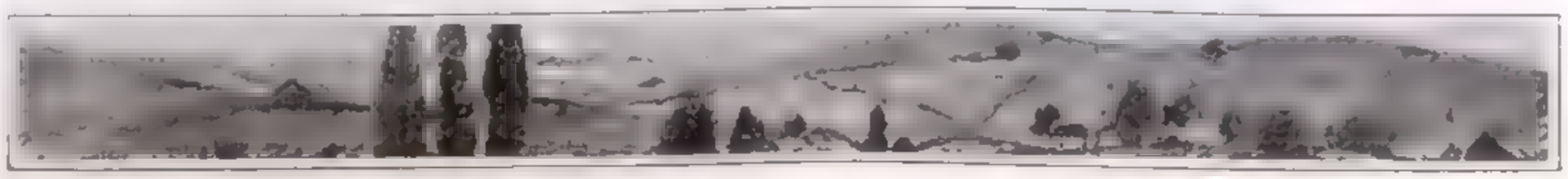
Tea was perfectly served by a wooden-faced Chinese servant, a being who stared dreamily through us and past us. Even as he passed the sandwiches he managed to convey a complete ignorance of our corporeal beings. And we stared through and past him. Though we did not wish any tea fountain cascading down our necks, we would have risen and given a deplorable cheer had he tripped—as his obese cousin-brother-cousin had done in our home—and skated across that English drawing-room on his ear.

Our hostess was talking to my wife; I heard her say:

"I do hope you are getting oriented here. It's a difficult time. Our servants are all turning Bolshevik, I really believe. Only a few weeks ago ours walked out on us—and we'd had them for years! A moldy state of affairs! I had to pay this boy, Lee, who's serving now, a fearful price to come. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't have agreed to give that, if he hadn't solemnly promised to get me the best cook in Peking—a Chinese who had been trained at the American Legation. But did he get me that cook? He did not! I will say this for him—I think he tried! But something happened, and for several days he was terribly upset. And the cook we're struggling with now is one degree short of a nightmare. I really think he was formerly a silk peddler! What?" She shuddered. "He couldn't even grill bacon. Never will I forget the perfectly dejected rasher of bacon that he served us the first morning! It looked weary—what? But what I started to ask: How is your cook? Satisfactory?"

I could hear my wife resolutely choke back the triumphant overtones, as she said, "Oh, yes, he's quite satisfactory, thank you. He's solving our problems by taking charge both of his own work and the boy's. We—we nearly lost him a while ago. But now—well, now I hope we have him firmly attached."

And I—although I do not believe in ghosts, although houses with five doors hold small terrors for me, and at Big Black Buddhas I snap a careless finger, although I deplore superstition—I startled the assemblage of tea-imbibing guests that afternoon by loudly knocking on wood—the arm of my dragon-carved, blackwood chair.



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THE BELTING BOOKWORM

(Continued from Page 21)

laughter over the odd conceit of his entering the ring against Tiger Sweeney with books in his hands.

"That's a funny one, that is! Eh, doc?" He chuckled, enjoying the mental picture. "That certainly is a funny one, that is. What'd I do with a lot of books against that big bum? What a sap I'd be, going into that ring with a lot of books! That big bum'd rap me one on the button before I could wink! Yes, sir, that's a funny one, that is!"

He enjoyed the simple humor of the notion for another minute or two, chuckling aloud occasionally, and then, slowly his face began to darken.

"You know, doc," he said, "I got a good mind to go down there and rap that big bum one on the chin."

"Keep y' shirt on! Keep y' shirt on! He ain't hurtin' you, is he? Besides, he ain't big. He ain't no bigger 'n a flea."

"I'll rap 'm, flea or no flea," said Mr. O'Dowd. "That guy's makin' fun of me, doc. Where's he get any call to make them so-called comical remarks? I ever do anything to him?"

"He's goofy, that's all," doc explained patiently. "He's just goofy. Everybody knows he's goofy."

"I'll goofy him!" Mack said.

It was of no avail that the Honest Doc endeavored to explain to him that the accuracy of Mr. Williams' observations was unimportant. It only mattered, he tried to tell his charge, that the sporting writer was mentioning him at all; that this was publicity, and that publicity aroused interest and expanded values. It might be that the comments were not precisely flattering, but still they were comments.

"He ain't got any call to make so-called comical remarks," Mack declared. "You'd think a man couldn't read a book every now and then without he telephoned to this big bum and ast him could he. Well, I'll read a book, and if he don't like it, I'll give him a rap on the chin. I got as much right to read a book as that big bum has."

"Sure! Sure!" Doc endeavored to pacify him. "Sure you got a right to read a book. Go right ahead and read that book y' got. What did I give it to you for, huh?"

Mack was, in point of fact, reading the book—that is, he was reading it after a fashion. Dolly did the actual deciphering of the words in the Czar's Death Revenge, but it was relayed to her husband so swiftly that it was almost as though he was reading it himself. A week later they were on page 29 and going strong.

"It certainly is a darb," he commented; and added with heavy irony, "but I reckon by rights I ought to call up that big bum and ast him is it all right I should read it. Some day I'm gonna rap that mug on the chin. You know, kid, that guy's dangerous. I ain't conning you a bit—he's dangerous. Suppose a guy does want to read a book. If that mug don't like it, it makes a guy feel guilty, like he was doing something he oughtn't. Is that any kind of a sort of way to act about reading?"

"There's no doubt about it," she declared, "you're on the side of progress and civilization, baby."

"He ain't got any call to make them so-called comical remarks. I reckon he wants all box fighters to be dumb-bells. That there book I'm reading is a good book."

"Longfellow hisself might have wrote it," she granted.

"It's a good book. How many killings already?"

"Six," she replied—"six, not counting the massacre of the peasants."

"They don't count," Mack ruled. "But six killings of prominent characters up to page 29 shows you it's a mighty nice fast book. Probably he don't want anybody, not any box fighter anyway, to read a book like that. Well, he's got to cut out them comical remarks—them so-called comical remarks, which ain't funny at all if you just stop to think about it. Already I had to give one fellow a rap about them."

Dolly looked surprised. "Yeh? What happened?"

"It was a rubber," he explained a bit reluctantly. "He made one of them so-called comical remarks, and I let him have one."

"What'd he say?"

"He called me outen my name," he explained. "He called me—he said, 'Hello, Shakspere.'"

"Well, strike me pink!" she exclaimed. "You rapped him for that! It don't seem to me being called Shakspere ought to hurt you any."

"Shakspere ain't my name," he insisted doggedly. "There ain't no call for anybody to call me outen my name. If anybody wants to call me, call me Mack or O'Dowd. There ain't anybody got a right to call me Shakspere."

"I'll say there ain't!" she agreed.

"Go ahead," he said. "Pick it up there where the young Corsack rescues the princess from the Arabs."

There was no doubt about it—Mr. O'Dowd was growing sensitive. The Honest Doctor, who had shepherded him through a dozen fights in and around Chicago, understood it only vaguely. He could not quite grasp his protégé's point of view. If sporting writers, Eddie Williams included, chose to write and publish remarks which were to him all Greek, he could not see why they shouldn't. As for their edging into one's cultural aspects, he could only feel that it was odd taste on their part, but a thing scarcely calculated to infuriate one. Mr. Williams' references to his own love of the classics, which were many, struck him as no more than a huge joke—a huge joke on Mr. Williams.

"He's goofy, that's all," he declared. "I never hung aroun' no liberry. I never hung aroun' no liberry in my life. He's so goofy he's comical."

He made every effort to demonstrate this explanation to Mack, but with little or no success. Like a man who picks at his sore, Mr. O'Dowd read Mr. Williams' column daily, and daily Mr. Williams devoted a paragraph or two to his fanciful reports from the O'Dowd training quarters. Late at night, in the Enquirer office, he lighted a cigarette and gave over an area of that valuable commodity known as space to notions concerning the Honest Doctor Weaver and his literary prize fighter:

> Reports are [he wrote] that a strict order for silence has been issued each evening in the Camp of Mack O'Dowd the Bookless Bookworm. Mr. O'Dowd is training for his coming battle with Mr. Tiger Sweeney the Man-Killer, by reading a book, and it is necessary to have complete silence in order that Mr. O'Dowd may hear himself read. Mr. O'Dowd does not read in the ordinary fashion. He reads aloud to himself. When there is a noise, Mr. O'Dowd cannot hear what he is mumbling to himself and therefore he has no idea what he is reading.
>
> This unusual and original method of training is said to be due to the Honest Doctor Weaver, his manager and a highly cultivated gentleman. Indeed, the book now being read by Mr. O'Dowd was once the property of Mr. Weaver, who just never got around to reading it, and prior to its presentation to Mr. O'Dowd by Mr. Weaver, Mr. O'Dowd was a Bookless Bookworm, one of the saddest of human spectacles.
>
> Despite this novel and, no doubt, efficacious method of training, the chances of Mr. O'Dowd against Mr. Tiger Sweeney, who hasn't read a book since he was twelve, seem to your correspondent to be practically nil. As much as it pains him to lean to the side of illiteracy, he confesses that in this instance the stroke of the Tiger carries more weight than a commendable familiarity with literature.

Mack read this and other similar comments with lowering spirits. He did not grasp all the details, but it was not beyond his comprehension that the general import was a trifle disrespectful. It was clear enough to him that, for reasons very mysterious and inexplicable, Mr. Williams of the Enquirer was being facetious. It seemed to him that the simple reading of a single book was occasioning a most unreasonable amount of comment. There were weak moments when he wished he'd never started the Czar's Death Revenge—immediately wiped away by a sullen dogged determination to finish the book if the heavens fell. No sporting writer living, he felt, could stop his intellectual diversion if he chose to indulge himself in an intellectual diversion.

Dolly sensed this gathering cloud as she read extracts from the adventure of Alexis the young Cossack each evening, but she could not see exactly what she could do about it. She had long since given her husband up as a rational quantity and doubted that she could anticipate any mood or behavior on his part. A phlegmatic and skeptical soul, she decided that all she could do was read and wait and see.

Two days before the fight, Mr. O'Dowd came into his home wearing a scowl that could not be dismissed lightly. Dolly stood up, prepared to sell her life as dearly as possible. He stood just within the door, trembling with emotion. In his right hand was a copy of the Enquirer, crushed to a wrinkled scroll. For a full moment he glared at her, and then he spoke.

"You been to see 'im," he said.

"Been to see who?"

"You been to see this Sweeney—this cousin of yourn. You been to see 'im."

"Is they a rule I can't see my own cousin on the street?"

"You been talking to 'im."

She returned his look unmoved. "Maybe they's a law you can't talk to your own cousin. Of course I talked to him. What do you think—I stood looking at him like a sap? What's eating you, anyway?"

"You talked to him about our book—about that Czar book. You talked to him about it!"

"All right," she said impatiently. "I told him we was reading it. What of it? He read it once hisself. We was talking about it. What about it?"

Mr. O'Dowd appeared to be taken off his guard momentarily.

"He read it! You mean he's finished it?" he exclaimed. "All through?"

"All through."

"He skipped!" Mack declared flatly. "The big bum skipped! He never read that book all the way through already without he skipped. He's lying, the big bum is! He skipped!"

"I didn't ask him," she admitted. "He just asked what we was reading these days and I told him."

"He skipped," Mack repeated thickly, dull anger clutching him again. "You certainly done it now! I'll certainly say you done it now! You maybe think you didn't, but you certainly done it now!"

"What? What's all this? What've I done now, Mack? What is it?"

"You done it now all right! You certainly done it now!" he repeated, reaching back of him for the door knob. "You certainly made a sap outen your husband this time! Well, we'll see!"

She started forward, frightened, but his hand had caught the knob, and then he was gone, the door slamming behind him.

Fifteen minutes later Honest Doctor Weaver was preparing in his hotel room to spend what he felt to be an ideal evening. This consisted of taking his shoes and collar off, pouring himself a drink, lighting a cigar and plunging into a large and luscious stack of funny papers. The comic supplements were his refutation of any notion that he had no interest in cultural matters. Then his door opened and the emotional Mr. O'Dowd stepped into the room.

"Look!" he said, thrusting the crushed newspaper into the doc's surprised face. "Read that!"

The doc flattened out the paper:

> Extra! Your correspondent today is privileged to offer an interesting and important discovery regarding the intellectual pursuits of Mr. Mack O'Dowd the Bookless Bookworm, who fights Mr. Tiger Sweeney the Man-Killer at the Garden tomorrow night. It develops that Mr. O'Dowd does not read aloud to himself, as was first reported. In fact, Mr. O'Dowd does not read at all. Whether Mr. O'Dowd can read or not is another question. It is offered here only that he does not read. He is read to. Mr. O'Dowd is read to by Mrs. O'Dowd.
>
> At present, according to a reliable scout, Mr. O'Dowd's literary taste is being pampered with a masterpiece entitled the Czar's Death Revenge. This is the old Weaver family book presented to the young gladiator by his manager, Honest Doctor Weaver, prior to which presentation Mr. O'Dowd was a Bookless Bookworm. According to information, Mrs. O'Dowd has been reading the Czar's Death Revenge to her husband for years, and is now on page 47. This somewhat deliberate progress is due not to Mrs. O'Dowd but to the Bookless Bookworm himself, who absorbs information very, very slowly indeed. It often takes Mr. O'Dowd a full fifteen minutes to digest a single sentence, though to be fair to him, once he has digested a sentence, it remains digested. There are few better sentence digesters than Mr. O'Dowd. Slow—is his motto—but sure.
>
> And now, as this intellectual giant, guided by that no less intellectual giant, Mr. Weaver, approaches his first real test here, your correspondent begs leave to venture a forecast that Mr. O'Dowd the Bookless Bookworm will be knocked very horizontal, indeed, tomorrow night by Mr. Tiger Sweeney the Man-Killer. Exporting bouts is rarely in your correspondent's line, but this prediction is made without qualification. Mr. O'Dowd may be all the world to the public library, but he looks like a paluka, as the boys say, in a prize ring. So, unless some arrangement can be made whereby Mr. O'Dowd is allowed to bring the Czar's Death Revenge into the ring and there read Mr. Tiger Sweeney into unconsciousness, it looks as though the Bookless Bookworm's entrance into local fight circles may be somewhat marred by the fact that the occasion may prove to be his exit from the same circles.

"Well," the doc commented, "he's just goofy, that's all. He's always been a little goofy, that guy has. I don't see how come a paper keeps a guy like that, goofy the way he is."

"He's goofied further'n he thinks," Mack declared. "That's a insult, those so-called comical remarks are. I stood all I'm going to stand from that big bum. He's just a great big bum, that's what he is!"

"He ain't so big," doc corrected him again. "He's a little runt."

"I'll runt him!"

"Well, take it easy! Just because he says you'll get flattened don't mean you'll get flattened, you know. He ain't any Pharaoh or magician or anything like that."

"He ain't got any call," Mack insisted darkly, "to come out and say my wife reads to me."

"Well, she does, don't she?" the doc asked mildly.

"Sure! But what's that to him? The way it looks now, I ain't allowed to read a book myself and I ain't allowed to have my wife read to me without all the newspapers got to be full of wise cracks by bums of sporting writers. Maybe this Williams would like a rap on the jaw."

"Yes," conceded doc, "and maybe Chauncey Depew was born yesterday. Williams is just goofy, that's all. That little piece there—that sounds very ridiculous to me. I think this Williams is making hisself ridiculous in public. It is all very ridiculous to me, and if I was you I wouldn't make myself ridiculous by bothering with it. It is just too ridiculous to pay any attention to."

"I'll ridiculous him!" Mack muttered.

"Well, maybe you better get on back t' bed and don't worry over a guy that's goofy. He ain't fit to be worried about."

Mack moved reluctantly toward the door.

"I gotta good mind to put Dolly outen the house," he said. "She spilled these beans to that big bum of a Sweeney. She ought to be put outen the house."

"Don't make y'self ridiculous!" doc rebuked him. "Go on home t' bed and it don't matter whether your wife reads to

(Continued on Page 142)

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The canaries that bought a home for their hostess

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"If I only could save enough for the first cash payment," she sighed, as she made out a check to pay for an operation on Junior's tonsils. Just then her pet canary interrupted her thought with a joyous roundelay. "The very thing," she exclaimed. "Everyone asks me where to get a bird who sings like my Fluff o' Gold. Why not breed canaries and have him teach them to sing?"

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you or you read to your wife, or if you don't neither one read anything. This ain't goin' to be any reading match; it's a prize fight."

Mack departed, unpacified, unsatisfied. Brooding held him in its grip as he walked toward the Subway station, and at the Subway station he appeared to have reached some conclusion. Turning south, he continued past the station.

He did not get home until one o'clock.

III

IT CAN scarcely be said that Mr. Eddie Williams was a popular sporting authority. He saw, or seemed to see, very little of the glamour supposed to hang over professional athletes. They were amusing enough spectacles, and the customers who came to witness their feats were amusing, too, in their way to Mr. Williams, and he remained a chronicler of sports principally because he liked to write about matters that amused him.

A slender little man, with a thin nose and sardonic eyes, he waved a few diffident greetings to other sporting journalists as he climbed over frame benches to reach his seat directly under the ring. Few of them liked him. He was no sentimentalist, and a writer who is not a sentimentalist is among strangers when sporting writers gather. He laid out three sharp pencils and some copy paper and lighted a cigarette with something of a superior air. Mr. Moore, of the Eagle, and Mr. Byers, of the Post, exchanged pained glances. Then a man behind Mr. Williams leaned forward and spoke:

"You're picking Sweeney, Eddie?"

Mr. Williams blew out a long blast of cigarette smoke before replying.

"This thick-headed harp from Chicago," he said, "hasn't a Chinaman's chance. It's going to be murder." He spoke loudly and confidently, and Mr. Byers, of the Post, hearing, was so vulgar as to hold his nose.

"You see him work out any?" the man behind asked.

"Oh, I dropped in for a couple of seconds one day. He's just a horse. Sweeney'll make him look silly. Sweeney's a big moron who doesn't make any bones about being a moron. I'll take that kind of box fighter every time. Sweeney's a mankiller. He's got the instinct to rip a man's heart right out of his body. These morons who are busy reading Easy Steps for Little Feet under the impression that they are being intellectual are all right to amuse gullible sporting writers; but as long as it's fighting they are supposed to be doing, I prefer a plain, ordinary, unadulterated gorilla who doesn't know who Joseph Conrad was and doesn't pretend otherwise."

Mr. Williams may not have been conscious of the attention he was attracting. Whatever benefit of the doubt exists, let it be his. Let us say, then, that he was quite unaware that a half dozen or more writers and telegraph operators seated on the same side of the ring were listening casually. So he did not notice other bored looks.

"We've got here tonight," he added, "an honest gorilla against a case of arrested development, and I pick the honest gorilla."

At that moment the case of arrested development was entering his dressing room in the Garden basement. Under his arm he carried a book. His face wore a smile which might have been demoniac on sharper features. As it was, it was just a horrible leer—so horrible that it almost frightened Honest Doctor Weaver.

"You look so happy," he commented, "you must of slugged a cripple."

"I don't hit no crippies," Mack denied, unangered by the insult. "I hit tigers."

"You don't have to hit but one," doc said, helping his protégé remove his overcoat. "And as chancet would have it, we got that one upstairs waitin' f' you to hit 'im."

"I'll reduce that Tiger to a little kittycat."

He shucked off his clothes, whistling an airless tune, and presently sat insulting the representative of Mr. Tiger Sweeney who had been sent to inspect the bandaging of his hands.

"That there so-called Tiger of yourn," he said, "is gonna be just a plain little ole alley cat when I get through with him. That's all he's gonna be, just a little ole alley cat. Go tell 'im for me, will you? Tell him I said so. Tell 'im I'm gonna pull out all his teeth and sell 'em to jewelry stores to make Elk charms outen. Tell 'im I said so."

The representative from Mr. Sweeney was not gifted in small talk or courage. He simply smiled bleakly and nodded. Mack thrust his arms into his bathrobe. Then he got the book he had brought, caught up a chair and went out into the corridor. The doc watched him anxiously.

"What I'm gonna do," Mack explained with his wicked smile, "I'm gonna sit out here in this alley and read my book until it's time to go up. If they's any mugs around that don't like that, including Mr. Sweeney and Mr. Williams, tell 'em just to come and kind of tell me so."

Then he sat down, opened the Czar's Death Revenge, and while the Honest Doc and his entourage stood about gaping, wrinkled his brow into the signs of anguish which appeared to be a part of any intellectual work on his part.

He sat there struggling with the adventures of the young Cossack until word came from the ring that the semifinal preliminary was ended. Then, cheerfully slapping the manager on the shoulders, he put the book under his arm and started in the doc's wake.

"You don't mean," the doc objected, scandalized—"you don't mean you gonna take that there book into the ring!"

"Who says I can't?"

"You ain't gonna hit anybody with it?"

"Anybody I hit this evening's gonna wish it wasn't nothing but a book I hit him with."

He followed the doc down the aisle, his dark, evil smile sweeping everyone he passed. The Garden attendance, surprised and delighted to find that the newcomer did not wear horn-rimmed spectacles, roared a hearty welcome, generously sprinkled with laughs as they noted the book under his arm. Mack waved generously on all sides and then sat down.

Two minutes later Mr. Tiger Sweeney climbed through the ropes. To his welcome, he walked about the ring with hands clasped above his head, but his eyes appeared to be avoiding his opponent, who glared at him balefully, the evil smile broader and more malignant than ever.

"Watch 'im in the second round," he muttered to the doc. "Which of them fellows is this Eddie Williams, this so-called comical fellow?"

The doc indicated the sharp-featured sports writer, now looking admiringly at Tiger Sweeney. Mack allotted him his horrible smile. Then he handed the book to the manager.

"Don't throw this away," he ordered.

The next second he was in the middle of the ring, listening with the sullen Mr. Sweeney, his eyes still evading the glare of Mack's, to the snappy instructions of the referee.

Then they were back in their corners, their robes flying with buckets and towels and seconds out of the ring. The bell clanged, the crowd roared and two dancing figures under the white glare of light touched hands. The fight was on.

Mack laughed. He laughed as his left thrust through the Tiger's guard and laced him lightly on the chin. He laughed happily, dancing away from a lead, and countered with a right. The Tiger, white-faced, eyes bright and nervous, threw two cautious lefts that missed by six inches, and dropped back—back—back. Mack followed, grinning in the Tiger's face, planting gloves one after the other on his chin, his cheeks, his body. Then the Tiger pulled up and desperately shot a left and a right that rolled off Mack's moving shoulder and they clinched.

(Continued on Page 145)

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Property Owners may Secure this Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

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"You big bum!" Mack muttered. "You'll get into the ring with me, will you? Well, you gonna get your eyes ripped outa y' head!"

The referee separated them and Mack sank a left six inches in the Tiger's side and the Tiger grunted with the pain. Then he took another, a right hook that jarred his teeth.

Grinning still, walking forward still Mack brushed by the Tiger's guard as though it were weeds, and once—twice—thrice slapped the Tiger's face with his open glove. The Tiger covered and clinched, and Mack muttered meannesses into his ear.

Looking up from the edge of the ring, four flitting legs shifting uneasily before his eyes, Mr. Williams was a bit nonplused. There was no dodging the obvious—that Mack O'Dowd was making a joke of Mr. Tiger Sweeney. He was near enough to see the villainous grin that wrenched Mack's face, near enough to hear the grunt of pain as Mack's glove sank into the Tiger's side, near enough to note the nervous eyes and flat pallor of the Tiger's face. They danced toward him, near the ropes, near enough for him to have touched them, and it was in Mack O'Dowd's eyes that killing showed, in the Tiger's that the glint of fear could be seen.

Then the round ended, and Mr. Williams, catching a breath that was rarely stopped by fights, relaxed a trifle uncomfortably. Somehow he was embarrassed. He did not look around, but he thought he caught the suggestion of a laugh and he reddened. He could not know that it was for or at him, but he suspected.

Mack was grinning in his corner as a second rubbed his chest and wiped his face with a towel.

"The big bum!" he kept muttering through the rapid and probably valuable advice from the doc. "I'll Czar him!"

He jumped forward at the bell and met the cautious Tiger more than halfway across the ring. Again his left went like a snake through the Tiger's guard and caught the jaw—again and again and again. A heavy roar was rising through the smoky haze, and even the sports writers were grinning with that jubilance which comes from witnessing an unquestionable excellence. Mack stepped forward and again, with a cool insolence, slapped his open glove across the Tiger's face.

And then his eyes left the Tiger for flashing glances here and there at the ringside. Like lightning, they caught this face and that lifted just above the edge of the ring, until presently he found what he sought. He caught Mr. Williams' dumfounded eyes, and with a longer look, as the Tiger moved backward, he oriented himself.

The smile disappeared from his face and he shifted gradually so that presently the Tiger, battling desperately and futilely at stinging rights and lefts, was dancing between him and the face of the sporting writer. His teeth bared, he took a deep breath, feinted with his left and drove the right like a piston into the Tiger's jaw.

Men out on their feet, they say, fall forward, face down. The Tiger started to. He started, but he didn't. Moving forward, Mack's left followed, and another right, and the Tiger catapulted back, struck the ropes, crumpled and fell through into the lap of Mr. Eddie Williams.

"There, Mr. Williams! There you are! There's your man-killing Tiger!"

The house roared on its feet. Mack stood glaring through the ropes. Shocked, bewildered and embarrassed, Mr. Williams was holding a nose that had been started to bleeding by an aimless elbow, and in his lap, unconscious and inert, sprawled a large, muscular, sweat-wet and smelling prize fighter. He groped clumsily for his hat and wondered vaguely what he should do with what he had. And then he heard his name:

"Williams!" He looked up, dazed and confused. Mack O'Dowd stood at the ropes, looking down. "You Williams!" he said, and the other sporting writers tipped over typewriters as they leaned forward to hear. "Take your man-killer," he said, "and can I read my book now without no more of them comical remarks?"

Mr. Williams, encumbered with an unconscious prize fighter, looked at him uncomprehendingly.

Mack turned and walked back across the ring, smiling his evil villainous smile as he walked into the doc's open arms.

IV

THE door closed behind the doc, and Dolly came across the room and sat down on the divan beside the recumbent warrior. She put her arms under his neck and laid her head on his chest.

"Oh, baby," she said, "you're grand—grand! I'm so glad—so glad you're not hurt!"

"That big bum couldn't hurt me," he muttered.

"And I'm sorry, kiddo—awfully sorry that I spilled those beans. I didn't mean to, honest I didn't."

"It's all right. It didn't matter. I'm glad. It fixed things." He turned over stiffly, with some effort. "Get some arnica, will you, kid?"

She was alarmed. "You didn't get hurt, Mack! You said you didn't get hurt! What is it, dear?"

He grinned. "He didn't hurt me tonight. He couldn't lay a hand on me. It was last night "

"Last night!" She looked at him, mystified.

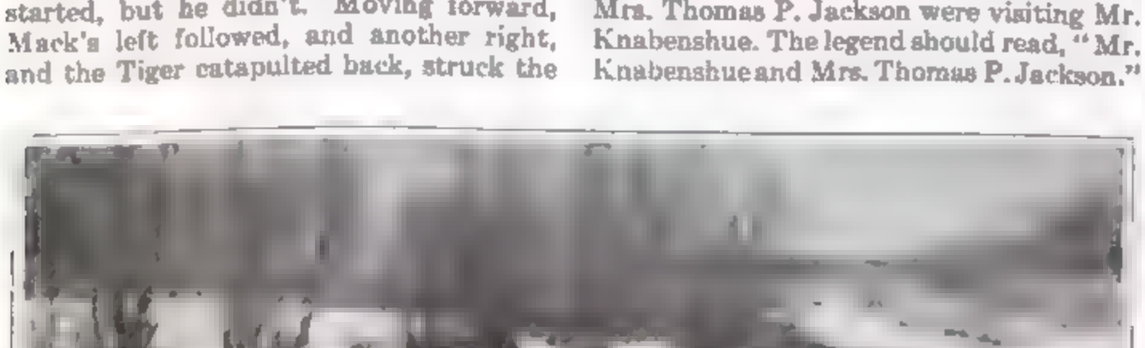
"Sure," he said, pleased at her bewilderment. "I went over to see 'im last night. I wanted to see if I could do it, the big bum. I could. I showed him—and he didn't forget tonight. The yellow bum never moved at me once. He was scart. But get the arnica; I got a couple in the ribs that needs attention."

She started out of the room. A call stopped her.

"Bring that there book, too," he said. "Soon as we get that arnica on, pick it up on Page 52, there where that there Corsack fellow is rescuing the princess from the Turks."

A Correction

THE photograph shown with the article, Accelerating Sentiment, on page 146 of the October 29th issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, was taken while Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Jackson were visiting Mr. Knabenshue. The legend should read, "Mr. Knabenshue and Mrs. Thomas P. Jackson."



A Rocky Mountain Mirror

Pipe Smokers:

In quality of leaf and care of manufacture, not a penny has been spared to make Granger Rough Cut a product we can stand squarely back of—but likewise not a penny has been wasted for show. No costly tins, but all quality.....

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT IN THE NEW FOIL PACKAGE IS 10 CENTS

MUSKEG

(Continued from Page 15)

she reached the structure itself, Old Mom came carefully forward, the herd waiting some distance in the background until she should give the signal to progress. A herd leader is more than a mere commander; upon it lies the responsibility for safety, for calmness, for the cataloging of unusual circumstances, and especially for the knowledge of security underfoot. An elephant knows only too well its weight and the danger of placing that avoirdupois upon a flimsy structure.

The workmen, the piles of lumber, the openings in the bridge, fenced off to one side, where men were strengthening the girders before replacing the flooring—these things had told of danger, and now Old Mom was using her every atom of sagacity as she scouted the way. Calmly she surveyed the structure, watching carefully the heavy wagon just passing the center of the span.

With a curling motion she raised her trunk, and hooking it about a steel support, laid against it her tons of weight, blasting with satisfaction when the test gave no evidence of weakness. She pawed at the earth of the approach, and found it solid. Then, raising one heavy foot, she moved it forward in an almost imperceptible progress, so softly did her weight fall upon the structure proper. Slowly—ever so slowly—she allowed the pressure upon that hoof to grow stronger; now a few hundred pounds, now double that amount, the pressure was gradually increased until tons rested upon the one spot and quickly reacting nerves told that all was well

She blasted again, in an expression of growing confidence. The second forefoot went forward, to fall gently into place. Still there was no tremor of weakness. At last, reassured, she walked gingerly forward a few steps, halted, and then turning at last, raised her trunk in a trumpet call for the remainder of the herd to follow. One by one they came forward, the hulking Freida and Major behind her, Tony and Queen and Bess, then Tom and Jerry, and behind these the rest of Old Mom's little monarchy, placidly obedient once their ruler had given the command.

But halfway across the structure the procession halted. One member was missing, and the shouts of bull men from far in the rear told of recalcitration. It was Rajah, white-eyed with rage as the bull hooks dug deeper into the flesh of his trunk—Rajah obdurate and rebellious in his determination not to cross that bridge, no matter what Old Mom might have thought about its safety. A long moment of waiting followed, while the herd superintendent shouted commands to his assistants in the rear and while answers followed as swiftly, giving evidence that at last the agitator spirit in the great beast had assumed full sway. Then a bull hook touched lightly at Old Mom's ear.

"Go back and pick him up, Mom," came the command, and a shuffling mass of amiable tonnage, the lead elephant moved to the rear.

She gave no commands as she reached him; if, in fact, she observed his rebellious attitude—the tightly curled trunk, the rolling, pigeye eyes—she gave no evidence of it. At first, like one leading a child, she moved to his side, and rubbing slightly against him, walked on, again heading toward the bridge. But he did not obey, and the touch of the bull hook again caused her to halt, and in ungainly fashion back toward her charge, there to stand waiting. The guards jerked commandingly at the beast in the rear.

"Tails!" they shouted. "Tails, there, Rajah! Pick 'er up now!"

The beast refused to uncoil his trunk, or even give evidence that he had heard them. To his dull brain that bridge was dangerous and it mattered not that a herd leader had found it otherwise. Again Old Mom waited—for the grasp of his trunk upon her tail that she might lead him forward. The touch did not come. Finally she turned, and moving to a position behind her pet, lowered her head that she might nudge him forward—a mother with a backward child. Almost instantly she recoiled. Rebellion had flared at last. Rajah had whirled, and head lowered, had swung into attack. Even before Old Mom could move to a position of defense he had caught her in the midriff and butted her off balance.

Bull men leaped to a zone of safety now; there was nothing they could do with the puny instruments in their possession to fend off the attack. It was a battle of giants, and while an excited man upon a near-by building ground his camera in picturization of the scene, Rajah swerved again into the aggressive, suddenly cognizant of the advantage which he had gained by the surprise of his offense, and now determined to take the every advantage of it.

There was little need. Gasping with the surprise of it, the impotent watchers saw that Old Mom was doing little except attempt to fend off the blows which now were raining about her head and ears, as Rajah reared, the swift padding punches of his forefeet beating against her, ere he should drop again and, lunging, throw against her resounding body every ounce of his tons of charging flesh. Head down, trunk tight curled, he leaped again and again, while leathery skin scraped with a sound not unlike the rasping of rusty iron and while the earth boomed to the thudding of gigantic bodies in combat.

"Charge him, Mom! Charge him, you fool!" The bull boss screamed the command as Rajah, careless now in his rapidly mounting victory, left his broadside open to a rushing attack that might have changed the entire tide of battle. But Old Mom took no advantage of the situation. She only bellowed, and, her head weaving dolorously, sought to shift her position to a new defensive. Then again a rush was on, while Old Mom gave ground. She was staggering now, and the expression of her eyes seemed to be changing from surprise and tolerance to the glare of resistance. At last the bull men shouted in encouragement; she had lowered her head and was fending him off with short, bobbing blows which only infuriated Rajah the more as, slimy with mud and drizzling rain, the giants fenced and parried, or crashed with reverberating impact. Then the cries of encouragement ceased.

Old Mom was fighting a losing battle. Pitted against greater strength, against youth, against the rage of a powerful bully who held nothing but contempt for the adversary he now sought to overcome, Old Mom had waited too long before taking the offensive. Rajah now was in a position of supremacy, sending her first to one side and then the other in her efforts to escape him. Finally he set upon her with the full power of a running rush; her giant body seemed to turn in the air; the smack of it was sickening as she struck the ground. In an instant he was upon her, pounding her with his hoofs and driving at her with his heavy tusks, ere suddenly, through sheer exhaustion, he should cease of his own volition just short of the towering rage that would have demanded the death blow. In that instant the bull men ran forward; a dozen hooks sank themselves at strategic points; the triumphant renegade allowed himself to be pulled back from his bleeding, panting victim, and slowly, painfully, whimpering slightly in her agony, Old Mom pulled herself to her feet.

With this action, however, there was no further attempt on the part of Rajah to renew the attack It was as if they had understood those gigantic beasts—as if the quarter had been asked and given, an armistice effected and its terms agreed to The great male now turned as though in disregard of the leader who had petted and pampered him into the contempt necessary to rebellion. There was a new mien to him in his victory—an air of the superior—apparent even to the bull men, each holding his secret lest the very mention of the fact might make it true.

"Try him again," commanded the superintendent. "Maybe he'll go now that he's got the spleen out of his system."

"With Mom?"

"No, alone. Let's not start another battle."

Gently they strove to prod him forward, mud smeared and panting, toward the bridge. But the giant legs set and the heavy trunk curled; there was no efficacy to urging. The superintendent waved down the bull hooks and gave a new command.

"If he won't go, you can't make him. Take Old Mom and the rest of the herd over. We'll send him back to the cars to think it over."

"All right, Mom! Mule up!" The bull boss moved to the vanquished pachyderm and she started to limp forward that she again might take her place at the head of the remainder of the herd, huddled and watchful upon the bridge. The progress was limited. Abreast of Rajah she halted. The renegade had swung about. Suddenly, with an ugly push of his heavy head, he shunted her to a position behind him. Then again he whirled, facing the bridge, his trunk raised and his eyes rolled deep into the heavy penthouses which shielded them. A peculiar, high-pitched call issued from his red throat, and on the bridge the hulking mass of waiting pachyderms shuffled uneasily. Again it sounded and again, each time more peremptorily. And at last Freida moved in obedience, while Old Mom, head low, trunk dragging, looked on without remonstrance. A second elephant obeyed the call, a third and fourth and fifth, while the bull men made no effort to halt the streaming line which now retraced its steps upon the structure, moved slowly down the slippery approach and then, bunched again, awaited the next command of the giant who had summoned them. A rebellion had come and gone, a queen had been deposed, and in her place, a king—a surly, sulky, vengeful king—had ascended to his throne, nor could humans do aught to change it.

The Great Amalgamated gave its performance that drizzly afternoon without its elephant act. Rajah had steadily refused to cross the bridge, nor could persuasion, shouts, curses and bull hooks force Mom again into her position at the lead.

It was a haphazard kingdom over which Rajah began his reign. Where Old Mom had ruled through her sagacity, with punishment for the member of her little monarchy who deemed to disregard her rules, which were at the same time those of the circus to which she had been trained, Rajah's domination was purely a matter of self alone. If he deemed his own food insufficient, he took that of the next in line, and that by the force of crashing lunges of his huge body or flail-like blows of a swift-flung trunk which left the victim dizzy and whimpering. Work of the lot now ceased for him, he refused to accept it and that was an end to the matter

All this while Old Mom, her beady eyes rolling with what might have indicated inner consideration, did nothing to violate a single precept of the new ruler. As a queen she had been dominant; as a subject, it seemed, she had become equally passive, and in not an action was there the evidence of the slightest desire to react from the changed conditions of her existence. A different elephant now was Old Mom; when Rajah flailed her for some fancied offense she gave no resistance—nothing save the whimpering, pleading cry of acquiescence When he took her food, there was indeed none of the old adulation with which she once had watched him greedily devour her provender, yet neither was there remonstrance

It was only when apart from the herd, out on the lot where there were wagons to be pushed about and poles to be carried, the heavy canvas to be reared to its bale rings during the morning operations of setting up, when, with harness and singletree, Old Mom was yanked hither and thither that she might put the circus upon its daily feet, that she seemed to regain anything of her former self. Here there was no master save the beloved bull boss, talking to her as he walked beside her, his hook hanging loosely from the heavy wrinkles of her trunk, its every touch to be obeyed before it had exerted even a slight pressure upon the armorlike skin. The nerves of an elephant are closer to surface than one imagines; a bull hook need not penetrate to make its wishes known, and with Old Mom there was something to heighten even a sense of feeling. It was the desire to work, here, there, everywhere. The longer she worked the longer she remained away from a domination which she hated, yet to which, by elephantine rule, she must submit, or take the consequences. And that, to the bull boss, was the worst feature of all.

"You poor old sap," he would tell her, "don't you know that guy's yellow—yellow as a dog? Give him back as much as he sends and you'll find him quitting before you've ever had to get up your breath. Where's your sense? Did he knock it all out of you?"

Old Mom, being only an elephant, could make no reply. Nor could she give other evidence, for that matter, that anything had permeated her brain save the knowledge that she had been vanquished, and in vanquishment, deposed. And though she submitted, the correspondence regarding elephants grew heavier between the managerial wagon and the general offices of the Great Amalgamated, at last to become even heavier with bad news.

"See anything of a picture man around that fight?" asked the menagerie superintendent one morning.

"Come to think of it, I believe I did." The bull boss removed his tattered cap to rub his hairless head. "Seems to me there was some guy up on top of a building, cranking a camera. Why?"

"There goes your idea about getting the office to sell Rajah," came the answer. "I had 'em half argued into it, but this letter says it can't be done. There's a picture out, running as a special news reel with a lot of publicity, telling about how the thing was taken and on what show. Every outfit's got Rajah catalogued as a bad bull by now and wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole."

"Well, ain't he?" asked the bull boss.

"That's a matter of argument, the way the office looks at it. They're seeing things from away off. It isn't like they were on the ground floor."

"Then they're not going to do anything about taking him off the show, or killing him or something?"

"They don't seem very eager about it. I didn't even mention killing him. No sense to that."

"No, of course there ain't, as long as he doesn't tear up the show." The bull boss spun his cap on a finger, then, with a flip, sent it to a slantwise position upon his head. "Of course I'm prejudiced. I've seen this bull herd when it was the best in the country—never a finer working bunch of elephants anywhere than this outfit was before Old Mom got them sap notions in her head. It'd be that way again, if she'd ever come to her senses. But even that," he reflected, "wouldn't do much good now, with Rajah in command, and him not giving a whoop about anything except to fill up on food. But as I say, I'm prejudiced, and I don't trust that bull. He's the kind that can't be satisfied with just doing a thing an' then restin' on his

(Continued on Page 151)

The HOOVER

It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

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The accurate measure of electric cleaner efficiency is dirt per minute

Cleans your rugs in shortest time

POSITIVE AGITATION

Thorough cleaning does not mean slow cleaning. The most thorough cleaning your rugs can receive—Hoover cleaning—is also the fastest.

The Hoover removes more *dirt per minute* because its exclusive principle, "Positive Agitation," beats out the deeply-buried, destructive grit as rapidly as Hoover sweeping and cleaning remove the surface lint and dust.

Only in cleaners made by The Hoover Company will you find this deep-beating which brings new thoroughness and speed to cleaning, and which—by its brightening of the colors and lifting of the nap—restores to rugs their original beauty.

We shall be glad to demonstrate in your home what repeated tests have shown—that The Hoover removes more *dirt per minute*. Because The Hoover represents the highest point in electric cleaning efficiency, you will want to have this test as a measure of electric cleaner capacity, no matter what machine you buy. Telephone the Authorized Hoover Dealer.

Cash prices, Model 700 Hoover, $75. Model 543, $59.50. Dusting tools, $12.50. Easy payments if desired. Only $6.25 down. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Hoover dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners... The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

AMAZING HEATING OFFER

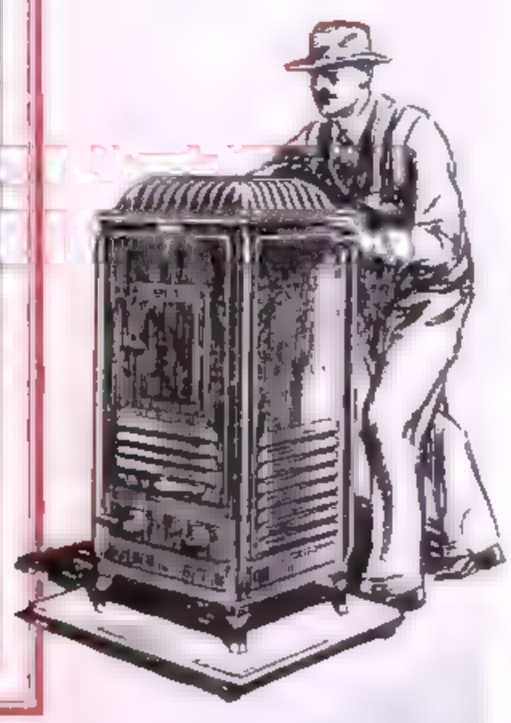
(Good only until January 28th)

Your old stove is taken down. You are allowed $10 for it.

A genuine Estate Heatrola is installed immediately.

You make a small deposit, but *no regular payments until Fall.*

Read details on opposite page. Then see your dealer, or write us.



WHY SHIVER *until* SPRING in a half-heated house?

Join the Second Annual "Enjoy-It-Now" Club and exchange old-fashioned stove heat for Heatrola's modern comfort and convenience

YOUR old "parlor" stove—don't blame it if it begins to play out about this time of the year. Remember, it has worked overtime through many winter months.

But you don't have to put up with its half-hearted heat from now on until Summer. By joining the "Enjoy-It-Now" Club, you can exchange old-fashioned stove heat for Heatrola's modern comfort and convenience.

And, best of all, Heatrola will safeguard your family against late winter colds and other illnesses—right now, during the most treacherous season of the year. It's such a snug feeling to know that you no longer need fear the half-stuffy, half-freezing temperatures of a stove or fireplace heated home.

What membership means

Imagine! Your whole house—upstairs and down—flooded with the balmy warmth of Summertime. No shut-off rooms or frigid hallways. No drafty floors to set the youngsters sniffling. That north bed-chamber as cozy and comfortable as the living-room. Every room livable, even in the coldest weather.

But you already know about Heatrola comforts. About the famous Intensi-Fire Air Duct that is responsible for the tremendous heating capacity of the Heatrola—that makes your fuel dollars go much farther. And the Vapor Tank that keeps the air healthfully moist—breathable.

You have doubtless admired the Heatrola, too. It *is* so good to look at. With its graceful lines and softly gleaming mahogany

Estate HE

There is only *One* Heatrola

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finish of vitreous enamel, it brings new charm to the living-room. And it is so clean. A daily dusting keeps its everlasting finish always new.

Enjoy it now! The minute you pay the modest enrollment fee, you become a member of the "Enjoy-It-Now" Club, and your room-heating "parlor" stove is promptly replaced with the beautiful, house-heating Heatrola.

*Here is the "Enjoy-It-Now" plan**

1 You deposit with your Heatrola dealer a $25 membership fee—which is applied on the purchase price of your Heatrola.

2 The Heatrola dealer then installs a beautiful 1928-model Heatrola, removes your old stove, and allows you $10 for it, which is also applied on the purchase price of your Heatrola.

3 You do not make another payment until next Fall. But all the rest of the Winter you enjoy Heatrola's whole-house comfort for a total cash outlay of only $25!

4 In the Fall, you can begin paying the balance in easy installments. And remember, you already have a credit of $35.

**Note:* On the Gas Heatrola the membership deposit is only $15.00, and no allowance is made for the old stove.

THE INTENSI-FIRE
exclusive with Heatrola

The Intensi-Fire Air Duct, found only in the Heatrola, is a unique device built directly in the path of the flame. It captures and uses much of the heat that ordinarily escapes up the flue—tremendously increases Heatrola's heating capacity.

WHEN it's as easy as *that* to modernize your home, to enjoy luxurious comfort, to cut fuel bills almost in half, to protect the family's health . . . who would hesitate? Remember, this liberal offer is for three weeks only. On January 28th the membership books of the "Enjoy-It-Now" Club close. So, see the local Heatrola dealer at once for further details about the extraordinary "Enjoy-It-Now" Club offer. Or mail the coupon to The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 4-A, Hamilton, Ohio, or any of the Branch Offices.

Branch Offices: 243 West 34th Street, New York City; 714 Washington Ave., N., Minneapolis; The Furniture Exchange, San Francisco; 829 Terminal Sales Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

A companion Heatrola
FOR GAS

A true Heatrola in every respect. Already it has brought new heating comfort to thousands of homes. Your local gas company or dealer will tell you more about this remarkable small-home heater that circulates billows of healthfully-moistened heat through three to five connecting rooms. Or, write us for catalogue and details of the "Enjoy-It-Now" offer.

Tested and approved by the Laboratories of the American Gas Association.

The "Enjoy-It-Now" Club is open for members from January 7th to January 28th . . . after that the books are closed! See your Heatrola dealer now!

HEATROLA

—Estate builds it

MAIL THIS FOR FULL INFORMATION

The Estate Stove Co.
Dept. 4-A
Hamilton, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Please send me full information regarding the "Enjoy-It-Now" Club offer on the

☐ Estate Heatrola for Coal
☐ Estate Gas Heatrola
(Check which)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

BEWITCHING style! Perfection of line—graceful—harmonious—beautiful—smart to look at—smart in which to be seen. That's a Briggs Body—found on so many of America's foremost motor cars.

BRIGGS
BODIES

BRIGGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 146)

laurels. First thing we know, he'll get to sapping trainers, or running the herd into stampedes, or busting up the show. Then them efficiency experts in the general office'll howl their heads off because we didn't take the proper precautions."

"Well, we're insured there. I've told them everything." The menagerie superintendent folded his letter and replaced it in his pocket. "And when you get right down to it, this whole thing is as much Old Mom's fault as it is Rajah's. She's the one who spoiled him and brought out all the bad in his nature. Of course if she could only get the mastery over him, he'd quit his foolishness. Just as you were telling me the other day, I never saw an animal, human or otherwise, that acts like Rajah, who wouldn't quit once he had the daylights batted out of him. But of course there's no chance of that now—that fight proved it to me. He's younger than she is and got more strength and stamina. There isn't a chance that she could whip him."

"Oh, yeh, there is," said the bull boss. "He's staying in there eating his head off and getting fat, isn't he?"

Then, without waiting for the affirmative answer, he walked to the picket line, hung his hook in Old Mom's trunk and led her forth to her labors. Willing as the deposed female was, the bull boss these days took a personal interest in seeing that she got all the work she could assimilate, particularly that of pushing and butting, destined to stimulate and strengthen neck muscles which were responding generously to the steady diet of exercise which fell to Old Mom's share. There was an air about the bull boss which was almost remindful of a pugilistic trainer these days, a gleam of watchful appraisal in his eyes, but of course Old Mom knew nothing of that. She only realized that she had been defeated in combat and that her victor was stronger and younger and stauncher than she; that open battle could have but one outcome for her. Perhaps that is why she watched the new herd leader so carefully in the ring, and why Rajah, for some strange reason, refused to do some of the tricks which he had been taught, such as lying on his side with the other elephants pyramiding over him. An elephant, they say, remembers. It was more than possible that Old Mom had entered one or two little matters in her memory book which might call for action when the recalcitrant she once had fondled should place himself in a defeatable position.

Deep summer was on the way now, and with its arrival the Great Amalgamated headed swiftly north on the trail of new money. There is an atmosphere of the pioneer about the usual circus; its ever-present dream is the maiden town, or maiden territory, where, with the opening up of new districts, new railroads or new industries, people flock to a community which must be built from the bottom, and where, because of the pioneer conditions, amusements are few and far between. There the circus goes at the first possible opportunity. The first train over a new railroad all too often is followed by the trains of a circus, hurrying in before some other tented organization can reach the ground, to display itself in return for the dollars of amusement-starved people.

Such a district now was calling in newly opened mining camps in Northeastern Ontario and Western Quebec; places where only a few years before there had been trackless muskeg, the impenetrable bush of the northern country, the interminable lakes and streams, peopled only by the Crees, the Ojibways and the vagrant moose which fed upon the lily roots in the tea-colored waters of muskeg seepage. But gold had changed all this.

First a rude cabin, built in the silvery birch, and a canoe with its covered outboard motor, lying upon its side at the edge of the heavy bush, stretching black and thick with the growth of centuries upon earth of its own making for miles upon miles of trailless, uncharted wilderness. For such is the north of Eastern Canada, a land where thousands of years agone the glaciers ground down what then was a range of mountains perhaps higher than the Rockies, down and down and down until, with the coming of a warmer age and the melting of the frozen rivers, there was left only the foundation rock of all the earth, the Pre-Cambrian, hard and igneous, and serrated with the fissures of precious metals, revealed in starkness those thousands of years ago, only that they might be concealed again for ages untold. For vegetation began in that land of water—vegetation which grew and rotted and grew from its own seeds upon itself again. Muskeg—such is it now after thousands of years—a collection of roots, of rotted vegetation seons old, of mosses, of dead timbers going back to soil again, and of water—always the water—seeping through it and dripping at the first incision, like springs of long-boiled tea. The streams which flow from it are blackish red; the land upon which a forest may rest will send a man floundering hip-deep in the slimy, rooted foundation ere he strikes the rock upon which to support himself. Gold had called men even here, to fight the flies and the mosquitoes, to endure the dangers of typhoid, to move by canoe through lake and stream, studying the exposed rocks along the shores; to be lost and to die in the dense bush—for the impenetrability of forests which rise even to a height of a hundred feet suggests nothing less than the tangle of untouched underbrush—one may be lost and one may die, his searchers pass, unknowing, within a dozen feet of his body. But gold is gold and there are the men who will seek for it even if death lurks continually. A second cabin had joined the first and another canoe was upon the edge of the lake. Then more had come and more. So it was in a dozen places throughout this strange, eerie land, and because men had gone before, because men had found gold, luring other population with the discovery, there was the Great Amalgamated going also, that it might be the first circus to visit new gold fields and thereby reap a harvest.

It was a gradual progress; to the older camps first—ones established in a rush of years ago—to Cobalt, to Timmins and others. Then at last, veering sharply, the circus moved along the northernmost of Canada's railroads to a junction point and switched its cars to the rails of a new line, as yet not more than faintly burnished by the passage of trains. Fifty miles to the south was a town called Rouya. Until two months before only the canoe, or horses struggling along the quagmire of a newly built road, the roving commercial airplane and the motorboat, winding endlessly through lakes and along the network of connecting streams by circuitous routes, had formed the means of locomotion. But now the railroad—itself answering the call of gold—had come, with trains running over skeleton construction, and along this the Great Amalgamated, the engine running slowly upon a roadbed of many frailties, moved doggedly onward toward its destination on a daylight Sunday run to Rouya.

It was tedious progress—and an unpleasant one. During the long stops—to examine a stretch of track or to test the interminable trestles over stream and arm of lake or stretch of stinking swamp—the humid heat of the watery country seemed literally to infold the train, its panting animals, its torpid humans clustered in the aisles of the sleeping car, while smudges burned in tin pails so that their smoke might relieve oppressed occupants from the attacks of insects which swarmed with every halt.

Northern Quebec had experienced a late season; mid-July still found the moose flies, the mosquitoes, the deer and black flies rampant. All of them fed ravenously upon this unexpected visit of human and animal flesh; the air seemed alive with humming. Soon the train crews were passing forth cans of tarlike mixture which changed a white personnel to a grotesque appearance of minstrelsy, but which at least provided relief from the stings of a voracious swarm which increased as the slow procession made its way deeper and deeper into the land of muskeg. Then suddenly the train halted with the jerking of quickly applied air brakes. Calls sounded, black-featured workmen piled from the cars, and the train superintendent began the shouting of staccato orders:

"Up there on them first three flats! Them rails spread; every truck's on the ties! Jack them cars up and pull them rails in, an' rush it!"

It was work, however, which could not be rushed—the grueling work of affixing giant jacks, while the onslaughts of insects made existence in the cramped quarters beneath the cars all but unbearable. Smudges were lighted along the right of way, the circus people huddling about them in miserable groups. In the horse cars the sounds of stamping and snorting grew louder—suffering had invaded there as well as the animal dens—while from the tremendous conveyance which housed the elephants there issued shrill blasts of excitement and a thunderous echo of lunging bodies, which at last brought consternation.

"Have to get 'em out of there," commanded the menagerie superintendent. "They're beginning to wreck that car. Let 'em out and give 'em sacks. They'll be better off in the smudges anyway."

A half dozen radiating forms answered the decision; men hurried for the bull car so that they might pull the heavy runways from beneath it and affix them for the descent of the tremendous, insect-maddened beasts within; others went for stakes and chains so that a picket line might be established in the region of smudge smoke along the right of way; still others sought gunny sacks, which, ludicrous as they might appear, had often saved the life of a circus under such circumstances as this. An elephant is a paradox. Apparently with no more reaction than a turtle, he is nevertheless a perfect mechanism of highly sensitized nerves. With a hide tough enough, for the major part, to turn the impact of an ordinary rifle bullet, he nevertheless possesses spots so vulnerable that the bite of fleas or the sting of mosquitoes can drive him mad. Particularly is this so concerning the tender portions of his mouth and its creases just below the trunk, his eyes and the pinkish, freckled skin behind his ears.

The swarms of insects which had invaded the train ever since its departure from Taschereau on the main line and the steady progress into a country which steadily grew into more and more of a wilderness, first had brought nervousness, and at last a condition which bordered upon absolute panic, as the pain-ridden pachyderms, confined in comparatively close quarters, rubbed against one another, stamped and collided in their efforts to rid themselves of the annoying plague which had descended upon them.

Nor did the condition better perceptibly with the advent of the harassed animals into the open air. In vain the circus men piled higher the smudges which now were sending forth volumes of acrid smoke; in vain also, with but one exception, did the assistants pass along the line of maddened pachyderms with their offering of gunny sacks, to be disdained by the main band, too feverish with irritation to avail themselves of a relief.

That one exception was Old Mom; she had been in Northern Canada before; this was the thing she had longed for, and she stretched her trunk greedily for it. Then, while the rest of the herd trumpeted and blasted, she rolled her eyes with appreciation, and then, like a contented old lady swinging a fan, waved that beloved sack with a vigor and abandon equaled only by the shimmylike shake of her body as, loose skin wriggling, she dislodged unwelcome visitors from points she could not reach. Right and left, over and behind her ears, under her belly and around her eyes, she swung that sack, slapping it against her hide with resounding whacks, or, with short uppercuts of her trunk, sending it against

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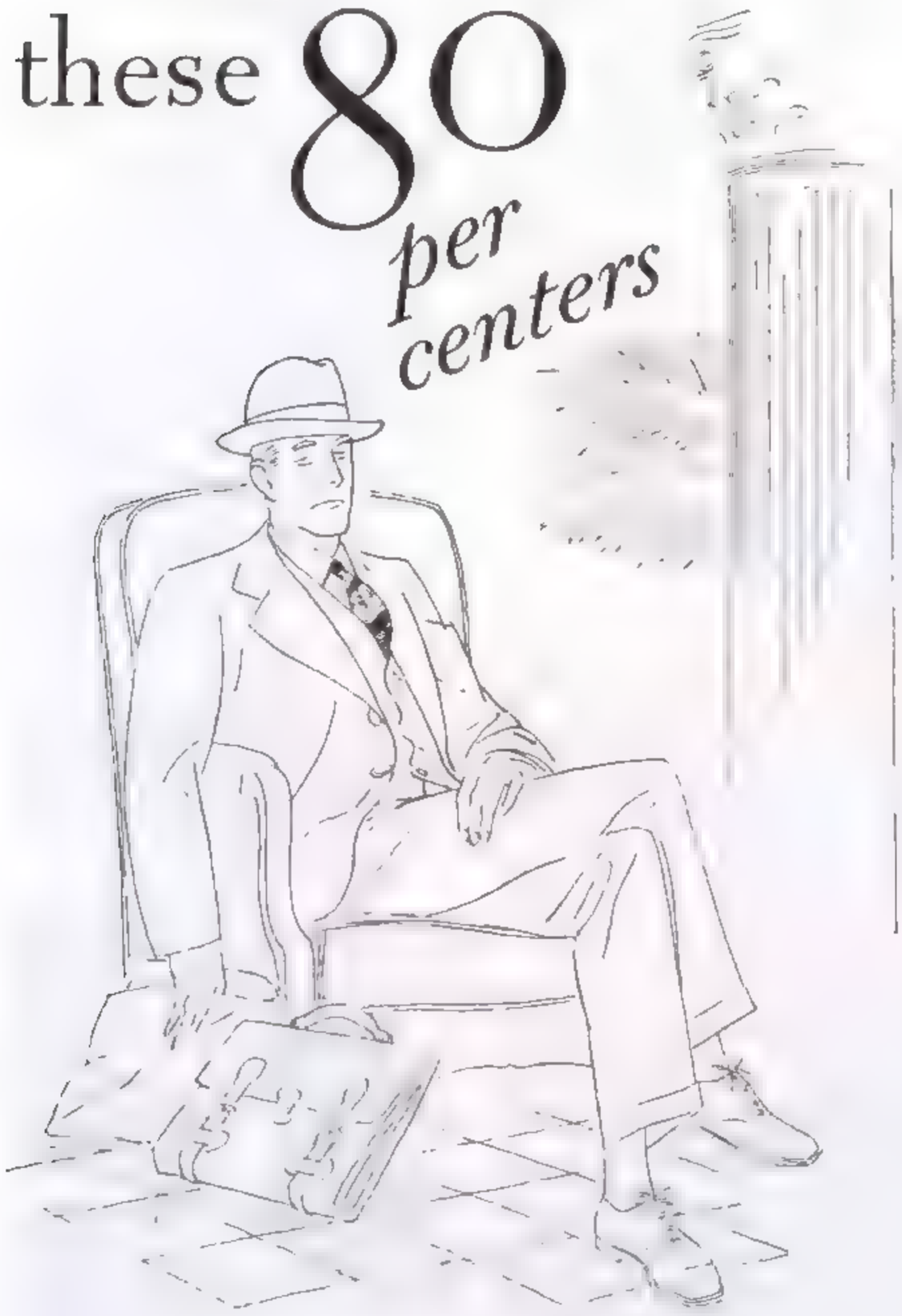

How many people there are who miss success by just a little! What is the matter? What do they lack?

It's not that they do not have ambition or ability. And they are not really ill. But they are *below par*—they just lack energy to make an extra effort; endurance to work hard and long and late. They lack just that 20% which so often means success!

* * *

Physicians have long known of a health-builder unusually rich in factors which increase vitality and build resistance to certain infections.

More and more they are advising the use of this health-builder—*good cod-liver oil*—for under-par people, for the 80 per centers. They recommend it not only as a general "builder-up" but as a protection against colds. Think what this means to your winter comfort and fitness!

Science now knows that these essential building-up and health-protecting elements are Vitamins A and D, and that the effectiveness of any cod-liver oil depends solely on the amount of these vitamins which it contains.

This is the reason so many physicians prescribe one cod-liver oil exclusively—Squibb's. They know it is exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D; that it is *all* oil, undiluted, and that it is the *only* cod-liver oil protected from deterioration.

Ask your physician about Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil as a means of increasing vitality and as a protection against winter colds and other infections. For your own protection insist on Squibb's.

her mouth membranes that there might be relief there also.

But as she calmed, the unrest of the remainder of the herd increased, and the number of bull men also, as they strove to hold the herd in line and at the same time, with branches cut from near-by spruce trees, dance attendance upon them in an effort to free them from the swarming pests. There was desperation in their demeanor, and watchfulness. A queer, chirruping note was beginning to sound in the trumpeting, particularly from Rajah, faced with a problem too great for his haphazard brain. Twice, with deep-sunk hooks, they had stopped a plunging retreat and given thankfulness that it was he alone who had attempted it. But suddenly that thankfulness departed. Rajah, maddened, fighting against men now, as well as insects, crazed by a condition he felt he could not combat, had raised his trunk and had issued the call. And the herd was obeying.

"Mom! Hold 'em—hold 'em there! You can do it! Hold 'em!" The tone of the bull boss was but little short of a scream as tremendous beasts lunged and scrambled about him and chains cracked from the strain. "Hold 'em, you old fool!"

But Old Mom, calm in the midst of turmoil, only swung her sack and gave no evidence of interference. Time was when, by trumpet call and flailing trunk, she would have beaten the recalcitrants back into line and then, swinging her sack before each one, drummed into the panicky brains the remedy for their troubles. But that was when she had been leader of the herd. Now she was only a deposed queen, without power, without command. Wilder grew the pandemonium, while out of the whole gigantic mass of frenzied forms only one remained tractable, and that one Old Mom, neglected now by the trainers as they gave every effort to holding the rest of the herd intact.

This was a dangerous business; once a stampede should come, it would be next to impossible for that herd ever to be returned to the circus. In a land where horse travel was impossible, where morass and swamp and lonely stretch of wilderness existed upon every side, the trailing of the beasts would be a condition to be met only by the slowest of methods. Pursuit must be on foot, without a knowledge of the country and in a forest so dense that, once the herd had penetrated it to any extent, discovery in that black expanse would be a miracle. Once the first shallow lake had been crossed, or the first river forded by a speeding herd, the trail would be gone; wandering, maddened elephants would then plunge on until they died of exposure or weakness, or in bottomless muskeg.

Thought of the train and its progress had been all but forgotten now, as workmen rushed for positions of safety, or performers clambered to the tops of the cars, leaving only the menagerie men upon the ground, dodging and twisting among the tremendous forms in a battle which more and more presented a certainty of loss. For Rajah—he whose command was law among these giants—had got beyond control. A swinging plunge and he threw the trainers from him. Then a circling rush, a shrieking call and he was gone, the rest of the herd plunging after him, to be lost from sight almost the instant in which they struck the deep bush and surged within it. While the breathless, dazed men, weaving from their exertions, gazed stupidly at the hole which fifteen forms had made in the blackness of the timber, dimly cognizant of the fact that a fortune in show property had been wiped out all in an instant and dully wondering what to do about it. Then a new blow struck. The retreat had been complete. The place where Old Mom had stood was vacant. Even she had yielded to the call of panic.

Deliberately they set about the making of plans. Pursuit could be only on foot. The loss of an hour or so in the equipment of packs with food and blankets, the distribution of compasses, without which one cannot hope to invade the impenetrability of northern bush, the apportionment of fly preventives and the arrangement of signals could make but little difference—withal it might save human life. And this while, already a mile away, a herd of elephants, finding a slight surcease in flight, plunged onward, directionless, and with a leader whose sole idea of safety lay in escape. Onward, while at the end of the long line, still swinging her sack and picking her way carefully where the rest of the herd had beaten for her what was comparatively a smooth trail, went Old Mom, stolid, determined to follow and obey, but taking it as easy as possible while she did so.

There was little muskeg here and progress was comparatively simple, save for the leader of the herd, crashing his way through the forest by main force and crashing the smaller trees in his path by a series of lunges which took his strength, but in so doing, brushed from him the swarming annoyances which had brought about flight. At last the blackness of the forest gave way to the sunlight of a stretch of burn-over, where the only obstructions were the grotesque, blackened forms of tree trunks—ghosts of the forest which once had existed there. Here the ground was dry and progress easy, but the flies settled anew, now that the beasts were clear of the brushing aid of the forest branches, and Rajah moved into a swifter pace, veering anew for the smudgy line of the bush, a mile distant.

At last he reached its edge, and, with a bellow of relief, plunged within it. But as suddenly his pace slowed, and floundering, his every atom of strength being called into play, he fought his way onward, breaking the way for the herd. For muskeg was here, into which he sank to his knees, or slopped for interminable distances, it seemed, upon a spongy surface which gave to him a more terrible fear even than that which had sent him mad. There was an element of uncertainty about the footing which distressed him—a condition which he must meet alone—the rest of the herd did not share it, once he had passed through safely. Particularly true was this for Old Mom, far at the end of the line; a path of comparative ease had been created for her by the time the rest of the herd had gone over it.

So, still with her sack waving and with a composure far different from the attitude of the remainder of the beasts, she followed on, a mile, then two, then three, while progress gradually became slower. At last it halted altogether, and waiting, Old Mom flicked her gunny sack from ear to ear, while from ahead sounded sloshing noises, the crashing of tree limbs, and finally the screams of a beast, blasting in thwarted rage. For five minutes it continued, and ten.

Suddenly Old Mom's ears widened and she weaved nervously. A different note had come into the bellowings of Rajah—a note of fear, of pleading. Old Mom waited a moment more. Then stolidly she butted the preceding elephant from her path, and with the others, suddenly deferential, standing aside at her command, moved forward until she had passed them all, save the one she sought. There she halted. Twenty feet away, just beyond a mass of jutting rock, a black head and trunk showed itself; Rajah had floundered into true muskeg, stepping into it evidently from the edge of the rock. He had been unable to clamber back; like one involved in quicksand, his maddened exertions had only sent him deeper into the mire.

Old Mom dropped her gunny sack, and curling the end of her trunk, sent it for an instant in a slow weaving motion along the ground. She churruped softly, then stretching her trunk anew, carefully examined the footing before her, not progressing upon the ledge of rock until she had examined its every inch, while in the morass, Rajah, awaiting aid now, ceased his thrashing, and, trunk uplifted, stood ready for the cast of her proboscis that would give him the steadiness to raise himself. At last, her investigations completed, Old Mom went

Continued on Page 155

Why so many of the leading motor cars at the National Automobile Shows are equipped with

NELSON **BOHNALITE** PISTONS

Here are two pieces of metal—both the same size—but one weighs three times as much as the other. Which could you lift more readily—more often and with less wear on your muscles? The old-style cast-iron piston weighs three times as much as a Nelson Bohnalite Piston. Hence the lighter Nelson Bohnalite Piston, traveling at the terrific speeds which all pistons must, will operate a motor much more nimbly, smoothly, and with less wear for much greater mileage.

The lady at the left is forced to constantly "fight the wheel". This is due to excessive vibration caused chiefly by the old-style, overweight piston. Whereas the lady on the right, traveling at high speed, is relaxed and drives without a particle of strain. Invariably this desired result is due to the use of the much lighter Nelson Bohnalite Pistons.

At the Automobile Shows this year note well the facts presented and demonstration suggested, supporting claims for unprecedented performance.

It might—and should—interest you to know what has been a great factor in bringing about this infinitely higher standard of more brilliant performance in so many of the newest and foremost 1928 motor cars. The answer is the use of Nelson Bohnalite Pistons.

Each year more and more motor car manufacturers have adopted this advanced refinement. The list of automobiles equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons for 1928 contains the leaders in every price class.

The Nelson Bohnalite Piston permitted a new development in motor design. For its extreme lightness made possible the lightening up of all reciprocating parts. In addition, the Steel Strut controls expansion under all conditions.

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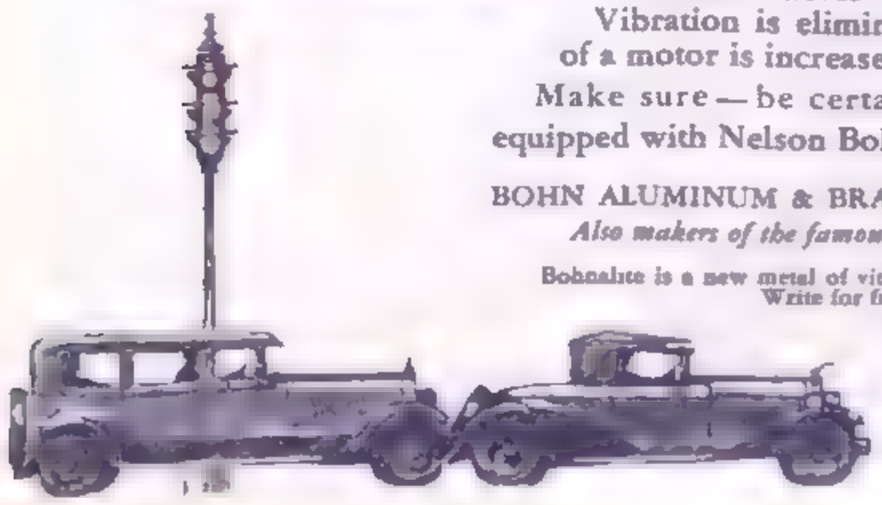

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(Continued from Page 152)

gingerly forward, slow step by slow step, almost to the very edge of the rock. She raised her trunk, her heavy legs set, and then, even while Rajah called anew, her eyes rolled into furious whiteness, her muscles bunched, and she sent her trunk crashing down upon the head of the imprisoned Rajah with a force which all but sent him beneath the surface.

Behind her the herd called in sudden agitation; she whirled upon them, trumpeting, and in that call was the old command they had known in the days when it had been Mamie, alert, sagacious and formidable, who had commanded the herd of the Great Amalgamated—a command for them to hold their tongues or merit that which she was about to bestow upon a usurper. Then, with the herd silent, she turned anew to her self-appointed task. Again the trunk raised, again it fell, while a beast whimpered and squirmed and cried out his pain. Again and again and again, until the red-black water of the muskeg bore the tracings of carmine. Forehead split, ears ripped and streaming, a gasping giant rolled now in the slimy swamp, his trumpet blasts of defiance broken into gasping cries of anguish, his eyes dull, his trunk lifeless.

Again and once more after that Old Mom brought down upon him the crushing blow of her trunk, whipping through the air with the speed of a black snake, but striking with the crushing power of a sledge hammer. As she struck she trumpeted—queer, jagged outbursts which carried the pent-up anger of months. Rajah sagged, his great head rolled limply; then, and then only, did Old Mom stretch forth her trunk upon an errand of mercy. It coiled within his; her shoulders set and the great hams of her corded in hawserlike knots beneath the heavy skin. She set herself and yanked, the outblast of her breath spreading eddies upon the red water. At last Rajah, aiding weakly, caught his footing upon the rocks and came slowly upward.

Slimy, tired, he dragged himself out of the mire while Old Mom still tugged. Slowly he moved with her and she brought him back, farther and farther, upon the rocks. Then, released at last, he stood panting while Old Mom moved gingerly away from him, set herself and then, her body seeming to fly through the air, crashed toward him again in a butting attack which sent the smaller trees of the forest crashing with his impact as he was thrown, powerless, breathless, against them. Then the rain of blows again upon his head, his shoulders, his midriff—at last to halt. Rajah had screamed—the scream of utter and final defeat. Abject terror was in his cry as his legs caved and he sank to the ground. Instantly Old Mom's attitude changed; she moved forward, standing over him for a long moment, chirruping softly. And he answered. Then a matter of moment settled, a sage old elephant walked back to her sack, picked it up, swung it from ear to ear, under her belly and about her mouth; then, moving down the line of elephants, took her place in the lead upon the back trail, while at the rear staggered a bleeding usurper who would disobey no longer—he who had been petted and spoiled, but who was bad no longer—the ex-king Rajah.

It was some six months after the Great Amalgamated Circus had established a record for gate receipts at the new mining town of Rouya that the bull boss one morning affixed his blocks and tackles and arranged his ropes for the training of a newcomer to the herd of Mamma Mamie. He mopped his head as he did so, and talked incessantly to the superintendent, watching from the sidelines.

"Don't like it," he said. "He's another bull like that Rajah. Got the same fakin' tendencies to him. 'Course he ain't so big, but the nature's there. She'll have the same trouble with him she had before, if she stands for it."

An hour passed. A squealing pachyderm ran through the door of the elephant house and to the head of the herd. Instantly a giant trunk went out, in eager appraisal, to the head, the legs—every place where a rope had been fastened—and the bull boss groaned.

"Look at her! Making a fool of herself again! She ought to know ——"

But there he halted. For Old Mom had completed her inventory. Inch by inch she had examined the spots where the ropes had been—the dusty place on the forehead, the marks on the knees where a training elephant had knelt—inch by inch—and now she was done.

Slowly she pushed the youngster to a position before her, and as slowly, she rolled her eyes, bellowed her displeasure, swung high her trunk, then brought it around in a sidewiping motion which sent the malingerer rolling down the elephant line; and that done, went back to her morning diet of hay and carrots.

'FRAID-CAT

(Continued from Page 9)

of course she couldn't blab. Also, her mother was a rather cool, unreachable person who didn't tolerate silliness. Nora finally settled the matter by returning home from a picnic in such a hilarious condition that she and her trunk departed forthwith.

At that time Lucia was nearly six, Esther was seven and Barnaby was a grown man of nearly ten years. It was Esther who discovered how afraid Lucia had been, and she used to make the nights horrible by a prolonged and often repeated hum with six beats in it, one beat for each syllable. There was no way in which Lucia could retaliate. But finally she hit upon a back-handed means of revenge. She refused to say her prayers aloud, and at night, kneeling beside her bed, she purposely omitted Esther's name from the God-bless list, which usually included everything she could remember, from her mother and father to the most recent litter of kittens in the barn.

A terrible thing happened. Esther fell ill with diphtheria and died. No good to pray now and try to make up all those God-blesses, the lack of which had so plainly brought disaster. Lucia lived in the shadow of guilt and told no one, not even Barnaby. She was past seven then.

Her father was a lawyer. He rolled into the city every morning and out every evening in time to bestow a kiss that was strong with cigar smoke. Sundays when the weather was good he rose at six and played golf until dinner. Lucia thought him very nice and friendly—a sort of amiable deity. Her mother was a prominent clubwoman and social leader and she did something about woman's rights. There were things called committees. Lucia had never seen a committee, but she thought it must be rather fearsome. Mother's nerves were likely to be a bit frayed after she had encountered one.

Not that the children were neglected. They were, on the contrary, well cared for in a precise efficient fashion. There were certain laws by which their lives were regulated, and it was well, both for servants and children, if no deviation was made from those laws without the expressed approval of Mrs. Graham. The laws were basic and inclusive, like Rocks and Shoals in the Navy.

Lucia grew into a string bean of a girl, with inquiring brown eyes; a shy, self-effacing girl who had to be coaxed, urged and sometimes driven out of the house to play. It became another law—she was to take tennis lessons three times a week from the pro at the club.

Barnaby went to the other extreme. It was only by a system of penalties that he could be induced to read a book. For him the library was a penance room. He was a strapping youth with a quick, engaging smile, handsome and very much a part of the world of horses, golf, tennis and sailing in which he lived. Barnaby was always coming home in a state of disrepair—cuts, bumps, bruises, sprains and sometimes breaks. Barnaby wasn't afraid of anything.

When he had to have his adenoids removed, he wouldn't let anyone go with him and he said it wasn't anything at all. Lucia had to have her hand held.

Lucia adored him. He was her hero, *sans peur et sans reproche*. She was, whenever he would permit it, his willing slave. When she tried to prove that she wasn't a darn 'fraid-cat, which he had called her, she dropped from a scaffolding in a game of follow the leader and wrenched a ligament in her ankle. Barnaby was most regretful and attentive while she was disabled, but he explained that almost anyone with any sense wouldn't drop without looking to see what lay beneath. She couldn't easily explain to him that she was afraid to look down. It didn't sound reasonable, but it was true.

When Barnaby departed for boarding school, life became a bleak series of weeks until Thanksgiving. Barnaby came and went; each time he returned, he seemed, like the circus, bigger and better than ever. He went to college just because it was something one did.

The real passion of his life was polo. During summer vacations his suite of two rooms on the top floor of the Graham house smelled of the stables. The strings of his rackets snapped in oblivion and his golf clubs rusted.

After his senior year he confided in her that he was going into Wall Street. Jeff Lenfert had offered him a job selling bonds. Lots of money, he told her, little work and all the time in the world for polo. People saw to it that good players were well taken care of in a business way, he explained.

Barnaby had a fair-sized income, but it wasn't enough to give him all the ponies he needed.

One day at the breakfast table—he was in the house so late because it was raining—he stared over his cup as though he had just become aware of her and exclaimed, "Say, kid, you're going to be sort of pretty!"

It was the truth, but to hear Barnaby say it meant much more to her than just the realization that she wasn't to be a string bean of a girl all her life. She was sixteen. Her body had commenced to become faintly rounded; her shingled brown hair had decided to curl a little; her wrists and ankles could be called slender instead of skinny. But she was—and she knew it—still a 'fraid-cat. Even at that date the prospect of making a formal debut was terrifying.

Lucia had two social accomplishments—dancing and tennis. She danced divinely and the pro said she would walk off with the woman's singles cup at the club within a year if she'd work up enough spunk to go out for it. But she fell down in the intervals of sets and dances. In the elegant language of Havelport's male youth:

"She's hot stuff—when she keeps her feet moving. But she hasn't anything to say for herself."

Conversation was perplexing. She could discuss Ibsen, Shaw, the early and later phases of George Moore; she followed the European situation patiently, with a never-expiring, valiant hope that she might understand what it was all about; she knew the name of the Vice President and she knew what was meant by the expression "the solid South." About all those things she could talk intelligently, but she was lost in the breathless whirligig of youth's repartee. Words, lots of words, were used, but they didn't seem to mean much.

Many of the girls thought her an awful little prig and said so. The boys shied away because they thought it was barely possible she was a highbrow.

Lucia was seventeen when her mother died. Coincident with the shock, there was the thankful realization, of which she was ashamed, that she could probably avoid a formal debut. Her father's sister, Martha, came to live with them.

"Lucia," remarked Barnaby one day, "you ought to stir around with people. You'll be an old maid if you don't step out." She laughed and shrugged.

The idea remained in his head, fostered by Aunt Martha and Mr. Graham. A few weeks later he arranged to have her go to a polo match with friends of his. He was playing. There was a nasty mix-up; horses and men struggled to clear themselves from the spill. It happened almost before her eyes and she saw a hoof flash past Barnaby's head and get his shoulder.

Lucia fainted. It wasn't a delicate, well-arranged swoon. She tried to rise; instead, she flopped over and slid to the floor of the box, where she was more or less trod upon in the excitement before anyone found her and dragged her up again.

Barnaby was disgusted when he heard about it. It wasn't fashionable, he explained sarcastically, to faint. It wasn't done.

"But, Barnaby," she protested, "I couldn't help it. Everyone was getting up and I tried to get up too. It was just like the moment when the lights go down in a theater. Everything blacked out."

"Ought to have more control of yourself!" he grumbled. He was in a peevish mood. Bones in his shoulder had been splintered and the doctor wouldn't give him any assurance that he would ever be able to swing a mallet again. While he was laid up in bed his sales of bonds doubled, but that didn't lighten his mind. He'd be hanged, he said, before he'd be a filthy crock all his life. A substitute was playing his position and doing a good job of it.

The shoulder didn't mend quickly. Others had to ride his horses. Even after he was up and about, he didn't dare ride for fear some trivial spill might injure his shoulder irreparably. He fretted about the house until the doctor released him to go to the club; then he fretted between the house and the club, drinking too much, coaching the youngsters, scolding a good deal.

Just to give him a new diversion, Lucia agreed to get a roadster and let him teach her to drive. She wasn't a good pupil, because she didn't like the infernal combination of levers, pedals and gadgets, but she finally learned.

Lucia was nineteen—twenty. Her father's health had been failing steadily since her mother's death and he decided to give up active practice. The doctor recommended a warmer climate, so Lucia and Mr. Graham planned to make a slow tour of the West Indies until spring came. The day before the boat sailed he had an attack of quinsy. The quinsy became pneumonia. Five days later he died.

That brought her, for a little while, closer to Barnaby. But he had work to do in the city and the big house became intolerably lonely at times. Barnaby had changed; he had resigned himself to the fact that his shoulder would never be much good again—a cold wet day and a few chukkers made it ache—and he was throwing his energy into business. His disposition had suffered too.

III

LUCIA was still sitting in the living room, after Barnaby's abrupt departure, staring wretchedly at her clasped hands, when her Aunt Martha entered the house. She was a lean, peppery, youngish-old lady, violent in her moods and movements.

"Lucia, good heavens, what's this I hear about your running down a boy and killing him?"

"It's not true," answered Lucia with a great deal more equanimity than she felt.

(Continued on Page 158

An Open Letter Announcing

AUBURN

By E. L. Cord

This is an open letter, addressed primarily to the 60,000 owners of Auburn cars, announcing three new Auburn chassis and many new bodies.

Our first obligation is to them, because they have made possible Auburn's rapid growth and tremendous success. To continue to enjoy THEIR patronage and widen our circle of owners, we must prove worthy of their allegiance.

To that end we have built what we believe to be THE BEST COMPLETE LINE OF NEW CARS ON THE MARKET.

Because the above is a strong and sweeping statement, we are making it as a signed statement by the president.

Like other automobile manufacturers we had announcement advertisements prepared. But after reading them, while they told the truth, yet they were so startling and unqualified in their claims that we feared the public would consider them exaggerations.

For example these advertisements made the following point blank claims for the new Auburn cars:

"The most powerful car in America . . . 115 h. p."

"The strongest frame of any car in the world."

"Finest chassis lubrication system, used only on Rolls Royce and one other high priced American car."

"Smoother performance than any other car ever built."

"Finest hydraulic shock absorbers."

"The very best and safest hydraulic 4-wheel internal expanding brakes."

"The most rigid and comfortable body ever built."

"Steers easier and handles with less effort than any other car regardless of size or price."

and—

"Several miles an hour faster than any other strictly stock car."

Stronger assertions were never made for any car than those.

Suppose we had let them appear in our advertisement, would you have believed them?

Since we want your confidence above all else, we will tell you about these new cars without adjectives or superlatives and without any effort to "sell" them. We built our record breaking sales by letting the Auburn car sell itself. We will continue this policy.

† † †

The frames under all the new Auburn cars, in our honest belief, are the strongest frames ever put under any automobile at any price. They are shimmy-proof, because they are stronger, deeper, wider, and re-enforced by more cross members and double side members from the front to behind motor supports. Therefore no wobbling. The radiator remains steady at all speeds on all roads. Incidentally, this eliminates much wear and tear as well as adding great comfort and safety.

† † †

To our knowledge, our new Model 115 is the most powerful American production car . . . one hundred and fifteen honest horsepower!

We knew certain competitors would announce cars of increased power. Since we wanted Auburn owners to have the utmost advantages over others, it was necessary for Auburn to design and build a new car with power that exceeded others.

We obtained this super-power through improved manifolding, carburetion and combustion chamber design. Design that enables Auburn to pack a greater charge of gases into the cylinders, with our dual manifold, dual carburetor and improved head and port design.

By the use of longer pistons and an additional piston ring and without raising compression to the point that special high priced fuels are necessary we have increased the horse power from 90 to 115. At the same time have so distributed the motor heat as to reduce both water and oil temperatures 20 degrees which is certain guarantee of even longer life because of even better lubrication.

† † †

We DO believe the new Auburn cars are the smoothest running car on the market.

Our high speed, flexible and smooth running are obtained by the use of Bohnalite steel-strut pistons and Duralumin connecting rods, perfectly balanced, which are incorporated in all of our new Six and Straight Eight models. And by the latest engineering improvement in gas distribution.

The New 115 Horsepower

AUBURN

Thermostatic heat control on all motors.

All three new models are equipped with Lycoming motors, which in our judgment, are unequaled in horsepower output by any stock motors ever built of comparable size.

We are safe in saying there are no better motors on the market for power, flexibility, smoothness, quietness, and durability—and are ready to prove it, if challenged.

† † †

The steering gear ratio has been changed to produce easier handling, and transmission, clutch, universal joints and axles have all been improved in design and quality to take care of the increased torque.

We have tried to simply pour quality into every part of these new models; to meet all requirements and then add more than required for factors of safety and endurance.

† † †

It is true that our chassis lubrication system is used only on Rolls Royce and one other very high priced American car. Anything less perfect and reliable would not measure up to Auburn's high and uncompromising standards.

† † †

Brakes on all models are of the Hydraulic internal expanding Lockheed type which, based on our long experiments and study, offer the following outstanding advantages: ease of operation, greatest safety; all four brakes take a hold together with equal force, preventing the car from being forced sidewise; requires less attention to keep them in perfect operating condition. Our experimental cars have travelled as high as 20,000 miles without an adjustment.

New lever type emergency control.

† † †

The wood wheels are of a completely new design, with very much larger spokes (only ten) than have ever been used on cars of similar weight, with large hub flange diameters. Wire wheels are the new Dayton, demountable by simply removing caps—the choice of the majority of race drivers because so quick and easy to change.

† † †

The running boards on all models are of steel, affording the greatest protection against damage and an absolute guarantee against warpage.

Bodies throughout the entire line are brand new, although retaining in principle the distinguished Auburn lines that have established an exclusive style criterion. The curved lines on the Auburn hood are without doubt the most "knocked" and the most envied design in the entire automobile world.

† † †

Radiators changed to give a narrower and higher appearance. Improved cores giving greater cooling efficiency.

New and larger head lamps, new cowl lamps, trunk racks, and wheel carriers.

† † †

New instrument panel with all the various controls embodied in this smart new design, including new electro-lock; carburetor control; windshield wiper control; and starter switch.

New type steering wheel with special designed control levers to match interior hardware.

New upholstery style, improved cushions, greater head room and leg room; new and exclusive designed hammered silver hardware fittings.

† † †

Bodies include new Sedans, new Sport Sedans, new Cabriolets and two striking new additions to the Auburn line never before obtainable in a production automobile. Heretofore these two new types were available only on special order from custom coachbuilders. They are a new two-passenger speedster a brand new revelation in open roadster design. And a new Phaeton Sedan which we believe will be one of America's most popular types in the future.

† † †

Auburn continues long wheelbase and low bodies of which we were pioneers.

† † †

Auburn dealers will soon have these new models ready for you to drive and see for yourself how well Auburn has kept faith with its growing army of admirers. Let the car ITSELF prove to you that Auburn leads today in the most advanced design and improvements; greater power and endurance! If it does not, you will not be asked to buy.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

The SALESMANAGER ...take him with you-

Off on a selling trip—far from the home office.

How often have you wished you had the salesmanager at your elbow to help you put over the closing punch that lands the order.

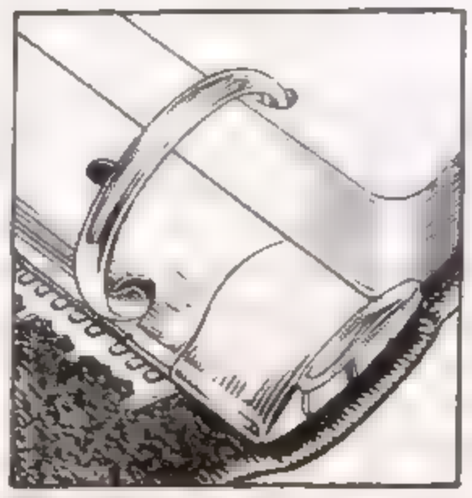
Take him along the next time. Take his *complete information;* so you may have the full benefit of his experience, his confidence, his enthusiasm.

You can do it—in a National Monarch steel-hinged ring book.

Thousands of salesmen carry bulletins, price lists, memos, small catalogs, lists, quotas, etc., in a Monarch; carry them indexed, orderly, quickly accessible.

There's a size for your pocket; another for your brief-case—six in all to choose from.

No other ring book compares with the Monarch in convenience, durability and fine appearance.



THE NATIONAL MONARCH . . . *Flexible solid Leather Cover and unbreakable Steel Hinge . . . Opens flat—easy to write in . . . Wide opening rings—takes in or releases many sheets at once . . . Booster Levers—that open rings easily . . . Ball-bearing mechanism—easy working, tight closing . . . Convenient memo pocket in cover . . . Filler sheets, plain and convenient rulings . . . Costs little more than ordinary ring-books without their advantages*

At your stationer's. If he hasn't it, write us.

National Blank Book Company
Riverside Holyoke, Mass.

For help
to better business records
consult your stationer

National

Loose Leaf *and* Bound Books

Simplify business control

NATIONAL

(Continued from Page 155

She explained once more what had happened during the afternoon, repeated the whole story.

"Well," said Aunt Martha finally, "I'm glad you didn't do it. But it's all over town. A horrible thing to have people talking about."

"Even for us to talk about," suggested Lucia, rising. "I'm going to have dinner in my room."

"But the Gutheries and the Culbertsons are coming."

"That's why. I'm not up to telling this story again, and that's what they'll want. I'm exhausted."

"But, Lucia, with the way people are talking, I think it would be better ——"

For once in her life Lucia let her temper master her. It was like an explosion inside her head; the room was filled for a moment with little flecks of flame.

"I don't care what people say!" she interrupted in a voice that wanted to scream and succeeded only in being shrill. "I don't care! I don't care! I don't give a damn!"

Her clenched hands were shoulder-high, shaking passionately. In an instant of clarity which broke in upon her unprecedented outburst, she realized that she would have hysterics unless she stopped abruptly. Already she could feel an insane laugh beating within her, struggling to escape. She drew a deep breath, and let her hands drop. Aunt Martha was gaping at her.

"Why, Lucia!"

"You can tell them I said as much," said Lucia, forcing herself into a show of calmness. She turned abruptly and marched upstairs, hoping desperately that she would get to her bedroom before reaction set in and human dignity collapsed. Rage made her feel nauseated, her legs felt jointless.

Once in her own castle, she sank, breathing tremulously, into a chair and remained there for a long time, body and mind too deeply engaged in the business of mere existence to give much heed either to the past or the future. When at last she rose she felt too numbly tired to care much what happened. The thought that Barnaby had turned from her, disgusted, was like an enormous ache. It resembled the first dim awakening from an anæsthetic to the realization that some very painful thing has occurred.

She soaked in a hot bath, rang for her maid and had a cup of broth served in bed. Sleep wouldn't come. She lay for hours, bitterly defending her *amour-propre* against beleaguering enemies that assailed her in the darkness.

It was ten o'clock the next morning when her door opened and Aunt Martha peeked in. There were times when Aunt Martha could be counted upon to peek, as though a peek were considerably less than a square out-and-out look. To anyone with nerves—and Lucia had them—she could be frightfully irritating.

"Lucia dear," she said, "didn't you tell me you were playing in the semifinals with Ruth at eleven?"

"I did," replied Lucia coolly; "but I'm not going."

"But why?"

Lucia's shoulders moved in a shrug beneath the bedclothes.

"Because I don't want to." She reached out and touched the button for her maid.

Aunt Martha entered and sat upon the edge of the bed.

"Lucia, I don't want to upset you," she began—it was a way of saying that she had a decently Christian hope that her victim would be strong enough to bear the news—"but I think you ought to play. At least, go to the club. People are talking, you know." Lucia's brown eyes turned cold and she said nothing. Aunt Martha was not to be turned from her purpose. "Of course, it's an ordeal for you to explain again—I know how you feel about it—but that would be much more tactful—really!"

"If people want to know anything about it, they can look in the papers. I presume it's all there."

"That's the trouble," admitted Aunt Martha.

Lucia discovered, when the maid came with the breakfast tray and the morning papers, that the Havelport Record carried upon its front page a long and slightly ambiguous account. It was a sensational story gone wrong, turned sour, written to leave an element of doubt as to why the charge had been dismissed so hurriedly. She frowned over it and threw it aside. The New York papers carried a more exact account, just the who-why-when-what-and-where. And of course the tabloids would have pictures.

She instructed the butler to tell anyone who called, except Barnaby, that she was not at home, and sent a coolly polite note regretting that she could not attend a dinner party that evening. She spent the remainder of the morning in her room, hoping each time she heard the faint tinkle of the telephone bell that it would be Barnaby. Several times she was on the verge of calling him.

The afternoon paper, the Sentinel, carried a story not unlike that of the Record. If anything, it was more two-edged. Inside there was a two-column editorial in large type. It was headed: IS IT TRUE? There followed a series of questions, beginning: "Is it true that we have one law for the poor and another for the rich? Is it true that our public officials are at liberty to use their positions given them by all the people, for the benefit of a few?"

The editorial mentioned no names; it purported to be based upon no given set of facts; but it was scurrilous, bitter, cheaply written, meant for the mob. No one could mistake its intent. The Sentinel wanted to know if it was possible for a rich girl to run down and kill a child and then bribe her way out.

Aunt Martha returned as she was reading it.

"This!" exclaimed Lucia, incensed, shaking the paper. "It's—it's—why, it's monstrous!"

"I know," agreed the older woman. "I've been reading it. I think you'd better call Barnaby."

When she had him on the telephone she asked if it would be possible for him to come to Havelport for the night. Barnaby, in his office, scowled into the instrument.

"Afraid I can't make it, Lucia—engagements. What's the trouble now?"

She explained about the papers. "And," she added, "Aunt Martha says that everyone seems to think that I did it and that you pulled me out of a bad hole."

"H-m-m—well, I'll see if I can break my engagement," he replied. "But I can't see that there's anything I can do about it even if I do go out. Do you?"

"Perhaps not," admitted Lucia, "but I wish you'd come."

"I'll try. I'll telephone you in a few minutes." Barnaby hung up and turned to his secretary. "Get Miss Daimer on the phone, please."

The market was dragging to a close after a listless day and he shuffled absently through his accounts. He was tired, restless. It would be pleasant in the country. His undershirt felt glued to his body and his big muscles felt flabby. He watched closing prices resentfully, while an electric fan blew vitiated air at him.

Then Mary Daimer's cool indifferent voice over the wire. He told her it was important for him to go to Havelport for the night, asked her if she would mind letting him off.

"It's a fine time to tell me about it!" she commented crossly.

"I just this moment learned about it myself. It's a—oh, a family matter—the girl who was charged with running down a boy. I told you about it, you remember."

Mary became petulant, a little angry, very disappointed, hurt and, he suspected, a trifle jealous.

"Go if you want," she said; "but for heaven's sake decide right away so I can find something else to do. Jimmy Carson telephoned a little bit ago and I told him I was busy tonight. I may be able to get him at his office. I've let my maid go for the

(Continued on Page 161)

Now *every home can afford*

THIS COLORFUL TILED KITCHEN

THE newest way to obtain bright and cheerful tiled walls—Upson Fibre-Tile.

Washable . . . . economical . . . . characterful! Upson Fibre-Tile is much easier to apply. It costs only a few cents a square foot—about 1/10th as much as ceramic tile.

Upson Fibre-Tile comes in big sections that go right over present wall surfaces. *It comes unfinished*—so you can decorate in any color to carry out some cherished scheme.

Upson Fibre-Tile is Dependable! Like its companion-product, famous *Blue*-Center Upson Board, Upson Fibre-Tile cannot crack; cannot chip—properly applied, should never warp.

Certified tests prove both Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile resist jars, blows, cold, heat, steam—even ordinary leaks. Weigh but 1/3 as much as plaster-filled wallboards.

Because of its maximum strength as well as light weight, there is nothing better than Upson Board for *re*-covering cracked ceilings. Unsightly rooms can be transformed in 1/3 the time of re-plastering, with little muss.

If you but try Upson Board or Upson Fibre-Tile for one room you'll want them all through your house. We urge you to send for samples. Genuine Upson Board and Upson Tile have the famous Blue-Center in each panel edge.

The Upson Company
108 Upson Point, Lockport, N Y
Enclosed find 10 cents for samples of Upson Fibre-Tile and Upson Board, descriptive literature and helpful suggestions. (Describe work planned.)

Name

Street

City State

The average woman spends a third of her time in her kitchen Make it bright and cheer with Upson Fibre-Tile—at little cost

Transform that old-fashioned bath or laundry! Upson Fibre-Tile is easy and quick to install—smart—and easily kept clean

UPSON TILE

for kitchens, bathrooms, stores, offices *and* tile-like wainscoting everywhere

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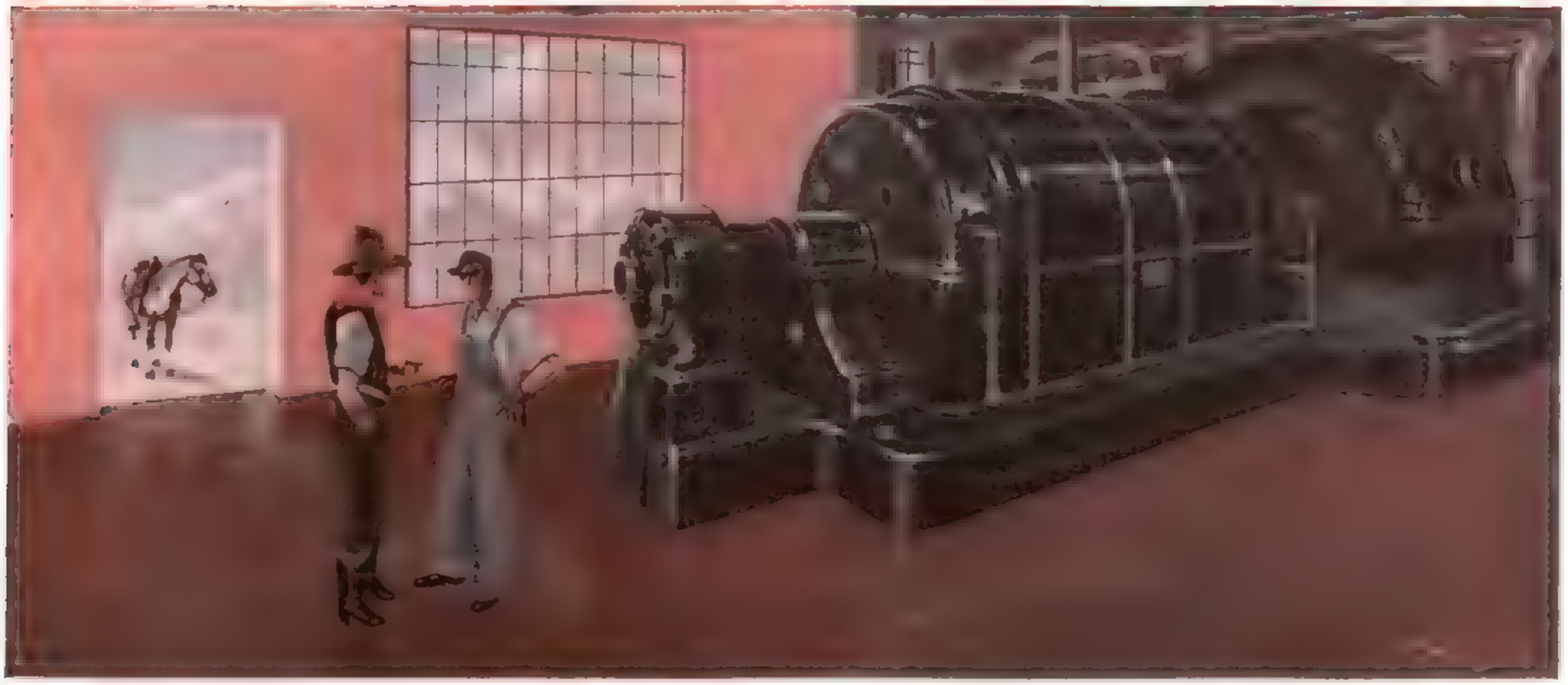


TO PLANT EXECUTIVES WHO *INSIST* ON ECONOMICAL OPERATION AND TO PLANT SUPERINTENDENTS WHO MUST *MAINTAIN* PLANT EFFICIENCY

MARLAND OILS

MARLAND Industrial Oils are not sold on argument. We have always realized that intensive analysis, positive tests and careful check is the only basis on which to predicate a sales argument on industrial oils. In other words, facts and figures must do the biggest part of the talking.

It is a simple matter to reduce the cost of oil in almost any plant. It is not so simple to reduce the cost of oil and operating costs at the same time. Too often, the reduction of oil costs increases operating costs out of proportion to the saving realized. Plant executives and superintendents who have experienced costly plant shutdowns caused by the use of the wrong oil or inferior oil, know only too well the price paid for the experience.

The cost of oil and operating cost can be reduced by using *Marland Industrial Oils*. It can't be done simply because we say it can. It can be done after a most thorough analysis of plant machinery by our engineers, scientific recommendations and the use of *Marland Industrial Oil* of the right specifications.

Consider these facts about *Marland Industrial Oils:*

They are refined from only select Mid-Continent paraffin base crudes under a patented refining process that is exclusive to the Marland Company for all of North America.

The discovery of this process is the result of more than twenty years' work and research by a practical British oil man and a noted British scientist. Their Government, realizing the great value of their discovery, seized their patent papers, retaining them for the period of the Great War. British technical and trade papers have devoted pages of favorable comment on this process.

These facts are intended merely to bring to your attention that here is an outstanding line of quality industrial oils worthy of your immediate investigation. Only a complete survey of your needs which our engineers will make without cost or obligation will determine that we can reduce both your oil and operating costs. A request on your letterhead directed to our General Office or to our nearest branch sales office will immediately bring a representative who will give you more and complete details and arrange for survey at your convenience.

MARLAND REFINING COMPANY

Subsidiary of MARLAND OIL COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES AND REFINERY: PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA

Division Sales Offices: New York City Boston Chicago Kansas City Denver Memphis St. Paul-Minneapolis

Export Terminal: Texas City, Texas

(Continued from Page 158)

evening and I'll have to go out for dinner. I don't want to go all alone."

He capitulated: "All right, I'll be up at 7:30."

He called Lucia again and told her it was impossible for him to get away. They talked for nearly fifteen minutes; she read the editorial to him and the first few paragraphs of the story.

"Don't be too upset about it," urged Barnaby. "You're being used as a political football a little bit. The Sentinel is an opposition sheet and it's only too glad to have a chance to hammer. The elections are coming in November. The Record is fairly independent, but it's out for Dixon's hide—he's McCumber's chief. As far as the other people go, most of 'em haven't anything else to do except swap dirt. Don't let 'em get your goat."

"I certainly shan't!" answered Lucia in a tone that told him her goat was fairly well had already.

"You're going to Europe soon," he went on, "and by the time you get back no one will remember what it was all about. But don't stay at home and sulk. Go around just as you always have. Let 'em see that no one has anything on you. . . . By the way, how'd the tennis come out today?"

"I didn't play."

"Why not?"

"Headache."

"Oh, rot! You ought to have gone out if your head was splitting. Didn't you even go to the club?"

"No."

"You defaulted?"

"Yes."

"Lucia, it's vulgar, but it's true—you've got to have some guts in this life. You're acting just like a pony that curls up under the whip. For the Lord's sake, buck up! I'll telephone you tomorrow at noon. Bye-bye—and remember what I've said."

The exasperation, disgust, in his voice echoed and reëchoed in her ears. She turned to her aunt and demanded bitterly:

"Why should I associate with people who think I did such a beastly thing? If they haven't any more faith in me than that, why should I care what they do or what they think? Filthy canaille!"

"Well," said Aunt Martha, "the world is made up of all sorts of people, and you happen to be one of them." She uttered her platitude trenchantly, as though it wrapped in the folds of its wisdom the key to the entire situation. Lucia glowered at her.

"Exactly, what do they say?" she demanded.

"Just what you told Barnaby—that he pulled you out of a bad hole."

"And why do they think I killed the boy?"

Aunt Martha shrugged rather elaborately.

"People sometimes think whatever they want to think. If you want me to be frank ——"

"Oh, go ahead!"

"You haven't any too many friends here—I mean real friends who'll stand by you. You've always been stand-offish with people. You haven't ever really been one of the crowd."

"I despise herding!"

"I know, but the pack hunts together. People have a pack loyalty. Barnaby has tried for years to get you to be more friendly. So have I. Frankly, I think the best friends you have here are the people who like Barnaby."

"So you want me to hunt with the pack? That's an admirable idea!"

Aunt Martha shrugged again.

"Well, I've seen enough of life not to have any illusions about it. It's better to hunt than be hunted. Heavens above! I don't see that you have so much fun out of life, the way you're going. And friends come in handy."

Lucia's mouth curved in an expression of contempt.

"I couldn't make friends with people just on the chance that I might be able to use them sometime."

"Turn and turn about. They use you and you use them. That's the way the world wags, and it's been wagging that way quite a long time. You're going to have a big job ahead of you, my young lady, if you try changing it." She sighed. "At any rate, people will have forgotten all about it by the time we're back from Europe."

"So Barnaby said," answered Lucia. "But I don't know that I'm going to Europe."

"Not going!" exclaimed Aunt Martha in amazement. "But we've made all our plans—reservations and everything!"

"Those are easily canceled. This is my home. I was born here and raised here, and I'm not going to let the pack hunt me out of it!"

Aunt Martha saw the girl's jaw tighten. The brown luster of Lucia's eyes seemed concentrated in two spots of brilliance; high on her cheek bones, above the faint area of rouge, a flush spread and contracted.

"Oh, well," said Aunt Martha, trying to appear indifferent, "we can talk that over later." She started upon a strategic retreat to her own apartment.

"No need to talk it over," said Lucia. "It's decided. I'm not going."

IV

SHORTLY after five o'clock Sunday morning, Lucia was aroused from sleep by hearing Barnaby's car come up the driveway. He had telephoned that it would be late when he arrived from the city. She slipped into a negligee and slippers which she had placed—fireman-like—beside her bed, and met him on the landing as he came upstairs.

Barnaby was in evening clothes and he exhaled a pungent odor of tobacco. His eyes were heavy, but his face illuminated in a smile—that incandescent Barnaby smile—when he saw her.

"Hello, kid. How's it going? Later than I expected."

"Oh, all right."

He stooped and gave her a peck on the cheek.

"I'm going to cork off for an hour. Biff's calling for me at 6:30 and we're going to get in some polo."

"But you'll be dead!"

"No, I won't—not me. The city is filthy. My, it's nice to see you!"

She smiled up at him and noticed a telltale spot of rouge near his left ear.

"I've had some sandwiches put in your room, and there's a vacuum bottle of coffee."

"You're an angel! Good night."

He almost ran up the stairs to the third floor, where his own room, always kept ready for him, was located. He ate a sandwich and cast clothes from him at the same time, took a long swig of hot coffee, set his alarm clock, plunged into bed naked and fell asleep as though he had been stunned. An hour of that, a skin-raising shower, some coffee and he would be on his toes again. Aunt Martha called it the vitality of the damned.

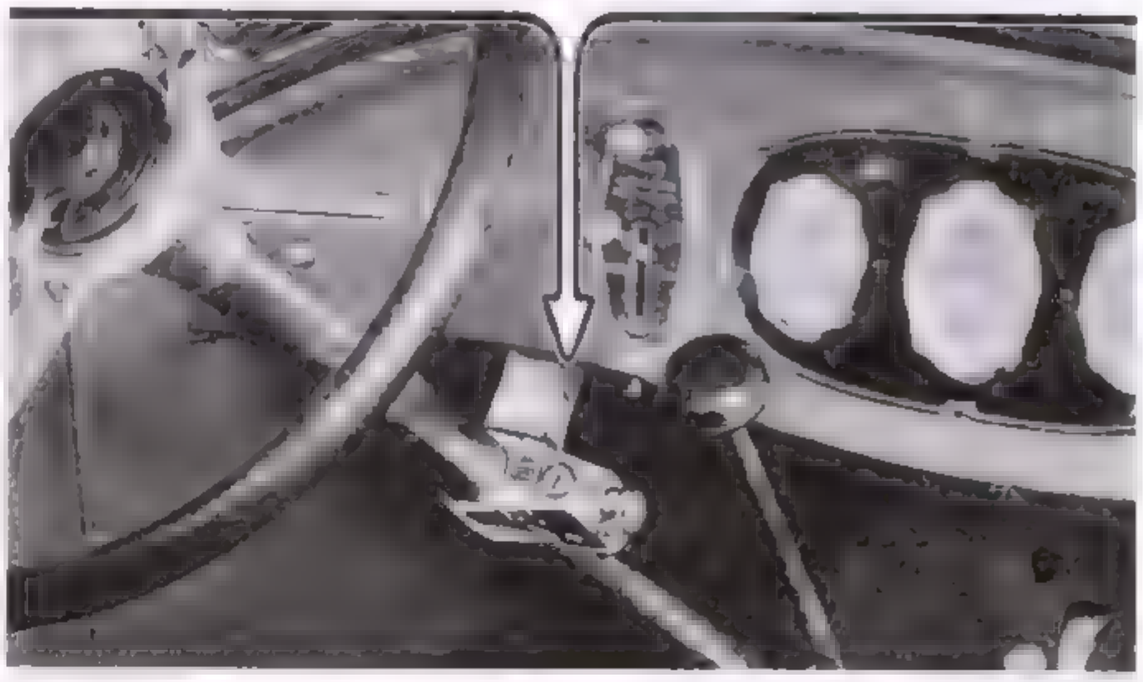
Sometimes he felt as though he were damned—sentenced eternally to spend the last ounce of energy in keeping it up. But those were moments of depression that pride kept him from letting people see. He conquered them, like a hill-billy wrestling with Satan, all alone.

Lucia sank gently back to sleep, lulled and comforted by the knowledge that Barnaby was there. It was as though the whole house swung like a cradle.

When Barnaby came for his Sunday polo Lucia customarily drove out to the club in her roadster to bring him home. Sunday dinner was always a strictly family affair, elaborately served. It was a function that Barnaby rarely missed, even when he had to run out from the city in the morning and go back again in the early afternoon.

She dressed slowly, scowling a little as she debated whether she should take the roadster or go for him in the limousine. She hadn't been in the roadster since she was driven to the station house under arrest. At first there was the excuse, made to herself, that the damaged fender must be changed. That had been done, she had

GUARDIAN of $2,000,000,000



Two billion dollars—how much security would you demand for such an investment? . . . What protection would you choose for *two billion dollars'* worth of glistening, attractive new automobiles to be parked unwatched on crowded streets—in dark alleys—on lonely roads—anywhere and everywhere? Remember, too, that thieves are active! Car thievery has been rising steadily—hundreds of millions of dollars in stolen cars was the toll last year.

You will be interested in the answer practically all of the most successful automobile builders have made to this question . . . During this last year Hershey Coincidental Locks were chosen to protect more than half of all cars built . . . Hershey Locks today faithfully stand guard over *two billion dollars* the public has invested in motor cars. Each week that passes adds *millions* of dollars more to this total.

Why has the Hershey Lock been so eminently successful? . . . It locks the automobile *steering* system with a hardened steel bolt. It is the only lock that every motorist likes to use and thieves cannot defeat. Before you buy a new car be sure it has this modern theft protection securing your investment.

Hershey Manufacturing Company
4644-4646 West Fulton Street
Chicago, Illinois

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COINCIDENTAL
LOCKS

Write for this interesting booklet —especially if you are about to buy a new car. No obligation— and it can save you hundreds of dollars, time, trouble, and worry

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Do you want an important, high-salaried position? You can have one if you can do the work. LaSalle experts will show you how, guide you step by step to success and help solve your personal business problems thru the time-saving LaSalle Problem Method. Our *salary-increasing plan* enables you to prepare during your spare hours, without interference with your present duties. Simply mark on the coupon the field in which you desire success, and we will mail you a valuable book describing the opportunities in that field, together with an outline of our *salary-increasing plan*. Also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One." There is no cost or obligation. Find out how the *salary-increasing plan* starts average men and women on the high road to success and financial independence. Check and mail the coupon NOW.

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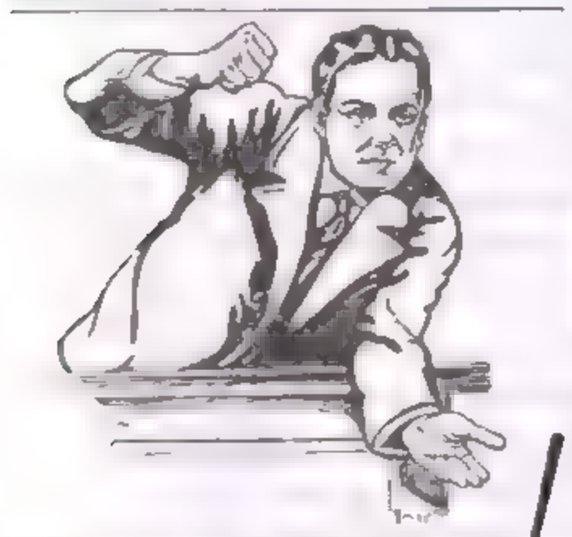
- Modern Business Correspondence
- Modern Foremanship
- Personnel Management
- Expert Bookkeeping
- Business English
- Commercial Spanish
- Effective Speaking
- C. P. A. Coaching
- Stenotypy—Stenography
- Telegraphy
- Credit and Collection Correspondence

Name

Present Position

Address



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Increase your income! Start a business of your own! Be your own boss!

Would life be happier if you could earn more money? We'll tell you how.

Would you like to run your own business? If so, you can!

You can turn the spare hours you now have into cash. Or you can lay the foundations for a permanent, profitable, full-time business.

Why You Can Win

It makes no difference what your age, your experience, whether you live in a large city or a small town. And you positively need no capital to start. You can earn more money the very first day you hear from us.

Here's the coupon that will start things coming your way. Use it *now!*

Scissors Here

Box 1624
c/o The Saturday Evening Post
348 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

What's your offer?

Name ..... Age .....
(Please print your name and address)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

See Page 156

seen Henry, the chauffeur, washing the car after it had come back from the repair shop.

She hesitated nervously, trying to harden her nerves to the point of ordering the roadster, and finally called for the limousine. She would try driving again some other time, she told herself; perhaps she would get a new car—one that wasn't haunted by unpleasant associations.

Barnaby came out of the clubhouse, glanced at her with an expression of surprise. "Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's the idea of the hearse? Where's your car?"

"I'm having the fender fixed."

"Oh!" He climbed in, smelling very horsy. "You haven't reneged on driving, have you?"

"No, but I didn't want to go about with that fender damaged. The fender's had too much publicity."

"They've had time to rebuild the whole car, let alone change a fender." He leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur. "Henry, when's Miss Graham's car going to be ready?"

"It's ready now, sir. It's at the house. Been there two days."

"I didn't know," said Lucia faintly.

Barnaby sat back and said nothing. He appeared to be lost in some solemn thought of his own which didn't concern her.

"How did the polo go today?" she asked.

"Fair enough. Sometimes I come almost up to my old form, but it doesn't last."

"You're staying tonight, aren't you?"

"No—no—I can't. Engagement in the city. I'll have to shove at five o'clock."

She masked her disappointment and pretended to tease him.

"An engagement with her?"

Barnaby shot a quick glance at her and laughed. They were turning up the driveway. Lucia touched his arm.

"Oh, by the way—before we get home—Aunt Martha will probably get you in a corner and weep on your shoulder because I've decided not to go to Europe. I've canceled our passage."

"Why? I should think you'd want to clear out until this thing blows over."

"And let people say that I've run away?" she demanded. "Hardly!"

"Yes, but people'll forget about it in a month, whether you're here or not. Everyone knows you were going. I wouldn't let 'em spoil any plans I'd made." He added suddenly, "The devil with people!"

"That sounds strange, coming from you."

"I suppose so. But I'm tired of 'em. Tired of mobs, gangs, bunches of people. When I think of the energy and time I waste doing things I don't want to do, just because of people, it makes me sick!"

That from Barnaby! Barnaby, who naturally expended enough energy in the course of an hour to sustain an ordinary person an entire day!

The car stopped. He jumped out, gave the hand of Cabot, the ancient negro butler, a pump of greeting, gave Aunt Martha's cheek a smacking kiss and bounded up the stairs, two at a time, all the way to the third floor. They could hear him caroling in his shower. Lucia detested noise, raucousness, but Barnaby's noise always amused her faintly, even pleased her. It made her think of the enthusiastic, funny little boy he had been.

Presently he came down, clothes changed, smelling of a recent highball. By tradition, there were no cocktails before Sunday dinner.

"Isn't this great?" he exclaimed in unaffected pleasure as they took their places at the table. His eyes met Lucia's and they exchanged a beaming smile.

As dinner progressed, Aunt Martha announced with a show of gayety that she quite obviously didn't feel: "Lucia's rebelled about going to Europe. I do wish you'd scold her. I've been banking on Aix to pull me through another year."

"Certainly I'll scold her," replied Barnaby. "Nothing I like to do better."

On the pretext of being tired, Aunt Martha left them alone after coffee.

Barnaby was nervous, ill at ease. He walked about the room restlessly, talking sketchily about polo, the torpid condition of the market, how beastly life was in the city during the summer.

"How's everything been going out here?" he asked. "Have they been giving you a pretty ratty time of it?"

"Ratty enough," she admitted. "It's rather awful having everyone believe I killed that poor youngster."

"It'll blow over," he replied negligently. "I wish you'd take your car out and drive it, go to the club and play tennis. Then people'd see you haven't got a guilty conscience about it." His words dwindled off as though he himself weren't deeply convinced by what he was saying.

"As you put it a little while ago, the devil with people!"

They looked into each other's eyes gravely and Barnaby gave a little nod of his head. He walked about the room again, came back to her and rested his hand for a moment upon her shoulder.

"Lucia, dear, there's something I want to tell you." A fluttering commenced within her, like wings beating. "You seemed to hit it in the car," he went on, a little embarrassed. "Or perhaps you've heard about it. People talk so much."

Lucia swallowed painfully. The fluttering became an ache that throbbed unmercifully. Intuition told her what he was going to say, and it wasn't anything she wanted to hear.

"You mean about this girl in the city—an actress? I've forgotten her name—Mary ——"

She knew the name well enough, but she let him supply it.

"Mary Daimer—yes."

Lucia shrugged. "Aunt Martha picked up some sort of gossip and asked me if I knew anything about it. I told her I didn't think it was serious. . . . Is it?"

He frowned and nodded his head. "Very much so." Lucia felt cold, unable to speak. "I've been with her quite a bit lately," Barnaby continued shyly. "She's a very dear sort of girl and extraordinarily beautiful. Of course she's not exactly your sort. Naturally enough—she's been in the theater ever since she was a child." He paused and then blurted out: "I'm terribly much in love with her!"

Lucia managed to get control of her voice. "Are you going to marry her?" she asked, quite dispassionately.

"That depends. If things go well enough on the Street this year, and if she'll have me." They lapsed into silence. "There's something I want to ask of you."

"By all means, Barnaby."

"I'd appreciate it ever so much if you'd have her out here some day—if I could bring her some Sunday for dinner."

Lucia gulped, felt her body turn to soft sandstone that was crumbling away. Sunday dinner!

"Of course, Barnaby. If you'll let me know, I'll write to her and invite her."

He snatched her hand in both his and kissed it delightedly.

"You're such a darling, Lucia!"

"Silly!" she said, fighting back a tempest of jealousy, humiliation. "This is your home, too—always!"

He laughed. "But that hasn't anything to do with the fact that you're a darling—except to make it more so."

The car swung up before the house and he glanced at his watch.

"I have to be dashing. I'll telephone tomorrow."

They went into the hall, and as the butler preceded them with the suitcase, Barnaby stooped to give her a hug and a good-by kiss. Her arms slipped about him, tightened frantically.

"Be very happy, Barnaby!" she whispered.

He took her chin in his big hand and for the first time since they were youngsters kissed her squarely upon the mouth. "Bless your heart!" he said, beaming at her. "Bye-bye."

She turned and scurried as fast as she could up the stairs and to her bedroom. With the door bolted, she flung herself upon the bed and sobbed.

"I can't—I can't—oh, I can't let him go!"

It was an hour before the paroxysm of emotion had worn itself and her out. She felt numb, cold, emotionless.

In the morning after breakfast, she stood before the telephone, glaring at it for a moment before she jabbed the button marked Garage.

"Bring my car around, Henry," she ordered. And when Cabot came to tell her that the car was there she did a thing that was unusual for Lucia Graham—she plunged. Instead of letting her mind dwell in anticipation upon all the disasters, possible and improbable, that might befall her in the course of a morning's drive, she set her lips grimly and got into the car.

At first it was as though she knew no more about driving than one might learn through a correspondence course. It was strange and more than a little terrifying. Cars loomed up at her like rushing locomotives. Her hands gripped the wheel until they were tired. Some confidence returned to her when she reached the open road. She let the car creep along.

"I'm a 'fraid-cat," she told herself. "A beastly, cowardly little 'fraid-cat! I deserve what I've got! I wanted Barnaby and I've lost him—just by being afraid of my own shadow!"

Her mind began to work upon the subject of herself in a way that astounded her. She hadn't the least desire to be forgiving, consolatory, toward herself. Hesitantly at first, and flatly, she admitted that she had defaulted in the tennis match because she didn't have courage enough to face a possible defeat. One could shield his pride, shrug and say indifferently, "Oh, I didn't want to play"; and then go on with the comfort of lying to himself, telling himself that, of course, he would have won. She knew that she could go farther than that—she could believe that people who distinguished themselves in public were a bit vulgar.

She hated to give parties, because there was always the possibility that they might not be successful. She was afraid of punctures on the road, because there was a certain indignity to roadside repairs. Afraid of this, dreading that and shirking some other thing. She didn't dare try to wrench Barnaby from Mary Daimer, because she might fail and people would laugh.

Fundamentally, she said to herself, her fear was the fear of defeat.

An aeroplane roared far over her head. She let the car loiter to a stop and watched the plane sink behind a clump of trees. A person who could drive one of those things must have, she thought, a superb control of himself and his nerves.

Presently she came upon a signboard which announced: The M.P.T. Aircraft Corporation. The Home of the Famous Umpty Aeroplanes. Commercial Flights and Flight Instruction.

She stared at the signboard. "Why not?" she asked herself very slowly. "Why not?"

The 'fraid-cat had turned and was making a first valiant stand against a mouse.

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MISS SIMPSON STEPS OUT

(Continued from Page 27)

with Emmaline a simper was something different. It was a heavenly variation of a simper.

"Why, Mr. Dexter, of course he does! You see, we got to know each other pretty well when I was selling him the farm and —— Oh, there it goes again, Mr. Dexter! Gee whiz, Mr. Dexter, don't it sort of make you want to dance, or anything?"

The orchestra was playing excellent jazz. Mr. Dexter felt himself slipping. He took a sip of water, then folded his arms across his chest and looked steadily at the girl.

"Emmaline!"

"Yes, sir."

"I've brought you here to talk to you, and by Jove, I —— By the way, you needn't say 'yes, sir' to me now. We're not in the office, you know, Emmaline."

"No, sir, Mr. Dexter."

"Er—what I want to say is just this." Here Mr. Dexter unfolded his arms and clasped his hands before him on the cloth. "You are essentially an innocent girl—I know you are. You're also inexpressibly beautiful."

"Oh, now, Mr. Dexter!"

"Hang it," he cried, bending forward across the table, "I'm not paying you compliments! I'm not trying to make love to you. Can't you get that into your foolish little head?"

"I'm not so foolish, Mr. Dexter," returned the girl, without the slightest trace of resentment. In fact, she seemed rather to relish his mild outburst. "I know," she added, "how a gentleman like you feels about a girl like me. Honest I do, Mr. Dexter. I often talked to the girls in the club about it, Mr. Dexter, and they all say it comes to the one thing, and don't let yourself be fooled about it. But what I say is, Mr. Dexter, a girl's only young once, and if she's sort of nice-looking and all and a man wants to take her out to dinner and give her a good time, why, then I think she ought to understand and not think he's really in love with her or going to marry her, or anything. Because that's the way life is, Mr. Dexter, and I know it."

"You don't know anything!" he almost shouted. But the saxophone was wailing so loudly that his shout caused no commotion. "Look here, can't you think of me simply as a friend—as an older brother—as a ——" But the word "father" stuck in his throat. No, by Jove! He wouldn't have her think of him as a father, not to save her from utter ruination. "Emmaline," he begged, "won't you please try to believe me? You're such a lovely creature. You have in abundance by sheer accident—the most precious thing on earth—which is personal beauty. It's so rare, Emmaline—it's so rare. You ought to feel the responsibility of it. You ought to make something of it—something fine, something extraordinary and—er —— Why are you looking at me like that?"

"I was just thinking, Mr. Dexter, that you're really quite handsome when you get all worked up the way you are now. You want to look out, Mr. Dexter," she said, with her heavenly simper, "or maybe I might fall in love with you. Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Emmaline.

"My Lord!" groaned Dexter. "Can't you get your mind off that infernal subject? Can't you think of anything but love?"

Apparently Emmaline couldn't, for she now said, reflectively, "I bet there's been a lot of ladies in love with you before this, Mr. Dexter."

"There have," he replied savagely. "Dozens of them! Regiments of them! And I've always treated them badly. Do you understand, Emmaline? Badly!"

"Well, that's all right, Mr. Dexter. Because that's how life is. What I mean, if a girl falls in love with a man, why, that's her own lookout. And anyway, there's always the chance that somebody else might fall in love with her, and she might even better herself the next time. Like, for instance, there was a girl at the club who was in love with a gentleman who made his living by posing for a hat maker, and all he ever give—gave—her was a pair of silk stockings with lisle tops and a imitation diamond horseshoe. Then another gentleman got kind of crazy about her and he bought her a whole set of beautiful antique furniture, which she didn't have any place to put it. So then he went to work and rented her a beautiful little apartment over on the West Side, and she was a lot better off than she ever was with the gentleman which posed for hats. But she kept the horseshoe for luck" concluded, with incredible naïveté, the altogether incredible Miss Simpson.

Dexter stared at her, shook his head slowly and said: "Emmaline, I'm not easily shocked, but you shock me. I'm supposed to be a man of the world—sophisticated and all that—but I find myself appalled by your innocence. For it is innocence. Nothing can convince me that it isn't. Not ignorance, Emmaline. I dare say you know the world well enough. But you don't comprehend what you know. That's it—you don't comprehend." He paused for a moment, then exclaimed emphatically: "I can see clearly that it's up to me to look after you. You're not an ordinary girl. You're a work of art. Yet here you are expressing, quite unconsciously, a philosophy of life that's almost bound to lead you to a smash. You need a guardian, and by Jove, I'm going to take on the job. Whether you like it or not, I intend to keep you from going wrong, Emmaline."

The fervor of his interest was apparent. Miss Simpson was not ungrateful for it, but at the same time it struck her as slightly irrelevant. Why should he conjure up dangers that to her were completely nonexistent? Why should he waste so much time talking when life was so short and the saxophone was calling?

"Now look, Mr. Dexter," she said reassuringly, "don't you go to worrying about me. I'm all right. My father used to say to me: 'You'll always come out all right, Emmaline.'" She smiled her dazzling, misty smile. Then she reached out with charming friendliness and gave his hand a comforting pat. "Come on, Mr. Dexter, I just can't bear to sit still while that music's playing. Let's dance."

Dexter rose automatically. The next instant he was whirling to the music of the spheres with an aërial creature, who happened to be Miss Emmaline Simpson, in his arms.

III

"IF SHE had asked me to take wings and fly," he said the next afternoon to his friend Laura Haden, "I'd have taken wings and flown."

"You'd have bumped your head against the ceiling," remarked Mrs. Haden simply.

"There was no ceiling," replied John Dexter. "We were dancing in space."

"I see."

"Now what," he demanded, standing up against one of the windows that let the light of sunset and the evening murmur of Park Avenue into Laura Haden's living room, "do you make of it?"

Mrs. Haden was sitting on a couch across the room. She looked at him and smiled.

"Are you asking me to appraise your adventure in space, my dear John?"

"I thought perhaps you might advise me a little."

"Never! I wouldn't risk our friendship by giving you advice. But if you like, I'll make a prediction."

"Yes?"

"I predict that Miss Simpson won't be your stenographer much longer."

"Why not?" he asked quickly.

"Because it'll be impossible."

"Impossible?" he repeated, with rather a startled glance at Laura. Then he came and sat down on the couch beside her. "By Jove, you're right. I see what you mean. It's absurd, in a way, but the fact that I've taken her out to dinner does make a difference. . . . Good Lord, Laura, what on earth am I to do with the child?"

"Is she such a child?" asked Laura gently.

"An inconceivable child!"

"But why must you do anything with her? I mean, why should you assume any responsibility toward her? Mind, I'm not advising you. But wouldn't it be wisest simply to give her your blessing and a month's salary and let her go her own way?"

"Yes, that would be wisest. But somehow I can't do it, Laura. When I think of that beauty left to the mercy of mere accident I get resentful. I get all stirred up inside. There ought to be a museum for people like Miss Simpson. She's a museum piece, I tell you!"

"What a charming idea," observed Laura. "A museum! With a pedestal, I suppose, for Miss Simpson to stand on, and a little card reading, 'Don't touch the lovely lady. She's perishable.'"

"All loveliness is perishable," muttered John.

"Alas!" breathed Mrs. Haden. "Which reminds me that I've an appointment at my hairdresser's in the morning. But that's beside the point. Why don't you provide a museum for her, John? A small one, exclusively devoted to the preservation of Miss Simpson. Very private, you know."

"Are you kidding me," he asked, "or just being slightly naughty?"

"Neither. I'm perfectly serious. This is an experimental age, John. Personally I think it would be quite original of you to maintain—I hope you appreciate my choice of words, darling—a beautiful young lady for the highly moral purpose of saving her soul. It is her soul that you want to save, isn't it, John?"

"If she has one," he answered a bit pessimistically.

He leaned forward, his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands. Mrs. Haden, glancing at him sideways, thought: "John's a good man. That's his secret and his strength. It's really the source of his charm. How extraordinary!"

"Jove," he now exclaimed suddenly, "I've half a notion to try the experiment!"

"The—— oh, yes, the private museum."

"I might establish an endowment fund, eh?"

"For the general improvement and development of Emmaline," supplemented Laura. "How perfectly delightful!"

He turned to look at her. "You seem very enthusiastic about it, Laura."

"Why not? As a matter of fact, I think it would be an excellent thing for you."

"For me?"

"Yes. You've no interest at present outside of your business."

"How about you, Laura?"

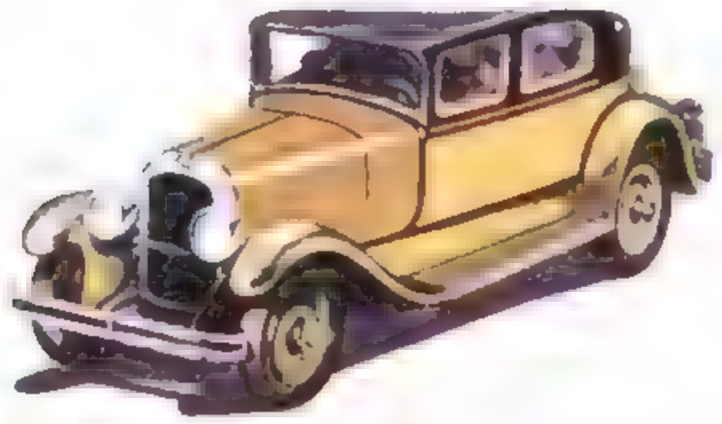
"Oh, I'm just a habit," said Mrs. Haden, smiling, "but Emmaline will be an adventure. A little flyer in human nature which no doubt will increase your general store of wisdom, dear John. Your outlook on life will be broadened, I'm sure. And who knows? It may all end quite romantically."

He regarded her with a puzzled frown. "Nonsense! Romantically? That doesn't sound like you, Laura."

She laughed gayly. "Didn't you know I was romantic? But that's rather stupid of you. I'm incurably romantic and sentimental by nature. However, I can be practical too. For instance, I know the very apartment that you must lease for your museum. It belongs to a friend of mine who's going to Europe. A darling living room, bedroom and bath. Perfectly charming. On East Fifty-sixth Street, between Park and Madison. I know your Miss Simpson will adore it."

"An apartment!" exclaimed Dexter, looking a bit dazed.

(Continued on Page 166)



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MIAMI

"World's Greatest Winter Resort"

(Continued from Page 164)

"Yes. It does sound rather abandoned, doesn't it? But think of it simply as 'the museum.' And then, of course, your Miss Simpson must have a maid—an elderly maid, I should suggest, of the duenna type."

"A duenna by all means!" said John.

"French, if possible," added Mrs. Haden.

"Why French?"

"Don't you think Emmaline will want to take up French?"

"Later, perhaps," said John. "For the present, I think she'd better take up English."

"Oh, well, that's for you to decide. I'll furnish you with a complete list of all the other necessities—dressmaker, milliner, hairdresser, and so forth. It'll be expensive, John."

He shrugged his shoulders and rose with a laugh that sounded, to Laura's ears, a trifle reckless.

"I don't have to worry about that, thank heaven! I've more money than I know what to do with. Why shouldn't I blow it on Emmaline's education if I want to?"

"Or on your own," murmured Mrs. Haden. "And anyway," she added brightly, "you can charge it off on your income tax—to charity."

Dexter laughed again. "You are practical, aren't you? But seriously, Laura, if I do this thing it won't be for charity. It'll be because I'm fool enough to want to put my finger in the Almighty's pie. I'd like to see this girl amount to something. Beauty like hers shouldn't be wasted. You know, once when I was a young man I wanted to be an artist. I've just remembered it. Perhaps it's my repressed artistic urge that's driving me to meddle with Emmaline's fate. What do you think?"

"I think you're a darling, John!" cried Mrs. Haden impulsively. Then she looked thoughtful. "But there's one thing we haven't taken into account, and that's Emmaline herself. Suppose she doesn't want to be preserved."

"Oh, that's all right! Emmaline believes in accepting whatever comes her way. I say, Laura, I wish you could know her."

"Perhaps I shall—later," replied Mrs. Haden. "But for the present I'd prefer that you conduct your experiment alone." She got up and went toward him—a slender, graceful figure with no halo on her dark hair—and gave him her hand. "I know it's going to be marvelously interesting—and instructive—dear John," she said.

IV

IT WAS a Sunday afternoon in May, six weeks later. Dexter had gone to Glen Cove for the week-end, to visit friends; but the ensuing party had bored him, and after dinner on Sunday he had invented an excuse to return to the city.

Driving back to town, he thought pleasantly of Emmaline. He decided to stop in at her apartment and surprise her. He had a delightful mental picture of her, sitting curled up at one end of the couch under the windows of her sunny living room, with her advanced English grammar in her hand. It had been part of their agreement that Emmaline should study English grammar and she had been most conscientious about it. Also, he reflected with satisfaction, she had abandoned superfluous rouge and powder. And her wardrobe, prescribed by one of the smartest and most costly costumers in New York, was now distinguished for its consummate style and taste. The lovely Miss Simpson had blossomed, indeed, and so successfully that her happy patron experienced, every time he looked at her, the thrill that comes only with the realization of a good deed well performed.

"We'll dine together," thought Dexter contentedly. "And afterward we'll go somewhere and hear some music. There's a concert tonight at Carnegie."

He was indefatigable in his desire to improve Emmaline's mind, to inspire her soul with all that was best and noblest in the life around her. And she, dear child, had been so grateful and responsive. How could he ever have doubted the success of his grand experiment? He recalled with a smile the day he had told her she was no longer to be his stenographer, but his protégée, his ward, his cherished museum piece. Yes, he had said just that to her, explaining what he meant. And Emmaline, looking at him out of her great azure eyes, had replied simply:

"Well, that's all right, Mr. Dexter. I guess I'll enjoy not having to get up at seven o'clock in the morning and having a nice apartment and all. And if you want me to study and learn grammar, why, that'll be all right, too, Mr. Dexter. Because I know that when a gentleman like you goes to work and spends a lot of money on a girl, he wants her to be refined and educated, so he won't be ashamed of her when he takes her out to dinner, or to a show, or anywheres."

What a sweet, unspoiled child she was! And how right he had been when he'd said that she was essentially innocent!

He drew up in front of the apartment house in East Fifty-sixth Street with a sense of joyful anticipation. Leaving his car at the curb, he ascended in the elevator and rang the bell of the third-floor-front apartment.

The maid—an elderly Englishwoman of the duenna type—opened the door.

"Ah, Wilkins, good afternoon. Is Miss Simpson at home?"

"No, sir, she's not."

"Oh—you mean she's out?"

"Yes, sir, she's out. And what's more, Mr. Dexter, she's been out since yesterday noon."

"You mean she—she wasn't here last night?"

"She was not, Mr. Dexter."

"But where is she? Where did she go?"

"She said," replied the elderly Wilkins imperturbably, "that she was going to spend the night with friends in New Jersey."

"New Jersey? Oh, yes—yes, of course. New Jersey. I see," said John, trying to be as casual as possible about it. But he had an uneasy suspicion that the maid saw through him. "That's all right, Wilkins. I'll just sit down and smoke a cigarette. No doubt she'll be home soon."

But it was five o'clock before Emmaline's latchkey rattled in the lock and Emmaline herself appeared on the threshold of the living room. In her new spring suit, with a smart little toque pulled down over her shapely head, she made an entrancing figure. In spite of his long wait, his anxiety and his instinctive apprehension, John's heart beat faster at the sight of her.

"Emmaline!"

"Mr. Dexter, I knew you was—were here. I saw your car in front of the house. I hope you haven't been waiting long, Mr. Dexter."

"Not very. It doesn't matter. . . . Emmaline, tell me where you've been."

"I been over to Llewellyn, New Jersey. You know—where I used to live."

"You spent the night there?"

"Yes—with some relatives of mine."

"Relatives, eh? Wilkins said friends."

The angelic Emmaline gazed at him with innocent round eyes.

"Well, they're both relatives and friends, Mr. Dexter. You see, that's where my father's farm was and I know a lot of people out there."

"You look tired, Emmaline."

"Well, it's quite a long drive in from Llewellyn, Mr. Dexter."

"Oh, you drove in?"

"Well, my friend Mr. Mooney happened to be coming to town in his flivver and he drove me in. And so I was quite tired and —— Gee, I'm glad you're here, Mr. Dexter! I been wanting to talk to you."

"Talk to me?"

"Yes, I —— Won't you sit down, Mr. Dexter?"

This was so obviously a concession to etiquette that Dexter's heart smote him. She was trying to remember her manners for his sake. He was touched, and yet there was a certain falseness in the effort that alarmed him. Suddenly he wondered whether his experiment was such a success after all.

Emmaline had taken off her hat and now sat curled up on the couch, with a glow of afternoon sunlight on her hair, as he had imagined her. But there was no grammar book in her hand. Instead there was a hatpin with which she jabbed absent-mindedly the arm of the sofa.

"You see, I been thinking, Mr. Dexter, and I thought maybe you and me ——"

"You and I," gently corrected Dexter.

She shook her head quickly and rather defiantly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dexter, but I can't talk grammar now. Because what I want to say is too important for grammar, Mr. Dexter."

"I beg your pardon, Emmaline. What is it?"

"Gee," she exclaimed, with a little laugh, "if you wasn't always so good and kind to me, then I'd know where I was at!"

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"There it is! You're so good, Mr. Dexter! I don't know what to make of you. What I mean, when you first started in noticing me and taking me out to dinner and all, why, I thought of course you was sort of falling for me. Oh, I know you said you weren't—wasn't—weren't! But honest, Mr. Dexter, I didn't believe you. Because that's how the world is, Mr. Dexter, and I—I thought I was kind of falling for you too."

"Emmaline!" uttered Dexter helplessly.

"And then when you give me this apartment and all these beautiful clothes and everything, why, I nacherly thought you was quite gone on me, Mr. Dexter. I thought all the talk you handed me was just your special line, Mr. Dexter, and yet you was so sweet to me that I—I really felt as if I could fall for you quite hard, Mr. Dexter. But you never let me—you never give me a chance."

Dexter rose abruptly and began to pace the room.

"Oh, Emmaline, Emmaline," he cried, "is there no way to make you understand?"

"No, I guess there ain't, Mr. Dexter. I guess you and me won't never understand each other."

"Don't say that!" he begged, stopping suddenly in front of her. Then he sat down beside her on the couch and took one of her hands in his. It was amazingly warm and soft. He sat holding it as though it were something alive—a live bird that he had caught by accident and didn't know what to do with.

"Mr. Dexter," blurted out Emmaline, "to tell you the truth, I could still fall for you. I could fall for you right now—honest I could! Oh, Mr. Dexter, why don't you kiss me just once?"

He shuddered and closed his eyes. When he opened them it was to stare hard at the carpet between his feet.

"Emmaline," he said, "I should greatly enjoy kissing you. But you may think what you like of me—I shan't do it."

He heard her despairing murmur, "You're so good," and contradicted it almost violently: "No! It's not that I'm good. I'm not good, but I'm consistent. And in this case—in my own way—I'm an artist, Emmaline. You're my work of art and I don't propose to destroy my conception of you by making love to you. It's too easy, Emmaline. It's too infernally cheap."

"It ain't that I expect you to marry me," wailed Emmaline plaintively, "but this here—this living the way I do here in this apartment, doing nothing but study English grammar—it ain't nacherel, Mr. Dexter! See what I mean? It ain't getting me anywhere, nor you neither, as far as I can make out, Mr. Dexter."

He sprang to his feet at that.

"Why must I get anywhere? Why must you get anywhere? Isn't it enough to exist, to try to create some perfection within yourself?" Then he broke off and stood looking intently down at her. "All this is tremendously funny," he said. "I know it. And yet I can't quite see the humor of it. . . . I'm going now, Emmaline. I must think. I must readjust my point of view. It's absolutely essential that I analyze my feeling, my whole attitude toward you. Good night, Emmaline."

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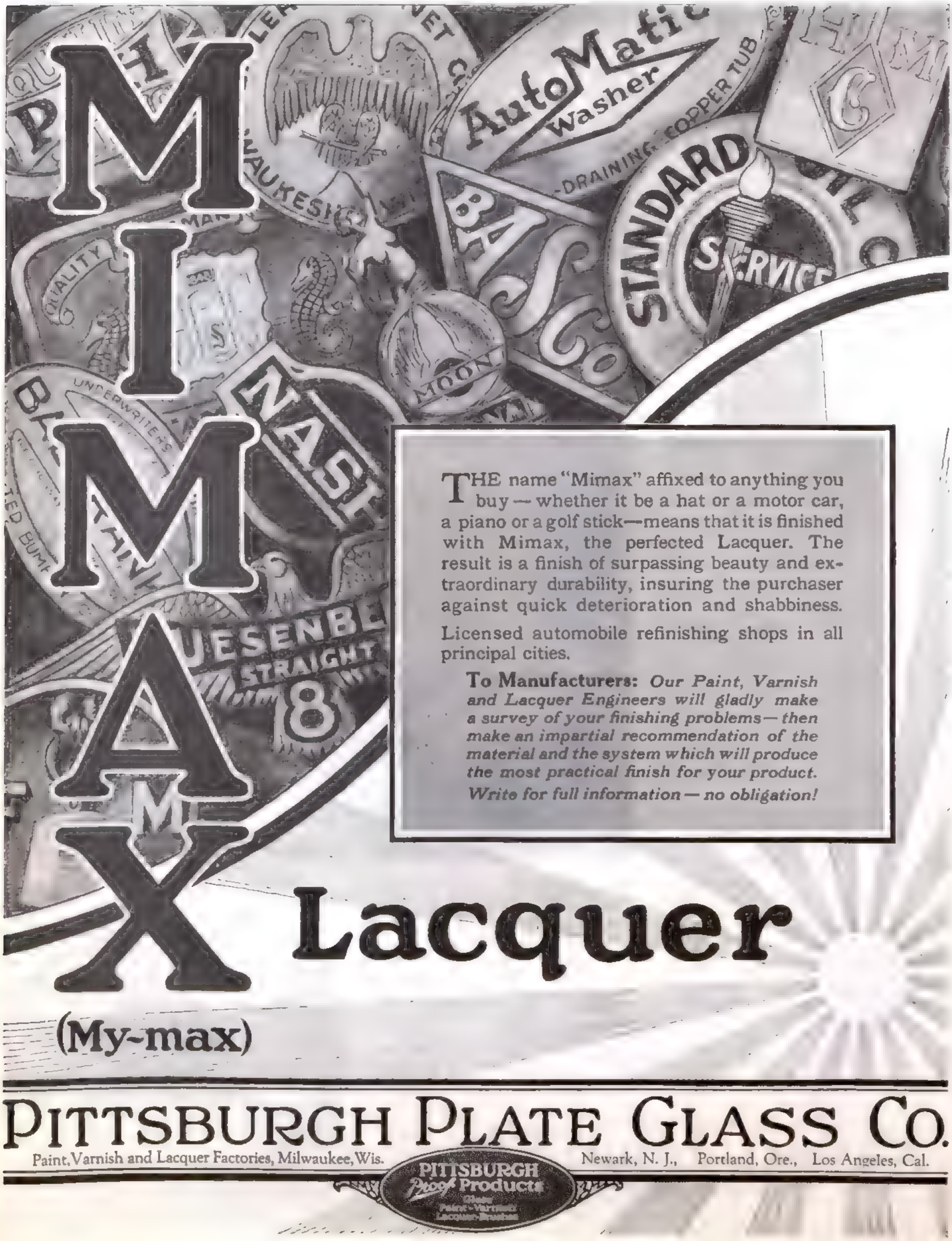

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(Continued from Page 166)

And without another word or a backward glance, he strode into the hall, took his hat and rushed out of the apartment.

Emmaline sat quite still for a moment. Then she got up and opened one of the windows overlooking the street. Leaning out a little she waited till she saw Mr. Dexter get into his car and drive away. When he had disappeared in the direction of Park Avenue she uttered a long sigh. After which she straightened up, took her handkerchief and waved it two or three times at the open window. Whereupon a powerful-looking young man who had been sitting in a car parked on the opposite side of the street sprang out and made rapidly for the apartment-house entrance. Emmaline left the living room and went to the door to meet him.

V

ABOUT eight o'clock that night a smart-looking town car drew up before the apartment house in East Fifty-sixth Street. Out of it got a slender, dark woman, very simply but beautifully dressed, who entered the foyer with such a quietly imperious manner that the hall man dared not question her.

"Miss Simpson's apartment, if you please," she said, stepping into the elevator.

"Yes, madam," mumbled the elevator man respectfully.

The elderly Wilkins also was respectful.

"Mrs. Haden? Yes, ma'am. Will you please to wait in the living room? I'll tell Miss Simpson you're here."

Laura walked into the softly lighted living room, with whose furnishings she was familiar, and sat down on the couch.

"If necessary," she reflected calmly, "I shall make a scene. I've never done such a thing in all my life before, but every woman has it in her to make a scene. And besides, it's partly my fault for encouraging John to attempt his experiment. I must be sure to remember that I hate this girl. It would be appalling to discover that I liked her."

Then Emmaline came in suddenly from the bedroom, closing the door behind her. She had on a clinging house gown of peacock blue. As she stepped forward the light of a lamp fell on her auburn hair, creating about her that ethereal quality, that strange glow, which in rare cases turns flesh and blood to an illusion and a legend.

"Oh," cried Laura, stirred by the sight of such loveliness, "how beautiful you are!"

The girl stopped short and stared at the other woman. "Yes, ma'am," she said, in startled embarrassment.

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Laura instantly. "I don't know why I said such a thing, except that it's true. And I came here expecting to hate you."

"But I—I don't even know who you are, ma'am! And I'm sure I don't know why you should hate me."

"I don't," said Laura simply. "I'm Mrs. Haden," she added, "a friend of Mr. Dexter's."

"Oh, yes, now I remember. I thought I heard the name before. I used to call you from the office when I was Mr. Dexter's secretary."

"Yes, no doubt. Well, let's both sit down and be sensible. It's so much easier to be sensible, don't you think, Miss Simpson?"

Emmaline nodded dazedly and sank down into a chair under the lamp. Mrs. Haden sat on the couch facing her. They looked at each other.

"You're wondering why I'm here," began Laura abruptly. "I'll tell you. Late this afternoon Mr. Dexter came to see me. He was in a most disturbed state of mind. He told me that he'd had a talk with you and that as a result of it he was tempted—that's the word he used, Miss Simpson—to ask you to marry him."

"Marry him?" echoed the angel sitting under the lamp. "But I told him I never expected that, and I didn't. Honest I didn't, Mrs. Haden. All I says was that I didn't see no—any sense to going on living the way I am now. Because what I say is a girl's only young once, Mrs. Haden, and gee whiz, I don't want to spend my whole life sitting here learning grammar when it ain't getting me anywheres or anything."

Mrs. Haden leaned forward, peering intently into the girl's eyes.

"Let me ask you one question: Do you love Mr. Dexter?"

"Now look, Mrs. Haden," responded Emmaline, with an appealing gesture, "I'll tell you straight, just like I told him. I always liked Mr. Dexter, even before he begun to notice me. He's such a perfect gentleman and so handsome and all. And I—well, if he'd of said a month ago, or even this afternoon, that he was crazy about me, I could have fallen for him quite hard, Mrs. Haden. But I never tried to get him to marry me, and he'll tell you the same."

"I believe you," said Laura. "But what if he should decide that he wanted to marry you?"

"But he don't, does he?" asked Emmaline with round wondering eyes.

"I'm not sure. I don't think he's sure. But he's a tenacious man, Miss Simpson. One might even call him a trifle stubborn. And, you see, he has this idea concerning you in his head."

"Well, look, Mrs. Haden, I wish you'd tell me what it is," interrupted the girl with naïve supplication, "because I can't make head or tail of it. I can't find out what it is he wants of me. I'd know with most men, but Mr. Dexter, he's different. He seems to think I'm some sort of art piece, like a piece of staturary or something."

"Exactly, my dear. The truth is that John Mr. Dexter—has idealized you. What he wants is to make you over in the image of his ideal. It's quite simple when you come to think of it—and quite impossible, I'm sure. You realize that it's impossible, don't you, Miss Simpson?"

"Well, I know I couldn't go on living like I was a piece of staturary, Mrs. Haden, if that's what you mean."

"That's precisely what I mean," said Laura, smiling. "So now you're convinced—I hope—that it would be utter folly for you to marry Mr. Dexter. Because if you did, Miss Simpson, you'd have to spend the rest of your life struggling to live up to his ideal of you. And that wouldn't be fair—please believe that I'm speaking sincerely—either to him or to you."

"Well, I ——" began Emmaline. But at that moment the doorbell rang. The two women looked instinctively at each other; then both turned and gazed with a certain intuitive expectancy at the door leading from the hall into the living room.

A moment later John Dexter walked into the room. When he saw Emmaline sitting under the lamp he gave an exclamation and stepped toward her. But when he saw Mrs. Haden sitting on the couch he stopped short and gasped.

"Laura, what are you doing here?"

"Good evening, John. I'm calling on Miss Simpson."

"Calling on—yes, so I see. But I must say that I—I don't understand."

"It's all right, Mr. Dexter," ventured Emmaline timidly.

Dexter stared at her, then at the slim dark woman sitting erect, with a faint proud smile on her lips, facing him.

"Laura, why did you come here?"

"To meddle a little, John."

"Isn't that always rather dangerous?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But I'm not afraid. Nor shall I ask you to forgive me."

"What have you done? Tell me!"

He stood over her, scowling and angry, yet curiously ashamed of his anger. Then out of the corner of his eye he saw Emmaline get up and come toward him; he felt her hand on his arm.

"Now look, Mr. Dexter, don't you go to scolding Mrs. Haden. Because if you don't know why she come here, I do. And I'm going to tell you why, Mr. Dexter. She come here to ask me not to marry you—not even if you should say you wanted me to. And I'll tell you why she done it, Mr. Dexter. It's because she's just crazy about you and wants to marry you herself—that's why! And if you say it ain't true, Mrs. Haden, then you'll be what I'd call a plain ordinary liar, and you know it!"

Laura looked wildly at the girl. She made a movement as though to rise, then sank back slowly, her head falling forward on her breast.

"I do know it," she whispered softly, "so I —— You see, I'm not what you'd call a liar, Miss Simpson."

"Laura! Emmaline!" cried John distractedly.

The hand of the angel tightened on his arm.

"Listen, Mr. Dexter. You go home now and take her with you. I ain't for you, Mr. Dexter—not in the way you thought of, nor in any other way at all. I ain't your kind and I never will be. That's all there is to it. You've treated me swell and I appreciate it—honest, I do. But you can't never make me any different from what I am, Mr. Dexter; not if you was to spend your whole life and all your money on me. Because that's how life is, Mr. Dexter, and I know it."

He looked at her then with a queer, half-ironic, half-deferential smile.

"By Jove, Emmaline, I believe you do know more about life than I do! I thought I was so wise, but you're wiser than I."

"Well, that's all right, Mr. Dexter. Now you take my advice, Mr. Dexter, and take Mrs. Haden home and marry her. Because what I really think is that you both want to get married quite badly, only you don't know it. So you might as well marry each other, and all, because as far as I can see you was just made for each other, Mr. Dexter."

"Emmaline," he said, with a sudden laugh, "now I see the humor of it. I see it, even though the joke's on me. I beg your pardon, Emmaline, for having presumed to idealize you." Then he put his hands on her shoulders and leaned forward and kissed her. "Good-by, Emmaline," he said. Then, turning to Mrs. Haden, "Come, Laura," he cried, with a reckless gallantry that reminded her all at once of the man she had loved an indefinite number of years ago, "I'm going to take you home and marry you."

"If you don't," exclaimed Laura, jumping up and slipping her arm through his, "I'll never speak to you again."

And as they walked together out of the room she glanced back, smiling, and threw a kiss to Miss Simpson.

The lovely Emmaline waited till she heard the front door close behind them. Then she called loudly, "Mrs. Wilkins!"

The elderly maid appeared. "Yes, Miss Emmaline?"

"Mrs. Wilkins, is there any of that gin left in the house?"

"I think there is, Miss Emmaline."

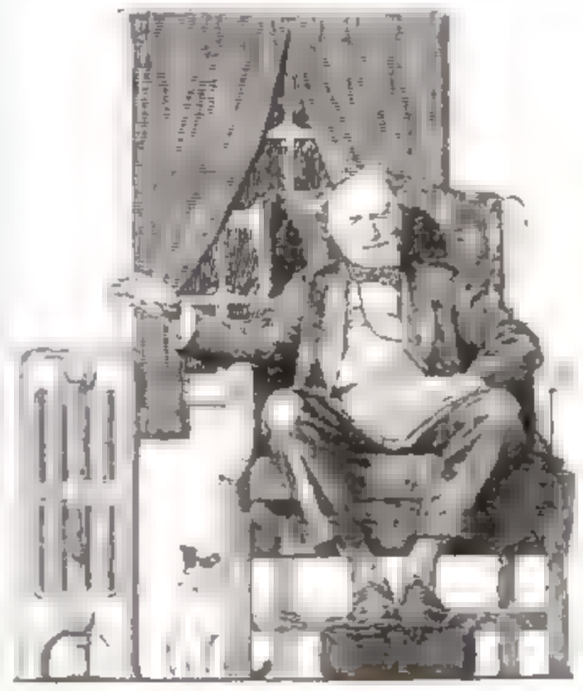
"Then for heaven's sake mix up a couple of cocktails, will you, Mrs. Wilkins? Mix up one for yourself too."

"With pleasure, Miss Emmaline."

Emmaline crossed the room and curled herself up peacefully on the couch.

"And, Mrs. Wilkins," she added, producing a package of cigarettes from her divine bosom, "you can tell Mr. Mooney that the coast's clear."

HOT! *you'd be surprised*



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THE AMERICAN BOOK OF WONDER

(Continued from Page 29.

could see it, between their school and Eton or Harrow. His response was to ask how many of them were going into business. They were all going to do that. Every one of them had a job in view.

"There," said the visitor, "is the difference. If I had asked such a question at Eton or Harrow, no doubt some of the boys would be going into business. But others would be going into politics or diplomacy or the army or scholarship or administrative work or the management of a landed estate or the government of some dependency."

There is capital's part. Let it be supposed in the simplest way that capital represents all means of production, such as natural resources land, mines, power, machines, organization, and so on—together with the credit and money that command them. It is to be noted that in this country, capital in any sense tends less and less to represent individual proprietorship. In place of that is multiple proprietorship, increasingly diffused. The corporation, once the refuge of big business, is become the symbol of association, many little streams of capital running together to make a lake.

Consumer stock ownership is a wide fact, notably in the case of public-utility corporations producing light, heat and power; their customers become stockholders. So is employe stock ownership a wide fact, of increasing significance. It is to be noted also that as ownership becomes more widely distributed, ownership and management tend to become separate. Management now appears as an institution in itself, and it is a new principle. Its point of view is not that of either labor or capital. What it does is to combine these and add a third, which is the point of view of the consumer, who is everybody and is conceded to have social rights of participation in the division of surplus wealth. This is on the ground as it was in the imaginary case of the two who combined to move a stone. Neither could have moved it alone to discover the treasure. A part of the treasure, therefore, belonged to neither one of them individually, because neither one could have possessed it alone, but to both of them inseparably as a society of consumers.

There is the imagination's part—ideas, that is to say. Ideas are not separately rewarded, save in the case of one who gets a patent and sells his idea on a royalty basis. What happens otherwise, in cases that are as a million to one, is that ideas are freely contributed in the way of one's job; and one who has many ideas will rise through the job, whatever it is, to superintendence, management, ownership. The reward is not for ideas particularly; it is for power of contribution to the science and understanding of production.

Investments of Society

Then there is society's part. How society, regarded as an entity above the individuals who compose it, contributes to the production of wealth might become the subject of one dissertation. That it does we know. Not only do we know it. We recognize its right to participate in division as society, beyond what its members receive in such forms as interest, profit and wages. Society is the whole organism.

No one of us is society, but society is all of us. Its title to share in the total product of wealth is valid, because it contributes the principle of power that exists in combination. Moreover, it has needs and wants of its own. The members of society are separately discontinuous; society is continuous. Its life runs in time far beyond the cycle of any individual. Therefore it must govern both present and future. Its future objects and interests may often conflict with the present objects and interests of the individual. It has two forms of investment to be always making: One for this time and one for the future. And it must have the means. Where will it get the means if not from the total product of wealth? Education is one of society's investments in its own future. The cost of education alone represents a considerable participation in the division of wealth currently produced.

Merely to distinguish these parts is to see that they are reciprocal. How absurd to debate their relative importance! As functions they are different; as parts they are inseparable. They serve each other, and this, as in any mechanism or organism, is according to laws of rhythm, harmony and tension. What is jointly intended is a divisible result.

Ideas of economic society in this symphonic character are not original. You will find them scattered all through the literature of conservative, radical and Utopian economics. Always they broke down at the point of division.

Industrial Feudalism

Whatever is new in the American way with the divisible result is much less from any invention or novelty of light than from a certain audacity of mind in the field of economic reality. There is here the will to make the social impulse victorious on a plane of sound business. To see it acting you have only to regard characteristic American division under its three principal heads—namely, wages, profits, consumer benefit. In each case there will appear to have taken place a definite change of view; it will turn out to be all one movement of thought.

The American way with wages is what European people are trying most earnestly to understand. The cause of their difficulty with it is historical. Ours is a new time and they do not know it. Ours is new modern; theirs is old modern. And they have not yet broken with feudal time. The hereditary capitalist is still the lord, representing supreme ownership, which anciently was monopoly of the land; and the wage earners are still his dependent people, with a continuous memory of having been exploited for profit.

Here is curious history. When it was as it was between the lord and the people, the lord possessing the land and the people belonging to the land instead of the land belonging to them, then to exploit labor was very simple. It occurred naturally. What the people produced above their own sustenance—the surplus of their labor, that is to say—belonged to the lord and was such as the lord and his retinue could directly consume: food, drink, clothing, armor, trappings and castles. All that was the lord's profit. Everything he consumed was profit. Now industry appears. The lord becomes capitalist. Not the same lord, to be sure, but the lord in principle, symbol and fact of hereditary power of possession, with the same way of feeling about people and the same notion of his right to take the whole surplus of labor because he owns or provides the means of production.

But a new dilemma presents itself. Hitherto the surplus was such as he or his household could directly consume. That is no longer the case. What shall he do with ten thousand pairs of shoes or half a million yards of cloth? This is machine industry, producing goods in great quantity. Now to get his profit he must sell these goods. To whom? To his own people? They cannot buy them. How, he may ask, can people buy their own surplus? Where will they get the money to buy it with? They have only their wage, and that is just enough to sustain them. If he has to increase their wages in order that they may be able to buy the surplus, that is the same as to give the goods back to them. In that case, where is the profit? He will have only what he himself can consume and they will have all the rest. He can see no profit in that, no sense whatever. He is sure that if people had so much they would not work; plenty would debauch them or cause them to multiply excessively. Anyway, here is a surplus he can neither consume nor sell to his own people, unless, in effect, he gives it to them.

The solution of this riddle, when he thought of it, was quite simple, though perhaps not permanent. It was to sell the surplus in foreign markets, away from his own people, thereby converting it into gold profit. That was it—exchange the goods for gold. Hence foreign trade as it developed under the European system of industrialism; and this trade, unlike any that was in the world before, consisted not in silks, incense and jade; it was in staple goods of common use such as the people who produced them had never enough of for themselves.

There were two fallacies in the lord's point of view. The first was the assumption that if people were prosperous they would cease to work. That false notion, from regarding work as a curse, is implanted in all the economic doctrines of the Old World. List, proposing a protective tariff system to make Germany a powerful industrial nation, said of course in the end, everybody having become prosperous, the competition of free imports would be necessary to save workmen from indolence. American labor is the most prosperous in the world. Is it the most or the least indolent in the world?

The other fallacy was to assume that if labor's share in the surplus be increased by higher wages, profits in the same ratio would fall, tending to disappear. What happens is that the standard of living rises, effective wanting increases, new forces are released and the nature of profit changes. It ceases to be a toll and rises anew from a productive principle.

Cheap Labor Wasted

One is continually hearing that a cause of American prosperity is the existence of an insatiable domestic market for goods, protected by tariffs. American industry therefore does not have to peddle its wares in foreign markets. But that is merely to comment on the fact that the American people do, to a degree elsewhere unknown, consume their own surplus, meaning by "surplus" all that product of wealth which is more than enough to sustain life in the barest manner. Any other people might do the same thing. Number has nothing in principle to do with it. And as for the tariff, that is a common instrument of economic policy. Although we have used it in a way to oblige high wages, still we must have had a feeling for high wages to begin with, for we might have used the tariff instrument in many other ways

In European industry labor is a commodity, governed in price by a law of supply and demand. The industrialist prefers an overstocked labor market and speaks complacently of a labor reserve, meaning by that a supply in excess of the demand, so that labor will be docile and wages will stay down. Simply, he is a buyer of labor, and his first rule of profit is to cheapen what he buys.

That language was once current in this country. The low-wage fallacy went with the pattern of industrialism as we received it from the Old World. It was not so long ago that American industry solidly opposed any law to restrict immigration, saying it could not do without cheap European labor to perform the manual task. It was so cheap that industry could afford to waste it, and did waste it in a callous manner. But the view has profoundly changed.

Those in the Department of Labor who have worked for many years in the field of immigration speak knowingly of the change. They have seen it take place. Formerly their difficulty was with the leaders of industry, who obstinately said that if they were cut off from the European labor supply they would be ruined. The country, moreover, would be delivered bound and gagged to an organized labor monopoly. Now in all senses the Department of Labor finds industry sympathetic. If it is a question of further restriction, some of the elders may be still a little dubious, wondering how far it is safe to go headlong in one direction, but the young men representing the science of management are spontaneous.

They say, "No, we don't want that cheap labor. It is not good for the country."

There it is. First, is it good for the country? Yes or no. On that ground it shall be decided. And it turns out that what is good for the country also is best for business. This is the invariable fact and has a kind of dramatic quality. It is the rule of experience, possessing apparently the validity of a natural law, that business has only to consider which of several ways has the highest social meaning, and that way, if it is pursued, will prove to be the one that pays best.

Men, Method and Machines

The effect of a few great examples upon current thought was transforming and sudden. The records and recollections of the Department of Labor contain prophecies of disaster from closing our gates to the cheap labor of the world by the same elder statesmen of industry who now, as converts, talk the new language as if they had always known it. High wages and low costs; greater productivity per man in order to increase the wage earner's buying power; progressive division of the total product of wealth—and at the same time greater profits than before. They have perhaps forgotten what they formerly believed; at least, they seldom mention the fact of their own conversion.

What has happened in their lifetime to work this change of view? Many will say, and do, that it was the war. Industry was suddenly cut off from its supply of cheap unskilled labor; at the same time it was obliged by the war enormously to increase its output, with wages rising uncontrolably. Therefore necessity obliged it to find ways of doing with automatic equipment a great deal of work that had before this wasted men in drudgery. That is to say, industry had to exploit machines in place of men. In doing this it discovered new sources of profit. Spending machines and saving men turned out to pay.

This is somewhat true—just enough to be misleading. The way had already been discovered. There was a working science of it, notably in the automobile industry, where it had been demonstrated that by method, power and automatons the productive power of a man could be increased in a prodigious manner, with a result divisible in three directions. The wage earner got more wages, the public got cheaper motor cars and the profits were fabulous. The automobile industry offered only the most striking example. The same principle was working in many other places. Wages rising, costs falling, profits increasing. What the war did was to cause a wholesale reformation of industrial practice, under a new type of mentality, thus bringing to pass all at once a change that had been bound in any case to take place in a few years under stress of competition.

Moreover, the opinion that necessity alone was acting is blind to what it is that has changed. Not any view as to the rate of wage you can afford to pay as you increase the output of labor, not any view as to the effect of high wages on production. It is the meaning of wages that has changed.

There was for a long time no way of regarding wages but as the price of labor. To think of wages as payment for work performed, roughly measured by the quantity of output—even that was a big step. There was one more to take. Now more and more

(Continued on Page 174)

Another Reason Why

The car builder using Willard Batteries knows just what the battery will do and how well it will do it. He tests cold-weather performance in a giant ice box. A brand-new motor from his factory and a Willard Battery bought at retail by his engineers are used. Temperature of motor, gasoline, crank-case oil and battery is brought to well below zero. One of his own engineers stands inside the box—another outside. Communication is established by telephone. At a signal the battery starts the motor. Starter amperes, starter volts, battery volts, ignition volts, crankshaft speed and number of seconds to start are recorded. Motor is allowed to cool. This procedure is repeated until the battery is exhausted.

The Willard

Willards *Make* Good

. . . . . and one of the reasons why you will find a Willard Battery in your . . .

MOTOR CARS*

Case	14
Checker Cab	3
Chevrolet (Partial)	11
Chrysler	5
Cunningham	13
Davis	13
Dodge	13
Erskine	1
Franklin	16
Hupmobile	14
Jordan	11
Kissel	14
McFarlan	13
Meteor	5
Oldsmobile	10
Paige (Exp.)	10
Pierce-Arrow	12
Reo	15
Studebaker	15

BUSSES*

Acme	10
A. C. F.	1
Atterbury	13
Backus	4
Bridgeport	5
Clarkspeed	2
Clydesdale	10
Commerce	13
Garford	12
Gotfredson	5
Graham	6
Gramm	4
Guilder	5
Kelly-Springfield	4
National	4
Pierce-Arrow	12
Reo	15
Ruggles	7
Safe Way (Six Wheel)	3
Standard	12
Studebaker	3
Twin City	3
White	13

TRUCKS*

Acme	10
Atterbury	13
Austin	13
Available	2
Backus	4
Buck	3
Caward-Dart	11
Century	2
Chevrolet (Partial)	11
Clarkspeed	2
Clydesdale	10
Commerce	13
Defiance	6
Denby	13
Diamond T	9
F. W. D.	13
Garford	12
G. M. C.	14
Gotfredson	5
Graham Bros.	6
Grass-Premier	2
Independent	9
Indiana	13
Kelly-Springfield	4
Little Giant	7
Menominee	13
National	11
Nelson & Le Moon	12
Oneida	9
Oshkosh	10
Pierce-Arrow	12
Red Ball	4
Rehberger	2
Relay	8
Reo	15
Republic	11
Ruggles	7
Sanford	3
Savers	11
Standard	12
Stoughton	6
Tiffin	8
Traylor	9
Ward La France	7
White	13

FIRE ENGINES*

American La France	13
Peter Pirsch	2
Seagrave	12
Southern Fire Appts.	1

*The numeral at the right of each maker's name tells you the number of years Willard Batteries have been standard equipment in his product.

Battery men

Armored Steel Cables in use in Georgia marble quarries. Wherever extraordinary strength is necessary, this principle of armoring is used.

ARMORED CORD CONSTRUCTION builds strength, stamina, long life!

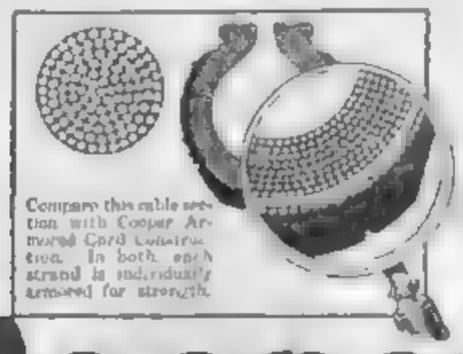
YOU'LL never know what brute strength and stamina Armored Cord Construction has built into Cooper Long Service Tires until you put them to a test.

Burn them up on the road if you will . . . drive them hard on city streets . . . rut-creased country roads . . . rocky mountain paths . . . there never was a tire made that could stand up longer under severe usage than these Long Service Coopers.

For Armored Cord Construction has equipped Cooper Tires for rough wear. Each and every strand of cord is individually armored with live, resilient rubber . . . thoroughly impregnated . . . completely surrounded with this tough rubber armor. This new construction wards off the blows and shocks of the road . . . smothers them. It materially reduces riding heat inside the carcass for it eliminates much of the friction . . . . cords cannot touch one another as the tire flexes. Armored Cord Construction effectively fortifies the vulnerable point where all tire havoc begins.

There is a Cooper dealer near you. See him . . have him tell you of the mileage records Coopers are piling up in every kind of service . . . let him show you how Cooper Long Service Tires will reduce your tire costs and tire troubles.

[DEALERS The new Armored Cord Construction of Cooper Long Service Tires offers unusual opportunity for live dealers everywhere. Write for complete information regarding the valuable Cooper franchise.]



Compare this cable section with Cooper Armored Cord Construction. In both, each strand is individually armored for strength.

Cooper
LONG SERVICE
TIRES

THE COOPER CORPORATION
Founded 1904
General Offices, Cincinnati, O. Factories: Findlay and Cincinnati, O.

Continued from Page 171

wages are regarded as labor's proportional share in the total product of wealth. It is not enough that wages shall be high. It is necessary that they shall be proportional, for if they are not, if the output of wealth increases faster than wages, then no matter how high wages may be, the relative buying power of labor will fall. This is the view which comprehends the wage earner primarily as a consumer, in which capacity he is indispensable to prosperity.

The great error of industry had been to see the wage earner only as a producer. Not until it began to see him also as a consumer was it possible for a new philosophy of division to be imagined.

The equally great error of the wage earner had been to see himself only as a consumer, and it was not until he began to see himself also as a producer that it was possible for any philosophy of progressive division to act. There was nothing for it to act upon.

These two revolutions of thought have definitely occurred, and there is, for that reason, now the basis of a common language between capital and labor.

The American Federation of Labor, holding its forty-fifth annual convention at Atlantic City, in 1925, declared:

"We hold that the best interests of wage earners, as well as the whole social group, are served by increasing production in quantity as well as quality, and by high-wage standards which assure sustained purchasing power to the workers, and therefore higher national standards for the environment in which they live and the means to enjoy cultured opportunities. We declare that wage reductions produce social and industrial unrest and that low wages are not conducive to low-production costs."

Production first.

Here was a clean break with a doctrine that had obsessed the thought of organized labor from the beginning of its history—the doctrine that wages are paid out of capital's profit. If that were true, then, as a wage earner, the less you gave to the job the more jobs there were and the more of its profit would capital be obliged to divide with labor. It is not true. Wages are paid out of production. Labor at last accepts the fact. In resisting the efforts of capital to increase the productivity of labor it has been all the time limiting the fund of divisible wealth out of which wages are paid. The wage earner now sees himself as producer. He embraces the principle of high productivity. Then he sees himself again as a consumer and stipulates that he must share increasingly in what is produced.

A New Faith on Trial

Business has already perceived him in the light of consumer, and how to sustain his buying power is its own anxiety. It is ready therefore to indorse both sides of the Atlantic City declaration and to hail it as a true sign on the road to economic understanding.

Four years before this, in 1921, business had been divided. The evil of postwar deflation was upon it. Profits had collapsed. There were many who said, "Now is the time once for all to liquidate wages." There was a movement to do so. Labor naturally prepared to resist, but that was not what stopped it.

There was a new faith to be tried. It said: "The trouble is not high wages. It is high costs. The trouble is not overproduction from too much capacity. It is that we employ our capacity wastefully. Let us reduce our costs by better method and more power and let wages stand. The result will be a greater consuming power than we ever had before." And so it was; and so much more it was than anyone could have imagined that capacity had to be tremendously expanded to satisfy the demand for goods

Recently the American Federation of Labor has formulated what it calls a modern wage policy. In its first period organized labor struggled for higher money wages. But as prices sometimes rose faster than wages, so that the higher money wage bought even less than before, the demand was changed; it became a demand for higher real wages—that is to say, wages calculated on the buying power of money. Now says the American Federation of Labor

"Very obvious changes in the productivity of labor today induce organized labor again to widen its wage policy. Higher real wages from a social point of view do not improve the situation of the worker if productivity increases more than real wages. For higher productivity without corresponding increase of real wages means that the additional product has to be bought by others than the wage earners. This means that the social position of the wage earner in relation to other consumers becomes worse, because his standard of living will not advance proportionately with those of other groups. Deteriorating social position—that is, declining purchasing power of the mass of the wage earners in relation to the national product—brings about industrial instability, which will develop into industrial crisis."

The Question of Moral Right

"The American Federation of Labor is the first organization of labor in the world to realize the importance of the factor of production in economic society. It no longer strives merely for higher money wages; it no longer strives merely for higher real wages; it strives for higher social wages, for wages which increase as measured by prices and productivity. This modern wage policy lifts the movement to an absolutely new level."

There is the proportional idea of division clearly set forth. Business accepts it. It was business that came to it first from that point of view which regards the wage earner as a consumer. But there is this difference—that what business perceives to be both a necessity and a social ideal, labor claims as a moral right. In the American Federation's formula the sentence, "Very obvious changes in the productivity of labor today induce organized labor again to widen its wage policy," is extremely naïve. Those very obvious changes—what are they? Who is responsible for them? Labor has not increased its own productivity. The means, the science and the method have all been provided. There you have introduced capital and ideas again and begin at once to touch the historic dispute. Who moved the stone?

In a study entitled Wages in the United States, published in 1927, showing among other facts that while prices declined 17.5 per cent during 1924 and 1926 wages actually advanced, the National Industrial Conference Board glances at this question of moral right, saying:

"It is clear that the increase in output per worker in recent years is due altogether to the greater use of machinery and power and to better management—that is, to the use of more capital and managerial intelligence, and not to any greater effort or more efficient application on the part of labor itself. Production efficiencies have for the most part been evolved through careful research and experimentation on the part of highly skilled engineering staffs, and this work has been financed by the employer without any assurance that it would bring him a return.

"It seems reasonable therefore that when this investment has turned out profitably, the credit and the profits which result should accrue to the employer and to the investors who supplied the capital for the experiment, and who would not have been likely to undertake it except for the prospect of profit. If, however, the employer belongs to the school of economic thought which holds that mounting wages, by enlarging domestic markets, are the surest insurance against business depression, he may distribute any portion of the increased profit in the form of higher wages, but it

Continued on Page 177

BACK of USL

Four great factories

Visitors invariably express amazement at the size of USL. One factory alone—at Niagara Falls, N.Y.—occupies a site of more than 27 acres. It takes more than two hours to walk through the 26 buildings—containing the most modern and efficient equipment for storage battery manufacture.

There are also great plants at Oakland, Cal.; Toronto, Ont.; and Sydney, Australia—an impressive indication of the tremendous manufacturing facilities required to meet the demand for USL Batteries.

15,000 service stations and dealers

Standing squarely behind the quality of USL Batteries are 15,000 service stations and dealers. They are a part of the great USL organization because of their ability to give you efficient and reliable battery service.

USL Golden Rule Service is world-wide. Wherever you go you find USL service stations anxious to serve and satisfy you—help you get maximum life out of your battery regardless of its make.

Millions of satisfied users

Every year has seen the world-wide army of satisfied USL users steadily and rapidly increasing. In 1927 well over a million and a half new batteries left the USL factories—to be placed in new cars as initial equipment or sold by dealers for replacements.

Such tremendous car-manufacturer and motorist acceptance is definite and conclusive proof of the superior quality, dependable performance and recognized value offered by USL.

USL Battery Corporation, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

THE CHOSEN STEEL FOR AMERICA'S FINEST AUTOMOBILES *because* FORGING ADDS STRENGTH

Finer automobile bodies . . . more graceful lines . . . more perfect finishes . . . form the keynote for 1928 and these necessitate the finest steel sheets that money can buy, for behind the graceful lines, under the perfect finishes, *there must be good steel sheets*—if the beauty is to last.

The makers of many of America's finest cars have found in Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets the best possible background for the beautiful finishes so admired today. They know that forging alone can give to steel the super qualities so necessary to enduring finishes . . . and only Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets are made from forged steel billets. There is no better foundation for perfect finishes—no better assurance of enduring beauty.

FOLLANSBEE BROTHERS COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Brush & Gift and Watch Cases New York Chicago Detroit Louisville Indianapolis Milwaukee Rochester Buffalo Cincinnati Cleveland Nashville Memphis Philadelphia

Follansbee Forge STEEL SHEETS

(Continued from Page 174)

is difficult to establish any moral obligation to do so."

As to labor's attitude it says:

"Labor's argument, briefly stated in general terms, holds that since in the final analysis it is labor which applies and makes effective the improved agencies of production, it is rightly entitled to share in the increased wealth created. While it is undoubtedly true that the most brilliantly conceived mechanical aid to production is worthless without human direction, it is still open to question whether this makes a case for labor's demand."

It is no issue worth raising. What organized labor now demands in the name of a modern wage policy, union and nonunion labor was already receiving. Labor unionism contributed nothing to the American philosophy of division and was slow either to believe in it or try it. Indeed, as that philosophy has clarified and spread, the strength of labor unionism has declined. What was required as a scientific fact was labor's collaboration to increase production. This organized labor was reluctant to give. All the possibilities, together with the spirit of faith keeping, had first to be demonstrated in open-shop practice; and for at least fifteen years division according to scientific management's idea of what division should be actually exceeded organized labor's demands.

Labor is following where it could not have led. To distribute the blame would be gratuitous. For much more than fifteen years the wage earner had been exploited as a commodity and his suspicions were very deep. He had been exploited also by his leaders, most of them honest, who kept telling him that since labor was the true source of wealth, even as Adam Smith admitted, it followed that labor was entitled to the whole product. They exhorted him therefore to rise and take possession of the means of production. Why labor never in fact did this, or very seldom tried, was a question its intellectually radical leaders were obliged at last to examine. It seemed to them so easy. The owners were few, the workers were many. The explanation was that labor instinctively knew better. It might seize the means of production. How could it seize the source of ideas?

None of this change of view as to the meaning of wages had ever been possible without also a change of attitude on the part of capital toward profits. This runs to the same deep level and re-creates the ground of economic assumption. One illustration of the change, containing the emotional measure of it, happens to have presented itself in the perfect manner—perfect, because everything about it was unconscious.

Roosevelt in a New Light

Anyone who knew American business twenty-five years ago, particularly anyone who knew it from a Wall Street point of observation, will recall what the state of its feeling was about President Roosevelt. Man on horseback, demagogue, charlatan, radical. As a matter of tact, even as a matter of precaution, one learned never to mention his name carelessly in a Stock Exchange group, for the mere sound of it unexpectedly pronounced had been known to induce pathological consequences. There is a formal record of several Roosevelt panics. Keep all this in mind as the historical fact and look now at a decorative page printed in the August, 1927, number of the Magazine of Business. You see a half-tone reproduction of a painting entitled Modern Industrial St. Louis, a symbolic representation of industry. Beneath the picture is a text on business ethics, The Acquisition of Wealth, by Theodore Roosevelt, saying:

"The mere acquisition of wealth, in and by itself, beyond a certain point, speaks very little for the man compared with success in most other lines of endeavor. . . . Furthermore, the wealthy men who make money which does not represent service are public enemies."

In a magazine of business, whose audience is business! There was no daring or propaganda in it. The editor's thought was ornamental. This is a text to which American business now subscribes. That is the ethic to which it aspires.

What has happened in these twenty-five years?

Clearly, there is a new way of conceiving what profit is. This was bound to occur. A philosophy of division that had changed the meaning of wages could not have failed to bring an original light to play on the question of capital's share.

Profit was another endless, indistinct beast that devoured the reason of economists, besides consuming the prosperity of the wage earner and damning the souls of men. Economic literature is full of his wickedness. For a long time there was no distinction between him and a less Satanic animal called interest. They were hunted together. But after they had been separated by intelligence and profit alone began to be tracked to his source and justification the controversy became even more violent and irrational.

A Toll Upon Wealth

What was the nature of profit? Always it seemed to be the difference between the cost of producing a thing and the price at which it was sold. Why was that difference? Even if you included interest as an item of cost, still there was that difference which somebody charged and everybody paid—and that was profit. Some said under a régime of perfect competition profit would tend to disappear, for everything would have to sell at cost. To this was the objection that if there was no profit, no hope of it, there would be no adventuring of capital. Economic society would in that case stagnate and perhaps die. Others, like Robert Owen, said competition was economic warfare and profit was the spoils. Therefore competition must be abolished together with every trace of the heinous impulse to buy cheap and sell dear. The profit motive and money as the instrument of profit must be abolished, else there was no saving of mankind. Profit was the forbidden fruit that had wrecked the Garden of Eden.

That was seventy-five years ago, and the absurdity is still current in the world. It is the dogmatic puerility of communism.

However, there was no way to get rid of the profit motive. All attempts to do so, notably those of Robert Owen, with his labor exchange and labor notes in place of money, went shipwreck on the rocks of human nature. There came to be a fixed cynical notion about profit, that it was a toll upon wealth, charged by those who possessed the means of producing wealth, and charged by no rule of reason. What the traffic would bear—that was the only rule.

Under the old economy, even to this day, that is the nature of one kind of profit and that is the rule by which it is calculated. The robber baron, taking toll of the caravan, learned not to take more than the trader could afford to give, for if he took more, he either ruined the trade or caused the trader to go another way. Generally the industrial capitalist was controlled by that same idea, hence his everlasting dream of monopoly. To possess a monopoly was like holding a caravan pass. It might be in one case a monopoly of goods that enabled him to sell them dear; it might be also a monopoly of the means of production that enabled him to buy labor cheap. Often it was both. All profit in that character—and there has been an enormous lot of it—is a toll upon wealth. Consumers as such and labor as such are both exploited. Generally it was true that capital's share was determined by occasion, circumstance and privilege. There was no social theory of division, nor had capital any vision of its own dynamic function. What it took for itself was as much as it could, and that was a large proportion of the total product.

Profit taking by that rule limits prosperity, for the obvious reason that it limits the production and exchange of wealth. This is commonly understood. The truth is not so clearly formulated that profit taking by that rule in any modern scheme limits also the power and profits of capital.

Here the proportional idea again, now touching capital's share in the same way as before it touched labor's share. There is no scientific way to determine what the right proportions are. The important thing is to have an idea of proportion. There is no such idea in taking all you can get and calling that your own. That is division by jungle law. From a true philosophy of division you come naturally to a sense of proportion, and a proportional share defines itself as a quantity that bears a more or less constant relation—ideally a constant relation—to the total product of divisible wealth. Now a principle begins to act. Probably it is a law. It is this: If capital's profit in any case is more than a proportional share, it may keep it and consume it; but if it does, the profit ultimately will fail. Why? Because there is no permanent source of profit in itself. It cannot survive but it is rooted in common prosperity, in the well-being of society as a whole; and this is injured by disproportional division.

If, instead, capital reserves privately for itself only a proportional share and employs the profits above that to increase the means of production, its profits will increase so fast that it will be unable to consume them if it would. Profit as money will cease to be regarded at all. There will be enough of that for every purpose without thinking of it. Profit becomes a sense of social achievement, measured as force, magnitude, excellence.

It is easy to reconstruct a picture of American industry as it was. Many ruins survive. In one of the old textile fields you may still see, in a valley on a water-power site, where the factory was. On a high hill, maybe boarded up, surrounded by a neglected private park, you will see what was the owner's mansion. Obviously, a great deal was taken out of that business as capital's share and consumed. The proportion was steep. The mansion and its setting must have cost more than the factory. With what sequel? The business has vanished. It was ruined by the competition of textile industrialists who, taking only a proportional share for themselves personally, returned their profits to the source, thereby increasing their plant, reducing their costs, improving the status and productivity of their wage earners, until now the volume of wealth produced is so great that no mansion in a private park could bear any important relation to it.

Returned to Their Source

Perhaps the most impressive isolate example is Henry Ford. You may take him to be the richest man in the world. But in what is he rich? Not in money. In twenty years, from nothing, he and his associates have created the largest one unit of industry in the world. It is the most celebrated instance of profit making. Where is the profit? In what form does it exist? A house to live in, what his household has consumed in living, the Wayside Inn, and a quantity of antiques—these are the things Ford has taken for himself personally, and the cost of them in proportion to the wealth he has created is trifling. The rest of the profit has been returned to its source. The more of it that was returned, the more of it there was, until at last it ceases to have the meaning of money, or of anything that can be converted into money. It is power. In one appearance it is personal power; actually it is not, for unless it continues to be employed in ways to increase the wealth of society as a whole it will fail, only to rise again in the hands of another.

He says himself, "All anybody can get out of this is a job."

Although it may be elsewhere less visible or less dramatically emphasized, the same rule has governed the entire American automobile industry. And that is one reason why the motor-car industry of the world is centered here, not in Europe, where they made motor cars first and made them much better to begin with. The motive was profit. That is so. Only, in what character is profit? In the old character profit was an appropriation of wealth, some arbitrary part of the product detained as capital's share, or a toll upon it—in any case, a quantity deducted from the total divisible result of ideas and labor and Nature collaborating.

In our scheme it appears that profit, instead of representing anything deducted from the total product, may arise from what is added to that product. Invariably in the great instances it is so. The extraordinary profit runs to those who by ideas and method increase the productivity of capital and labor. That is to say, they reduce the cost. Their profit is not in the price; it is in the cost. With no change in price, they increase the profit by reducing the cost. Thus profit creates itself and is itself divisible. It arises, as was said, from a productive principle and is a new thing.

Profit in that sense is not in what you take. It is from what you give. To make a great profit you have to increase the total product of wealth more efficiently than your competitor. Having made the great profit in that way, it is rightfully your own to consume. You may remove it from the business and do anything you like with it. But unless you return it to its source—the greater part of it—the source will dry up. Why? Because if you do not pursue that line, another will, and he who does will presently have costs lower than yours, and your profit will cease.

The Economic Orchestra

Thus it is endlessly that profits are divided with society through a cheapening of goods. This day's consumer of goods is consuming also the profits that capital made yesterday. The man who pays today a thousand dollars for a motor car better than one that sold for fifteen hundred dollars five years ago is actually consuming that part of the profit from fifteen-hundred-dollar motor cars that was returned to the motor industry in order to reduce its costs of production. The margin of profit in motor cars at one thousand dollars is less than it was in motor cars at fifteen hundred, but the quantity that can be sold at one thousand dollars is greater and the aggregate profit may be even more than before. Wherein you see that the consumer in the act of consuming profits returns them again whence they came.

The classic economic dogma of antagonism is breaking down. We are privileged to witness that catastrophe, being the authors of it. Wages and profits are not opposed. Both derive from production. There is properly no conflict between producer and consumer. How could there be? Producer and consumer are the same person. Prosperity is from increasing the sum of social wealth for purposes of proportional division, and all its phenomena belong to the wonder of orchestration. Everyone's part is supported by another's part. One pursuing private gain in a ruthless manner as an exclusive end is a wild piper playing his own tune in a symphony band. He is not of our time and way of life.

Such thoughts become suddenly commonplace. They occur now more frequently in what business writes about itself than anywhere else. Take as typical this paragraph from the May, 1927, economic circular of the National City Bank of Wall Street, on the growth of wealth since 1921:

"Inasmuch as the amount which the individual can spend on necessities such as food and clothing is fairly limited, the excess has flowed out and created the demand for better housing, for automobiles, radios and the like that has gone to sustain the business boom. It has also made possible a larger attendance at schools and colleges. Shortages created by the war

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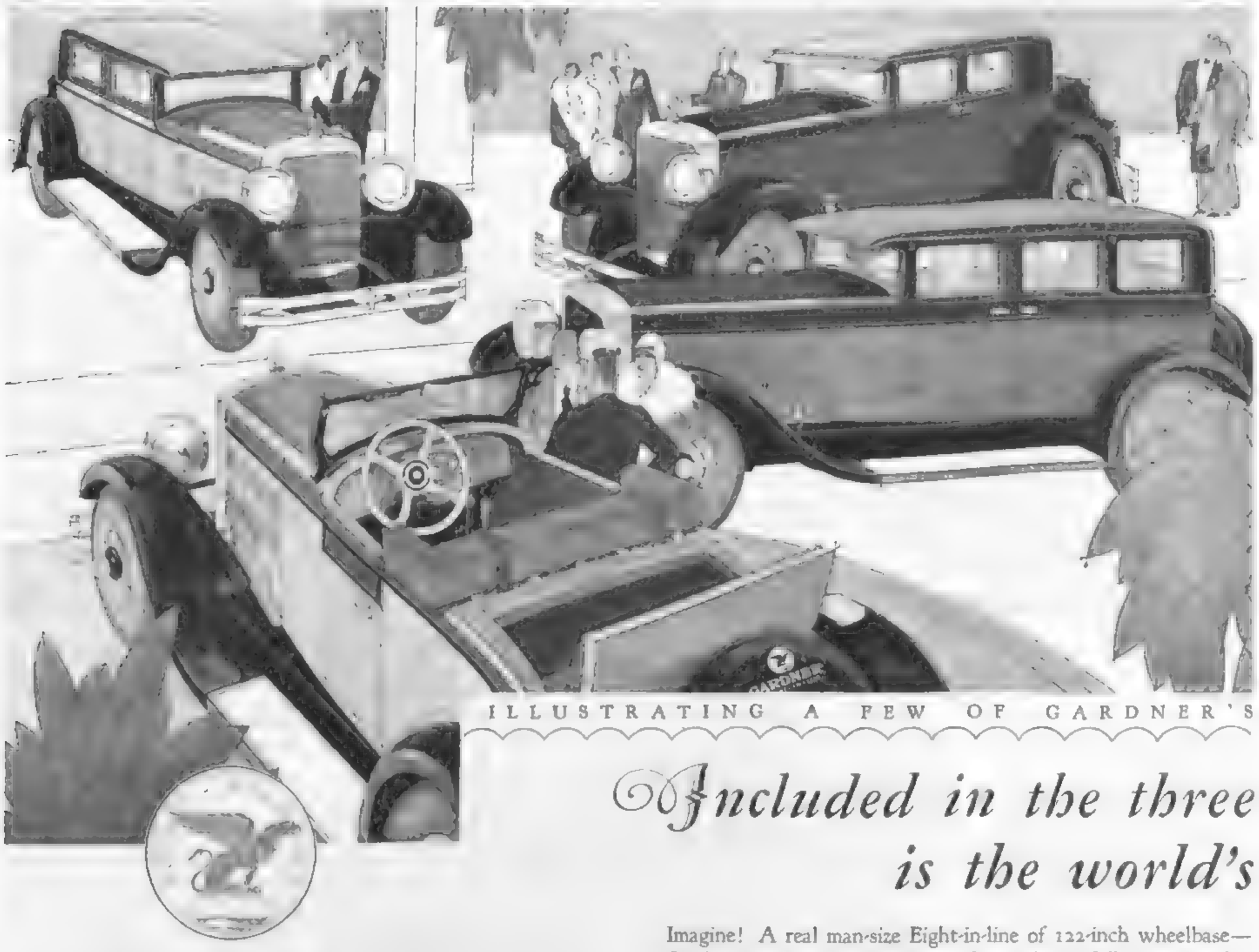
Now! an



ILLUSTRATING A FEW OF GARDNER'S

Included in the three is the world's

The New 1928 Gardner Eights-in-line are now on display at the National Automobile Show and in the Palm Room, Hotel Belmont, New York, and in special salon displays at the headquarters of Gardner dealers throughout America.

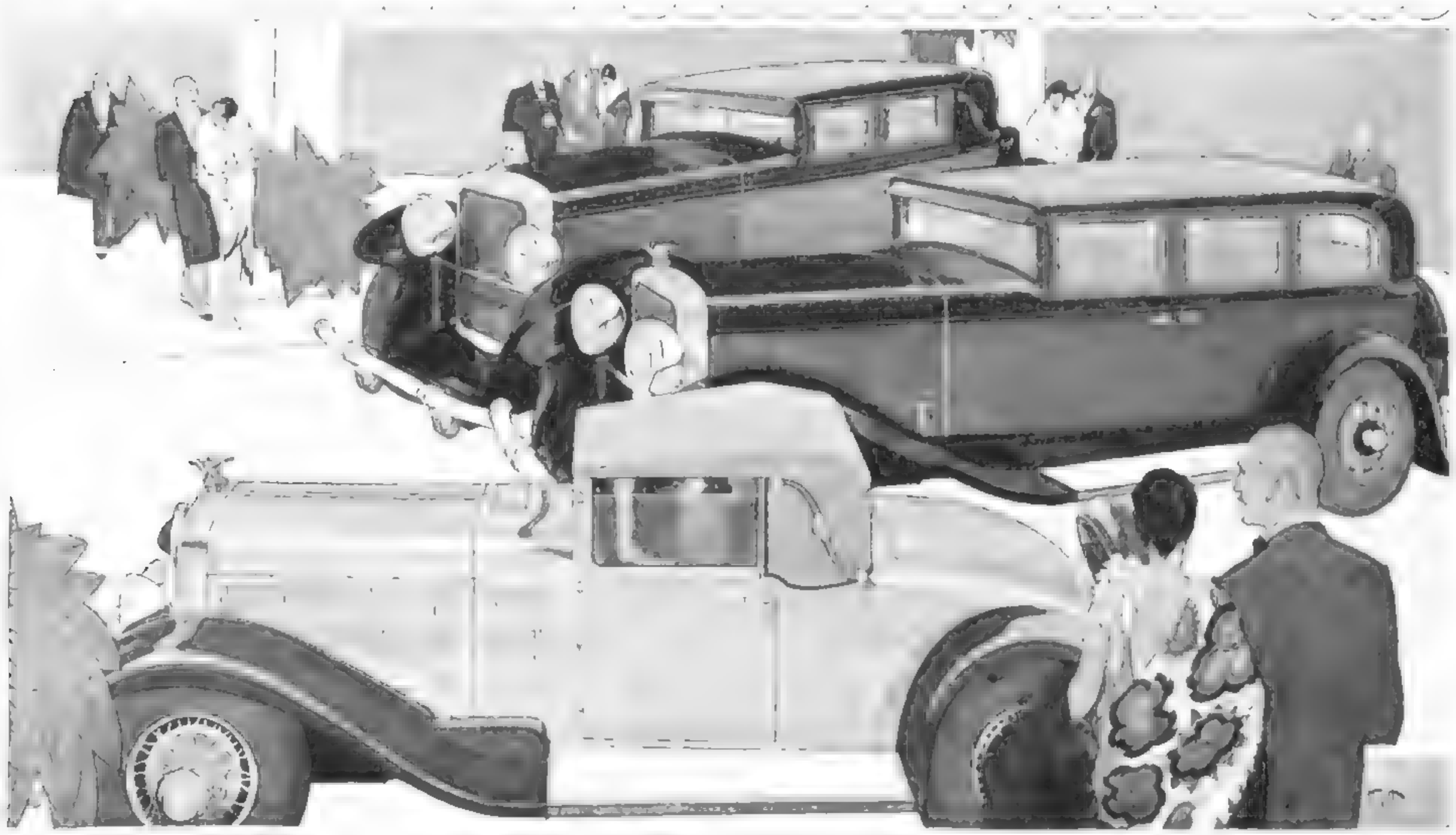
Imagine! A real man-size Eight-in-line of 122-inch wheelbase—Gardner quality from the ground up—beautifully appointed—with all the smoothness, power, speed and snap of the Eight-in-line for LESS than the price of many Sixes. This new Gardner series is the inevitable result of Gardner's pioneering of the Eight-in-line field and the constantly mounting sales of the Gardner Eight-in-line. It is the world's lowest-priced Eight—and worthy to bear the same name as the celebrated Gardner 85 and 95.

GARDNER

THAT DISTINCTIVELY

Eight for $1195!

-with closed models at $1295



15 DISTINCTIVE BODY STYLES. THREE EIGHT-IN-LINE SERIES—75, 85 AND 95

new series of Gardner Eights-in-line for 1928 lowest-priced 8-cylinder car - the New Gardner 75!

For it has the appearance, the finish, the equipment and the ability to perform that have made the Gardner Eight-in-line famous —and it includes among its many advancements such modern developments as a new-type safety chassis with double-drop frame and low center of gravity, enclosed 4-wheel brakes, vibration dampener, colorful, custom-designed bodies, Chase mohair upholstery, Butler silver-finished hardware, snubbers, bumpers, thermostatic heat control, Fedco Theft-proof Numbering System with Loss-of-Use insurance and many other proved features.

One of Three Complete Series

The development of the New 75 completely rounds out the Gardner line and enables Gardner to offer prospective Eight-in-line owners choice of three complete series of Eights-in-line—the New 75, 85 and 95—and fifteen custom-designed body styles at prices ranging from $1195 to $2495, f. o. b. factory.

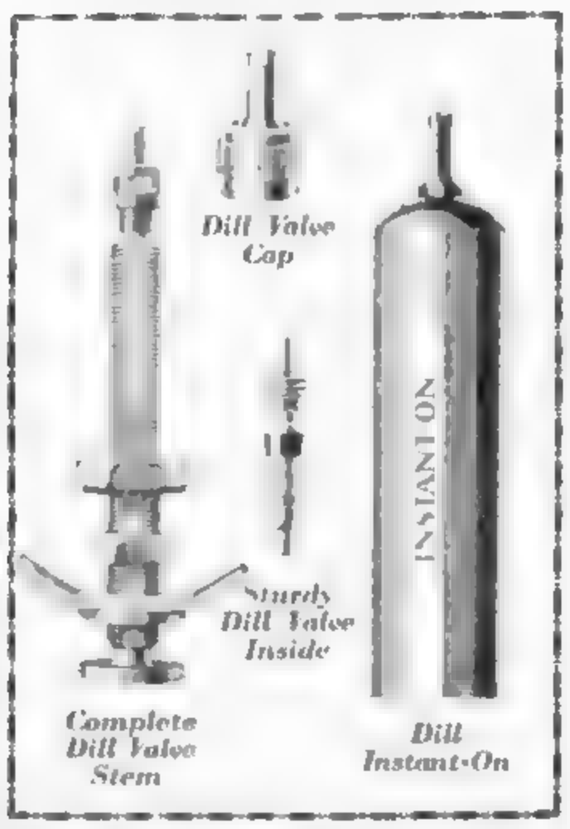
THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Eight-in-Line

DIFFERENT MOTOR CAR

Each tiny Dill valve inside is most thoroughly inspected—each assembled Dill valve is individually tested to assure its positive leak-proof quality. The testing devices used were designed and built in the Dill plant to eliminate the uncertain human element in testing these small but exceedingly important parts. They give Dill valves an under water test—the most positive leak test known.

Tests like this mean—leak proof—valves on the road



THE confidence in Dill products evidenced by America's foremost tire manufacturers is readily understood when you realize the consummate care given to the making and testing of each Dill valve part.

Back of Dill products is a sincere desire to make only the finest valve equipment that skillful workmanship can produce.

This very desire has resulted in a careful, painstaking process of manufacture responsible for the leak-proof quality that makes these products so dependable in use and makes possible Dill's positive guarantee.

Not only tire manufacturers but automobile makers, dealers and the motoring public as well, have come to have a wholesome confidence for that which bears the name of Dill.

THE DILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY · *Cleveland, Ohio*

DILL

Standard Tire Valves and Valve Parts

(Continued from Page 177)

may be made up and the stimulation of business derived from them dissipated, but the impetus received from an improving state of general well-being goes on so long as each individual recognizes, and in his dealings with others is guided by, the principle that prosperity is dependent upon an even exchange of goods and services and that it is the wealth which each one produces that enables him to buy the products of others."

An even exchange of goods. How radical that would have seemed only a few years ago!

We are hardly aware of the extent to which the idea of profit as private gain from ownership has been subordinated to the idea of profit as a wage for capital, social benefit regarded as its justification. One takes it for granted, yet it is a significant fact. Great bodies of capital appear that are practically unowned, unless you should say society owned them. The principle of private ownership has not been touched. Yet the meaning of ownership in these cases has fundamentally changed.

As the holder of shares in a large corporation, one is supposed to own some arithmetical part of the assets. That is technical. Does one in fact own that part? It is nothing one can separate or take away or do with at all as one personally likes. Nor could all the stockholders together act as absolute owners of a property employed in producing wealth essential to the welfare of society. Could they, for example, in a pet with society, shut it up willfully or destroy it? Formerly the owner could have done either—and any thought to the contrary would have outraged his sense of right.

The New Ownership

As ownership becomes more widely distributed, capital shares represent ownership in no sense of old, but, instead, a right to participate in the profits. And more and more it is that the owners do not control the policy that governs the profits. The management does that. Management now becomes an institution apart from ownership. If the case to be supposed is that of a public-service corporation, which may be the highest example, the management says to the shareholders, technically the owners:

"We undertake to keep your investment safe and to return you 6 per cent on it. Profits more than that we propose to divide under three heads of benefit—namely, property benefit, to improve the service; employe benefit, to improve relationship and reward loyalty; and, thirdly, consumer benefit, which is the final aim."

What the investor gets beyond his 6 per cent is a sense of security, for he may know that a property so handled will endure.

One is no longer surprised to find in the annual reports of corporations to their shareholders that a sense of social achievement is stressed above profit. The report of the largest light-and-power company in Virginia begins:

"Your company is a public utility holding company. Its purposes are twofold First, as to the public served, to improve and develop the service in the territories occupied; and, second, as to the investing public"—to provide a sound investment.

The public first.

Chivalry That Pays

The last annual report of the largest public-utility corporation in the world said:

"The ideal and aim today of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated companies is a telephone service for the nation, free, so far as humanly possible, from imperfections, errors or delays, and enabling at all times anyone, anywhere, to pick up a telephone and talk to anyone else anywhere else, clearly, quickly and at reasonable cost."

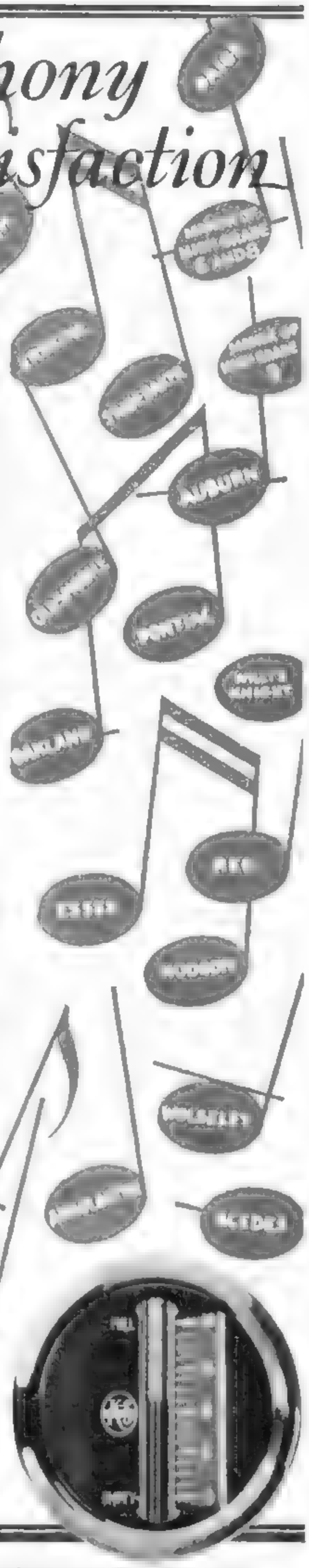
Service first. And from that motive more wealth among us in telephones than among all other people in the world together.

A proportional wage for labor, a proportional wage for capital, and from the profits that are over, a distribution of benefits to the property, to the workers and to the public—that is management's idea of division.

In this American philosophy you may find economic chivalry by looking for it. If you do, it is implicit there. The conscious view is still pragmatic. Any other is obscured in a curious way. Long before this a state of society had been imagined in which the desire for private gain as the paramount economic motive should yield to the idea of social function. But nobody had ever imagined it would really pay.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr Garrett. The fifth will appear next week

A Symphony of Satisfaction



SIX YEARS AGO the K-S Gasoline Telegage sounded a new note in the automotive field—an instrument-board gauge of unique merit. From the beginning, the Telegage rendered that very popular selection known as "Service."

Its praises were sung with increasing enthusiasm until, today, a lusty chorus of American motor car manufacturers is indorsing the Telegage with the best of all possible indorsements—installing it year after year as standard factory equipment on more than three-fourths of all American-made cars selling at $700 or over.

And now this chorus is swelled substantially by the manufacturers of several famous British cars which will, from now on, be equipped at their British factories with the Telegage.

A glance at the names of these British and American motor cars will tell conclusively the importance of their approval—a symphony of real satisfaction.

New Prices—Telegage accessory models, complete, ready to install; with full directions—

$5.75 *for Chevrolet and Ford "T"*
$6.75 *for Other Cars*

At the Auto Show—you will notice that the cars equipped with the Telegage are indisputably the leaders in public esteem and volume of sales.

KING-SEELEY CORPORATION
294 Second Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan
Chicago Branch 2450 Michigan Boulevard
European Representatives: H. M. Hobson, Ltd., London

The K-S GASOLINE Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE *K-S TELEGAGE*

WILD-GOOSE CHASE

(Continued from Page 7)

He reproved her gently, "'Mid pleasures and palaces though you may roam'—I take it that is where you're roaming, in sable and orchids."

She cut him short: "It isn't sable; it's mink."

"I could tell it wasn't a hair shirt," he said. "And the pearls—each pearl a prayer, I suppose?"

"If they were real they might be," said Milly. She grinned unexpectedly, deliciously; then sobered. "Jim, I've got to talk to you."

"What have I got that you'd have?" he said. "Take the half of my kingdom—only something tells me it's not the sort of thing that you could use."

She clasped her hands together in her lap. She looked at him straightly, but her queer, soft, husky voice had a note of defiance, as if she nerved herself for the thrust. "I want you," she told him, "to give me a divorce."

She saw the color—what there was of it—drain out of his face slowly. She saw his eyes go black with pain, his mouth twitch in an agonized grimace, before he laughed.

"Sorry," he said. "We're all out of divorces today. Hasn't the nice new separation you've got been satisfactory?"

"You mean, you won't do it?"

He made no direct answer to that, looking at her, eye to eye, and tapping with the tips of his long nervous fingers upon the back of the chair he sat in.

"So that's what you came for," said he. "I never learn, do I? I'm unique. My capacity for punishment "

"I wish you'd talk sense," said Milly pleadingly.

"Isn't that sense?" he inquired, surprised. "Consider, Lily of the Field! After nearly a week of watching that door for you; eating my heart and not too much else; sleeping maybe an hour or so out of all the twenty-four; waiting, surmising, hoping, praying—baying the moon, as it were, from a dunghill—you arrive, walking in beauty like the night, and what happens? I rise up like the phœnix; says I to myself, 'There is a God!' and with that he knocks me flat again. That makes sense, doesn't it? More than that, beloved, it makes incense—smoke of burnt offering, or what have you?"

"Jim, have you been drinking again?" asked Milly. Out of narrowed eyes she watched him closely.

"Unfortunately, no. I no longer have the price. What sparks you observe in my conversation fly from natural *joie de vivre*, accelerated by not unnatural excitement at seeing my wife again. My wife!" he said softly and, with a shaking hand, saluted.

"I'm not your wife any more," said Milly cruelly. "I haven't been your wife in a year."

TRADE YALE MARK

will

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your home

SAFETYIZE your home. Protect the things you value. Prevent the loss of your property through force or stealth. Do it with Yale Cylinder Locks.

YALE Cylinder Lock stands guard while you are absent—or asleep. It is a make of lock you can depend on, the kind it pays to get, Yale.

FASTENING outside and interior doors, closets, cellar doors, garage doors, is a sure way to keep out those who should be kept out, if you do it with Yale Cylinder Locks.

EVERY Yale Lock or other Yale product marked with the name Yale carries with it the convincing proof that it is an article of outstanding intrinsic merit.

TO LIVE in a Yale-equipped home is to avail yourself of the fullest possible measure of security and protection.

YOU CAN see and examine Yale products at almost any hardware dealer's near you. Most of them carry the full Yale line, from which you can choose the style and quality you require.

IF THE dealer you visit lacks any Yale product in which you are interested, he can get it for you promptly.

ZEALOUSLY guarding millions of homes, garages, stores, offices, factories, Yale products are given preference the world over.

EVERYONE knows the name Yale—there is only one maker of Yale Locks and Keys. The mark Yale means the name of the maker.

The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

He told her gently, "There is no time in heaven."

"Do you call this heaven?" she gibed, glancing about her scornfully.

"At the moment, yes," he said "and we are two angels on the point of a needle. Takes tricky footwork to stay there. Was that why you left me?"

Milly twisted the chain of her bag in her slim coral-nailed fingers. She took out a scented shred of handkerchief and put it to her nose.

"Delicious!" he commented. "What is it—the Tired Business Man's Delight?"

She thrust it back, looking away from him haughtily.

"I left you," she said, "because you wouldn't work and I couldn't go on living on nothing. If you want the naked truth, there it is."

Said he, "The naked truth is not pretty—she needs reducing. Put her down the well again!"

"Because," Milly went on doggedly, "I had ambitions."

"I seem," he admitted, "to remember that you were accustomed to mention them."

"You know you wouldn't work—you never got anywhere."

"Here I am," he reminded her at that point, "and here are you. We may have taken different roads, but here we are! Speaking of roads, I made you a poem one day, just after you left—not a bad little thing. I won't bore you with all of it. The last bit went something like this," he threw back his head, half closed his eyes, and recited dreamily:

"That night we had the stars for friends—stars
and a dream, without a tether. . . .
Oh, silver-shining lonely road—it hurts
my heart—the only road
We'll ever walk together!"

He looked at her in silence when he had finished; his eyes pleaded, his smile waited.

Said Milly, "Oh, Jim, I think that's beautiful!" Her low voice almost faltered; she pulled herself up. "What did you get for it?"

He said, "The look in your eyes before you let down the curtain just then."

"That's the bunk!"

"Apparently," he admitted, "it was never anything else."

She leaned forward, suddenly appealing. "Jim, you've got no right to try and hold me. You've got nothing against me; I've got nothing against you."

"That would make a divorce pretty difficult, wouldn't it?"

"It could be fixed," she said. "Money does anything."

"Doesn't undo everything however."

"That's just a line."

"My epitaph," he told her gravely, "will be no more. Wait a minute—how's this?

"He had a good line, but the line broke.
Now he knows hell is no preacher's joke.

"Do you care for that, or not? Just on the whip and spur of the moment."

She was smiling reluctantly, dark eyes stormy. "Of course I care for it—it's swell—but it only shows you haven't changed a particle. Here I am, trying to get you to see ——"

"I haven't taken my eyes off your face," he said, "since you came into this room, have I?"

"Well," she conceded, "maybe I'm glad to see you again, too. . . . No, stay where you are. Let me finish! That's got nothing to do with cold facts."

"Like fur coats," he interjected, "and gold mesh bags—what did you have to pay for all that glittering junk of yours, Milly?"

"What do you mean?" she retorted. "As for my bag, it's not gold."

He said grimly, "As for the coat, I mean just what you think I do."

"Then you're a bigger fool than I thought you were."

"Ah, that's good news!" said he. He put the tips of his fingers against his eyelids and pressed them hard. "I've been sitting here trying to tell myself that you bought 'em out of a dancer's salary—if you were dancing."

She said icily, "Of course I'm dancing—and this coat was given to me—believe it or not—for nothing."

He laughed long and recklessly. "I believe you. I might even have known it. I just have forgotten your business ability."

Milly stated defensively, "He's a big man in the show business. He owns a chain of movie houses. He wants to marry me."

"He does, does he? Well, tell him to go chain up his movie houses elsewhere! Did he send you up here to "

"He sent me nowhere," said Milly "Keep your shirt on! I came here myself to try and get you to give me another deal—to give me a chance at a perfectly wonderful life in a ritzy apartment, with a flock of servants, three or four automobiles—the sort of thing any girl dreams about. He's crazy about me. He can make me a star without half trying. He'll give me anything in the world I want."

"Not while I'm alive, he won't!"

She continued, disregarding him moodily, "You needn't think I've had it so soft since I left you. The first six months I almost wore out my nerve and my shoes, going from one agent's office to another. Then I got into a dance number in one of Maxie's theaters—not much, but ——"

"Is his name really Maxie?"

"That's his name—Hermann Maxwell and he's a pretty good egg, if you want to know. He's a lot older than I am—stul "

"You can't have everything, can you?" He got up with a violence that jerked his chair halfway around. "You always did try to eat your cake and have it too, you beautiful, greedy witch wife!"

"Don't you call me names!" said Milly fiercely, dabbing at her nose with her foolish handkerchief. "If you don't want to give me my chance—when you've had yours and threw it away—if you won't let me get a divorce, all right—say so!"

"I have said so," he told her unsteadily. He went over to the window and stood there looking out across a dreary waste of roof lines and chimney pots beneath a darkening sky.

She followed him, drawing her coat about her with a habitual gesture which modeled every curve of her body through the richly pliant fur.

"You're a dog in the manger, all right," she said. She put the tip of a finger between her white teeth, biting down on it savagely. "We were no good together," she said, "and you know it."

"We had our moments," he reminded her.

"What did you do when I was with you?" she insisted. "What have you done since I left you?"

"Nothing," he said, "that I can think of to justify my present afflictions. However, one may have overlooked a peccadillo or so."

She took an enameled toy from her bag and powdered her nose, touched up her mouth—an oddly desperate gesture—as if by that she hoped to maintain her threatened poise.

"I ask you, Jim, for the last time—will you be a good sport?"

He interrupted, standing with folded arms, his eyes fixed on her face. "No; no divorce! Not today, nor tomorrow, nor any other time. I have a prejudice against it. Victorian, perhaps; a bit selfish, if you like. However, it isn't the only way; it isn't even the easiest way. Use the old bean, my heart."

"What do you mean?" she said. She stared at him; she tried to laugh. "You think you're frightening me."

"I'm frightening myself," he assured her, "but fright, after all, may be relative. Now that I know what I haven't got, what I have becomes even less valuable. And with all my faults," he added proudly, "I am no miser—you will confess!

"Don't talk so much," said Milly, "and say what you mean!" A chilling vague

(Continued on Page 185)

"Endorsed"

—by Distinguished Makers

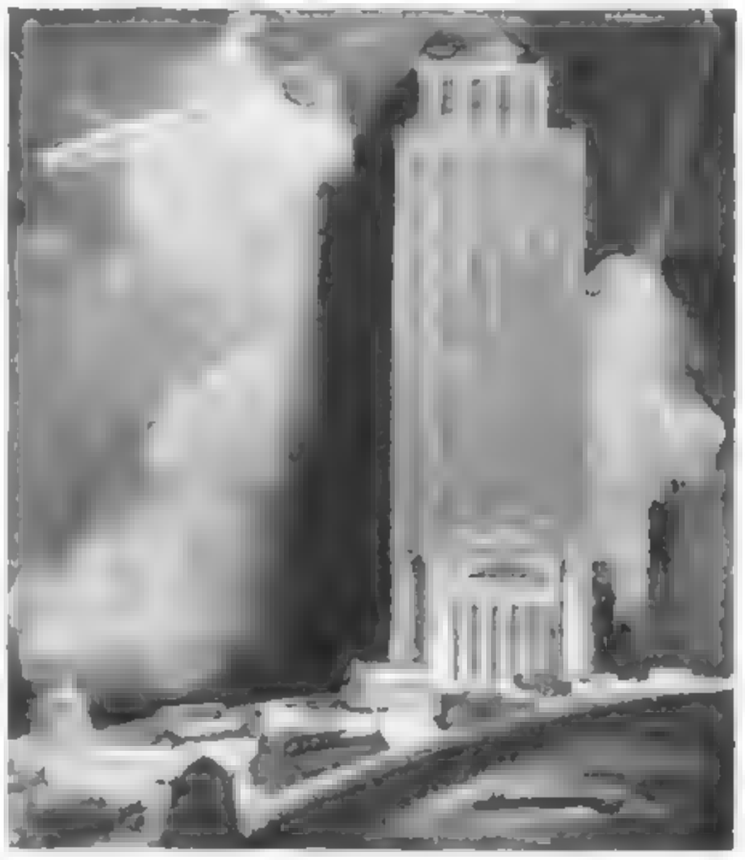
Users of Lynite Products

Passenger Cars

*AUBURN MOTOR CAR COMPANY
CHRYSLER CORPORATION
*ELCAR MOTOR CAR COMPANY
†H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. COMPANY
HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO. (HUDSON)
HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO. (ESSEX)
†KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY
LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
*LYCOMING MFG. COMPANY
MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
†McFARLAN MOTORS CORP.
PAIGE DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO.
†PIERCE ARROW MOTOR CAR CO.
REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
*STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Bus and Truck

AMERICAN CAR & FOUNDRY CO.
†AUTOCAR COMPANY
INTERNATIONAL MOTOR COMPANY
REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY



THAT such an imposing array of outstanding manufacturers use LYNITE *is convincing testimony that these strong aluminum alloys are truly the key to finer motor performance.*

Users of Lynite Products

WHITE MOTOR COMPANY
†YELLOW SLEEVE VALVE ENGINE WORKS

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BUFFALO GAS ENGINE COMPANY
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*RED WING MOTOR COMPANY
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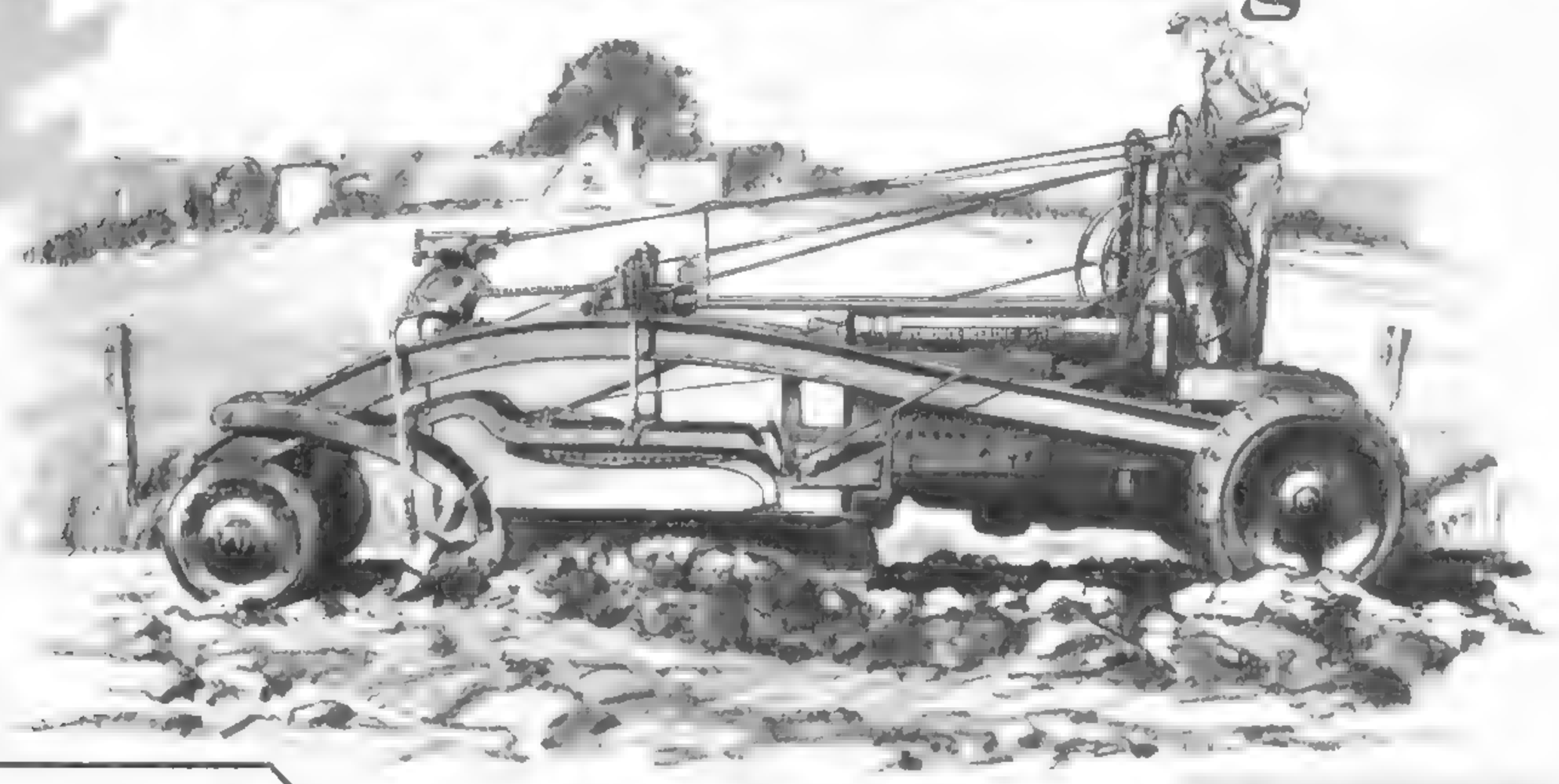
This INDUSTRIAL TRACTOR Ideal for Road Building!



The McCormick-Deering fits a great variety of Industrial power requirements in addition to road work. Its heavy-duty engine delivers power several ways—through drawbar, belt, and side and rear power take-off. For trailer hauling, for miscellaneous power work around factory, mill, and yard, it offers a combination of power, compactness, flexibility, and economy that cannot be surpassed.

The International Harvester Company also builds International Motor Trucks and Coaches. The truck sizes include the ¾-ton "Special Delivery"; 1¼, 1½, and 2-ton Speed Trucks; and Heavy-Duty trucks 2½ to 5-ton, double-reduction and chain drive. Sold and serviced through 160 Company-owned branches in the United States and Canada, with adequate representation in foreign countries.

WE ARE living in an era marked by a great urge to extend and broaden our highways. Everywhere the cry is for more and better roads and for equipment to build and maintain them *at small cost.*

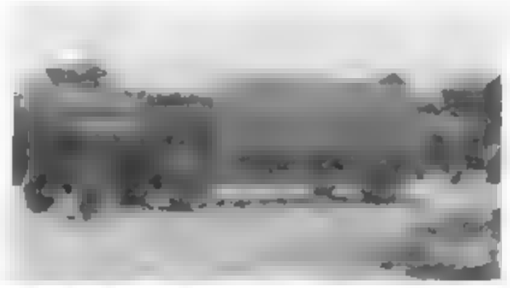
This is the development that has brought the McCormick-Deering INDUSTRIAL Tractor into the limelight. Road building and maintenance provides a great demand for this compact, flexible power. In township, county, and state, on city boulevard and rural road the sturdy, versatile McCormick-Deering is on the job.

The California Highway Commission has over 200 McCormick-Deerings. The Louisiana Commission has 44. The Kentucky Commission has purchased 31. The Iowa counties are using 125. Missouri uses 177 and Oregon has about 30. New York City uses them on Fifth Avenue. Chicago patrols the boulevards with them. These are scattered indicators to show the nation-wide use of the McCormick-Deering INDUSTRIAL Tractor.

Abundant evidence in every section proves that *good roads can be kept good with a minimum of expense by McCormick-Deering power.* Where maintenance money is to be conserved, call on the McCormick-Deering INDUSTRIAL Tractor. If your word carries weight in your own district when the matter of road work comes up, do this one thing—*see that the McCormick-Deering* INDUSTRIAL *Tractor gets a chance to show the work it will do!*

The *McCormick-Deering* will be displayed at the *Good Roads Show*, Cleveland, Ohio, January 9 to 13 inclusive.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois



Seventeen McCormick Deerings like the above are speeding operations on a concrete road project at Detroit. Each semi-trailer hauls four batch boxes transporting materials several miles to the mixers where the containers are run off on rails.

A large fleet of McCormick-Deerings at work at Perham, Minnesota. Highly modern methods and equipment finished this highway job several weeks ahead of schedule, with resultant economy and satisfaction.

Many a city reaps the benefits of McCormick-Deering Industrial power in street construction and routine municipal operation. The tractor shown is clearing the crossings of snow for the Street Cleaning Department, City of New York.

McCORMICK-DEERING

(Continued from Page 182)

fear grew on her. "What were you doing," she stammered -"what were you doing when I came into this room?"

"If it honestly interests you," he said airily—"if that isn't a purely rhetorical question—I will admit I was considering dispassionately the comparative merits of certain ways of self-slaughter."

She said, "You fool, Jim! You crazy, cruel fool!" Her voice was a husky thread. Incredibly he chuckled. She said, "You wouldn't—you wouldn't do anything like that?" With eyes and lips and suddenly shaking hands, she implored him.

They looked at each other for a long moment in silence. He broke it to mention politely, "There's poison between the cushion and arm of the rocking-chair." She went to it swiftly, thrust down a hand and retrieved a small squat bottle. "That's it," he said. "I got the idea from a book."

She put the bottle in her bag and snapped the catch.

"Oh," said he, "then you're not quite happy either!" He laughed at her, leaning against the window. "This is four stories up," he said, "and a paved courtyard below. . . . You can't put that in your bag! Last night, a little after three, when I'd about decided you weren't coming after all, I had an idea for a poem ——"

"How can you?"

"I couldn't," he admitted, with a shade of regret. "It didn't go very well. All I got was a couple of verses. Like to hear 'em? Stop me if I'm boring you." He sank a hand in his trousers pocket, shifted his weight from one foot to the other, seemed to forget her utterly, staring down into that shadowy paved courtyard of which he had spoken. His low voice droned along the words; his gray eyes, looking downward, seemed to see —— "I call it," he said, "At a Window.

"Chill in the air, an unearthly chill in the sky,
Four storic down—what a simple fashion to die!'

She sank her fingers into his arm, shaking him violently.

"Oh, I think it's rotten of you! That isn't funny!"

"You discourage me," he murmured, went on, not turning:

"Just to lean farther and farther, hands on the sill,
Lean till a foot slips—thereafter, sleep and be still."

With a gesture of uncontrollable revulsion she put her hands up over her face.

"Don't do that, darling," he begged her. Yet he leaned and looked where the twilight fell thickest. "Wait! Don't speak. I think I've got the rest of it coming. I think I've got the whole thing now." Milly's hands fell. She caught her breath almost in a sob. "Sh-h!" he said. "Not yet! I want you to listen."

So she listened, setting her teeth against a shiver.

"This rounds it off," he said; "see if it doesn't!

"Sleep, without dreaming, forever—sick soul and all,
Just to lean farther and farther; flashing, to fall!

"Flashing, to fall! That's good. You know, I think that's good. It's got the feel of the hurtling body."

"Hush, hush!" she begged him.

He seemed not to hear her. He finished very gently, in a sort of speculative calm even:

"Simple the line in the papers—Jumped or Fell,
Four stories down—was the journey heaven, or hell?"

Abruptly after that he made her a bow, setting his heels together, bending from the waist, one hand on his heart.

"You see," he said, "with you here it's no trick at all! Pegasus comes at my whistle."

"That's all very well," said Milly—under her rouge she was ghastly pale. "Poem or not, I know you—you'd be just the boy to do it! One thing I always said about you—no matter how low you got, you never talked about killing yourself, like most artists. So when you do—well, I know then you mean it."

He said, "D'you really think I'm an artist, Milly?" With the most wistful grin, he said: "I never was—so low—before." And the light went out of him like a blown candle. He said, "You're darned right, I mean it."

"Well, you've got no right to ——" she stormed, drawing her coat closer and settling her hat, but yet not going. Fear held her, almost visibly, in its bony grip. "You've got no right to mean anything of the sort! Look at you -you're young and you're strong and you're healthy."

He pointed out with a lift of the eyebrows, a wry quirk of the mouth, "The better to see you, my dear—and when seeing isn't believing, what's the use? What's the use of anything at all? No! I've been on a diet of Dead Sea fruit just about long enough. I followed you here at considerable trouble and—from my financial standpoint—expense, to learn that all you want of me now is my absence. Very well. We aim to please, but you'll have to allow us to choose our own exit, and walk quietly toward it."

"Jim!" she wailed sharply. He shrugged and smiled.

"I've been away from you almost a year," she reminded him, with a strained effort at reasonableness. "You can't tell me that in all that time—when we haven't seen or heard of each other—you haven't got over caring ——"

"About you, Milly?"

"About me, Jim."

"When I'm over caring about you," he said, "I'll be underground. Make no mistake! Grass will be waving over me and pale fat bugs will go about their meeting and mating and dying in the roots of that grass. Then, I shan't care any more maybe." He rammed both hands deep in his pockets and leaned his rough fair head against the wall, watching her—always watching her—with an insatiable hunger, an unquenchable thirst, in those deep-set eyes.

She wrung her hands together in unbearable impatience, or distress.

"What did you do when I left you? Why didn't you do something then? It's no good, talking like that now."

"For a while," he said, "after you left me I sat around and waited for you to come back."

"You would!" she commented hopelessly. "I can just see you—you would!"

"I didn't think you'd really do it. I couldn't see why."

"You never did see why—that was your trouble! Because you were satisfied to be a loafer and a flivver and a false alarm—always broke, always out of work. Living in one ratty little room—you that was born in a beautiful house."

"Remember," he interrupted eagerly—"remember the window where the moon rose; the old chair with the Turkey-red cushions where you used to sit; I on the floor with my head in your lap?"

She said, "When you weren't lying on the bed reading, or smoking with your feet up in the other chair. I tell you it's no use, Jim. I did my best for three long years, after your own people had thrown you out and left you to get along the best way you could. I did my darnedest to put some fight in you. I want a man that can fight. I've got no time for a flop. Before I walked out on you I did all I knew how to get you going. Then all at once—the day you lost your job with the Chronicle—for the second time, because you were just too no-good to keep it—I made up my mind. It was sink or swim, and I wanted to swim. Maybe that's bad in a woman; maybe I ought to've been a man ——"

"You a man? Don't fool yourself." Something—the whisper of a caress in his laugh—brought the blood into her face.

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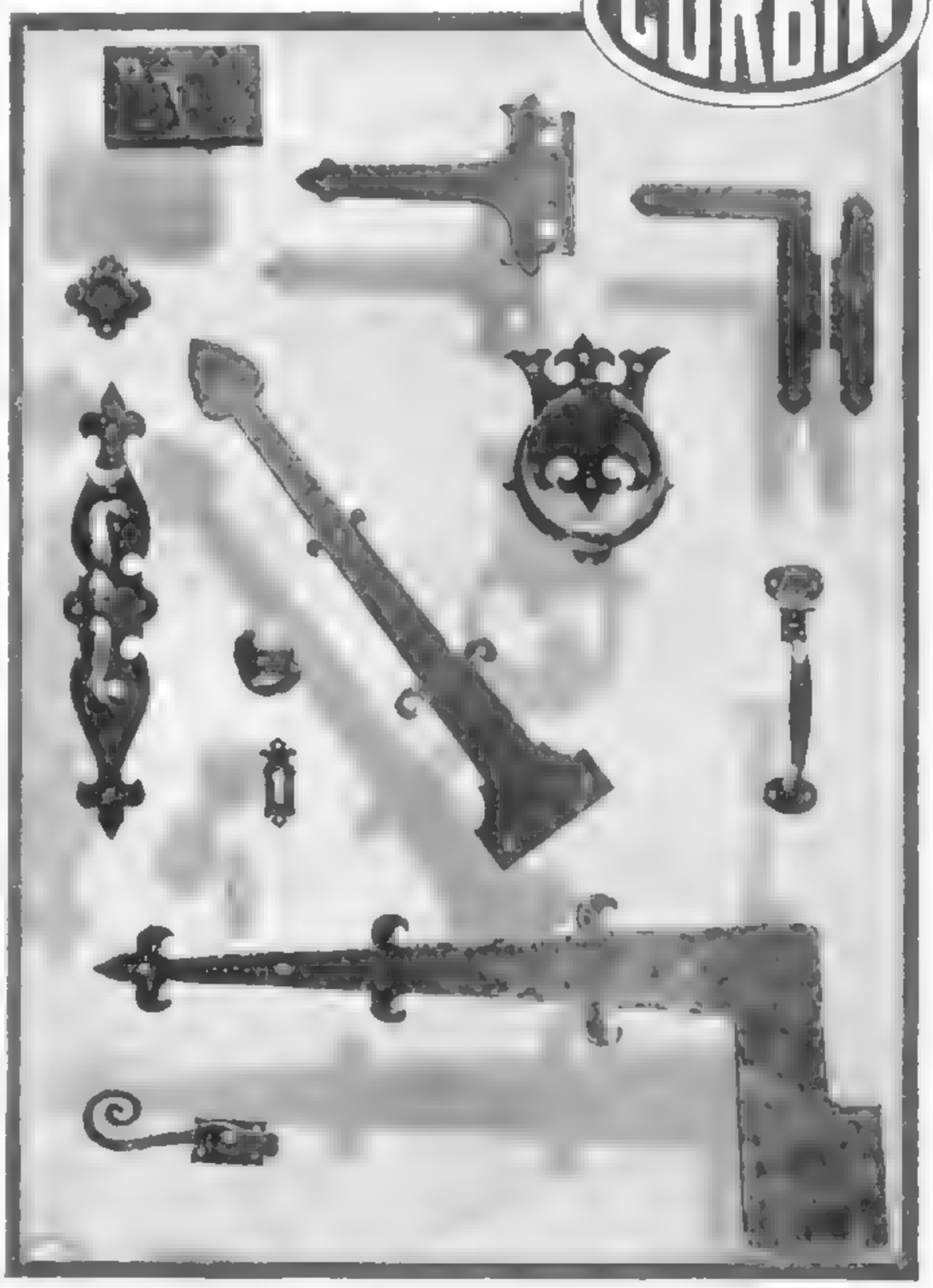

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"I know," she said, "I was pretty crazy about you for a while. I don't deny it."

He said, "That's something, isn't it?" hopefully.

She shook a dogged head. "I'm not the kind to hang on forever, unless I'm getting where I want to. I'm no clinging vine, Jim."

He said, "I know it. You're a lovely heathen image, made of coral and ivory, with a cuckoo in its breast for a heart—a faithful bird—faithful to the last, whichever that may be."

The room was growing dark, strange shadows hung in the corners.

"You're driving me crazy," she muttered. "Words—just words—millions of words!"

She went over to the bed and sat down upon it, as if a little tired. He followed and sat down beside her humbly.

"Words," he said, "were all I ever had to give you. But they were rather nice sometimes, weren't they? I put them together very carefully, Milly!"

She smiled—the faintest tender curving of her poppy-red mouth—she nodded at him, smiling.

"You could always tie me up in words, Jim."

"Not tight enough to keep you, apparently."

She put a hand on his arm. Her dark eyes burned into his. "You've got to promise me something. I'm never going to see you again after today."

"You don't believe in ghosts?" he suggested.

"Yes, I do," she said. "Yes, I do! That's just what you're going to promise me."

"What, no ghosts?" he protested; he stroked her fingers lightly, quivering tension in his own.

"No ghosts and no foolin'!" said Milly. "Jim, nothing like that!" She jerked her head toward the window with the courtyard below it.

"Why not? What do you care?"

"I couldn't bear it, that's all."

"Big-hearted Milly!"

"No, Jim; I mean it. It would just about kill me."

"Front-page stuff at last," he said. "Think what a spread we'd get! Death Takes Double Toll of Love. Delicate Dancer and Desperate Devotee ——"

She gave a little cry of unbearable horror.

"Stop kidding! I want you to give me your word before I leave here."

"There you are," he said mordantly—"before you leave here! What good's it going to do you to keep me hanging on while you go off to Maxie?" He shuddered and shook her hand from his arm. "I've told you," he said—"and I mean it. You'll get no divorce—and that's that!"

"Jim," she pleaded, "that's not what I'm asking you to promise."

"If you know when you're in luck," he said, "you'll mind your own business and run along."

"I'm waiting, Jim. If you still care anything at all, you'll do what I ask you."

"So you won't have it on your conscience when you look at the other man?"

She said, with a tremor in her roughened whisper, a lambent sweetness in her look: "Please, please, Smart Aleck! I swear I'm not thinking of anyone but you."

At the old name he drew in his breath as if in pain. His mouth twitched, drooping sharply at one corner.

"All right," he said. "No casualties. I promise."

"Swear!" said Milly inexorably.

Obediently he lifted his right hand—he hadn't meant to touch her perhaps, but he did. His fingers, dropping, caught her shoulder, and no fuse ever crackled more swiftly toward explosion. Her name on his lips—he bent forward abruptly, but she slid to her feet in that instant and, from a safer distance, twinkled at him mistily, pulling on her glove.

"At-a-boy, Jim! You'll thank me some day. Truth of the matter is, we two—you and me—we ought never to have got married in the first place."

"No?" said he. "That's funny! When you remember all we used to know about heaven—we two—you and me." He made no attempt to follow her; sat slouched on the edge of the bed, elbows on his knees, hands linked before him.

"Girl-and-boy stuff, that's all," said Milly coaxingly. "I was just the wrong woman for you. If you use your head you'll admit it."

"On the contrary," he assured her, "my woman, right or wrong, but still my woman!" To which he added, after a moment, gravely: "Laughter and applause."

"What you need," she urged, "is some sweet quiet girl ——"

"A contented heifer, in fact."

"—— who'd be only too glad to spend her days looking after you—keeping you straight, keeping you on the job ——"

"Sewing buttons on my dreams, sweeping the cobwebs out of my brain."

"Somebody unselfish and simple. I'm selfish, Jim—I know it, but that's the way I am I'm selfish and I'm ambitious. I want my share out of life while I'm young. I can have it, too! There's something in me that gets there."

There was something in her that burned, undoubtedly, like a flame in a vase of alabaster. But the flame flickered before the aching knowledge in his look.

"I've heard that before. I know all about how hard and how selfish you are. It's an alibi, that's all. It's an excuse from yourself to yourself; it's a shell you've crawled into. Maxie will be your share of life, I suppose."

She evaded any discussion of shells and alibis, flushing uneasily, flaunting an even harder surface.

"He's got his chance," she said, "like you had yours. Of course if I can't marry him the breaks are against him."

"What! Don't you love him enough to dispense with benefit of clergy?"

"Don't be funny!" she retorted gallantly. "What I give love you could put in your eye—it got me all the bad breaks I ever had. I'm for myself now. . . . That somebody at the door?"

They looked at each other, listening. It came again—a muted triple knock.

"I don't know who it could be," he said. "Nobody ever comes up here."

Groping about in her bag, Milly conjectured:

"It's for me, most likely. I told him to come back in half an hour."

"Told who?" he demanded harshly. He got up off the bed. She stood there, peering at herself in a small round mirror, dabbing at her comédienne's nose—untouchable—or wasn't she? Didn't her lips tremble?

"Told Maxie," she said while he watched her. "Open the door, will you?"

When he only cursed—cursed deeply and bitterly—she put away her puff without moving, snapped the bag shut.

"Come in!" she herself called.

The door opened upon a lighted square which was the landing. Against the light a slender figure showed—a girl in a simple dark frock, satin-smooth fair hair drawn back from a childish brow, great trustful eyes, a prim pink mouth—the mouth of a Valentine lady.

"Oh, Mr. Smart," she said, in the shyest sort of murmur, the clearest, softest little voice imaginable.

Mr. Smart got hold of himself. He settled his tie—which was not of the newest—and cleared his throat.

"Come in, Miss Callahan, won't you? Didn't hear you knocking. I'm sorry."

She shook her head and smiled at him trustfully, came a little way into the room, glanced at Milly and glanced away again. Returned to Mr. Smart with an effect almost of homing.

"There's a Mr. Maxwell downstairs, waiting."

"Has he been there long?" asked Milly briefly.

She and the girl looked at each other in detail, after the manner of strange women and cats. Something flickered between

(Continued on Page 189)

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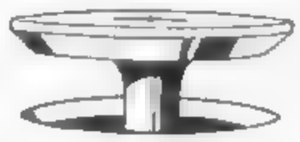

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(Continued from Page 186)

them—something fragile but of appreciable voltage.

"About fifteen minutes," said the girl. "He says to tell you

"I see," said Milly. She looked at Mr. Smart and twisted the chain of her bag tight, tight about her fingers

"He says to tell you," pursued Miss Callahan modestly, "that he's in a hurry"

"Oh, is he?" said Milly. "Well "

"Won't you sit down?" asked Mr. Smart—inopportunely, it might have been considered

"Oh, no, thank you, Mr. Smart. I really couldn't." Her small hands fluttered out for a moment, as if they might come to rest upon his sleeve. "I'm helping my mother get supper. We've got Irish stew tonight again—can you imagine?"

"That's great!" said Mr. Smart, with an attempt at heartiness. But his deep, tired eyes followed Milly, focused burningly upon her till she spoke.

"You tell him," said Milly, "I'll be down in a minute, will you?"

"Sure," said Miss Callahan politely, "I'll tell him. . . . Oh, Mr. Smart ——"

"Yes?" said Mr. Smart, not turning, not moving, except for the hand he ran through his hair, clutching it tight at the back of his head. "Yes, Miss Callahan; what is it?"

She said with touching anxiety: "Is there anything I can get you? Have you got everything you want for tonight?"

Outrageously, Milly laughed—a soft, hoarse, jeering sound—no words.

Miss Callahan flushed. Her delicate virginal lips showed a touch of strain.

"Anyhow," she said, "do let me light the gas for you." And quietly and efficiently she did it, while Milly watched her.

"I wouldn't have troubled you for that," said Mr. Smart clumsily.

"'S no trouble; 's a pleasure," said Miss Callahan in her naïve childish treble. "I'm always so glad to do anything for you, Mr. Smart, because you're always so wonderful to me." She went away, pausing only in the doorway to repeat: "Tell him you'll be right down?" with a certain irrefragable significance

"Something like that," said Milly coolly.

But with the closing of the door her coolness vanished. A fine scarlet burned along the oval of her cheek; her lovely eyes incontinently smoldered.

"Jimmy," she said very gently, "who is that girl?"

"That's just the landlady's daughter," said Mr. Smart in a troubled effort at reassurance. "She's a nice little kid, don't you think so?"

"Where do you get that kid stuff? She'll never see twenty again"

"Maybe not. I don't know." He scowled deprecatingly, hazarded a slight laugh not too successful. "She seems awfully young to me."

"I thought nobody ever came up here?"

"Oh, well, you know—maybe on an errand like that."

"I can see she knows her errands," said Milly.

He laughed again, in courteous applause. Milly didn't even acknowledge it.

"Pretty fresh about lighting the gas for us, wasn't she?"

"She didn't mean anything."

"Any time a girl like that doesn't mean something! . . . How about offering to come up and get your supper for you?"

He protested aggrievedly, "That's foolish, Milly! She's brought me up something once or twice ——"

"Some of mother's Irish stew, I suppose."

"Well, once it was that. Another time they had some awfully good corned beef it takes the Irish, you know, Milly, really to cook corned beef. The way they do it, it has a flavor."

"The Tired Business Man's Delight?" suggested Milly.

"Who's wise-cracking now?" he defended. "Don't be so hard on her. She's a sweet little thing crazy about books no chance to read."

Milly said silkily, "When did they close the public library?"

"That's not it. She hasn't got the time."

"What does she do stenog?"

He explained eagerly, "She's a model."

"Cloak and suit? Not with that Marguerite wig! She looks more like a costume play."

"I don't mean that sort of a model. She poses for artists you know!"

"Ah-h-h-h!" said Milly—impossible to reproduce her inflection—a sliding scale of doubt and reproach, rising softly to the very jagged peaks of suspicion.

"Oh, well," he said hopelessly, "if you take it that way, no good trying to explain."

"It needs explanation then?"

He flung out both nervous, long-fingered hands. "Nothing of the sort! I mean, if you want to see it that way, you will!"

"I don't want to see it that way I never got such a jolt in my life. Me swallowing all that sob stuff about you and your four stories. Four stories is good!" She laughed for the first time, and not mirthfully. "What you got is a book."

"Milly," he said very humbly, but a will-o'-the-wisp showed in the depths of his eyes—"Milly, you're not jealous, darling, are you?"

"Don't be ridiculous!" said Milly coldly. She folded her arms and put her chin in the air—the line from her chin to the hollow of her throat was sheer beauty—but her voice had a throaty quiver. "Do you mean to tell me you can't see that girl's after you? Why, her work's so crude a blind man would get it!"

He said soothingly, "I couldn't even tell you the color of her eyes. She's been in here a few times, making up the room and all that ——"

"She makes up your room? That's hot! I suppose mother doesn't keep any help!"

"How do I know!" said Mr. Smart. "I'm no intelligence bureau." Displaying, at length, a touch of excusable resentment, he admitted recklessly, "I found her—the girl, that is—in here poring over my books one afternoon—you know, that rotten rainy afternoon last week?—and I made her a poem. Maybe she took it too seriously; maybe that's what's the matter with her—if anything"

His books! A vagabond handful on a rickety spindle-legged table beside his bed

"You did!" said Milly—irreproducible again.

"Well," said Mr. Smart with pathetic bravado, "what of it? Poems are all I've ever had to give any girl."

Said Milly, shaken as if he had struck her, "Smart Aleck, did you ever make a poem before in your life for any girl but me?"

"This one wasn't much," he said—all his resentment gone, only unhappiness left in him. "She seemed so—well, impressed when I said I wrote verses."

"And you were lonely and blue, and you fell for it, like she knew you would. I don't believe," said Milly, curiously quiet, "you ever looked at any other girl before—now, did you?"

"I tell you," he insisted, "I haven't been looking at this one."

"All right, I believe you," said Milly. "But she's been looking at you. And she gets her man—she's just the type. What was the poem?"

"Oh, nothing much," he said. "I didn't even finish it"

"Tell it to me," said Milly, "or I'll think it had Poems of Passion faded."

"Nonsense!" he laughed—not too brightly. "If you really want to hear it "

"I don't want to, but I think I'd better."

He cleared his throat again. He looked at her appealingly. Once more he put a hand back through his hair. He smiled uncertainly. "Well," he said:

"At a wayside shrine I stopped to pray. . . .
Yours were the gentle eyes looked down;
Under a saint's deep-azure hood,
Yours was the meek head's ash-gold crown. . . ."

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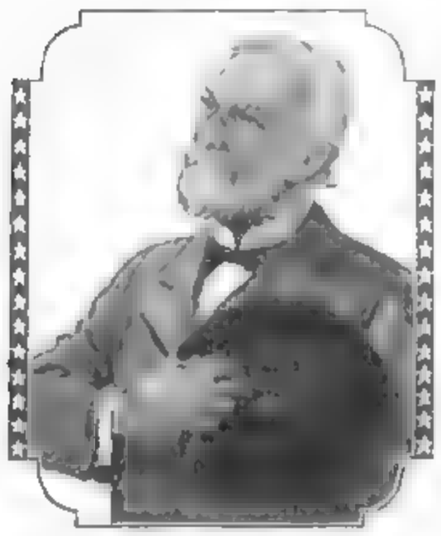

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He came to a stop. He looked at Milly: Milly looked back at him with a hand pressed over her heart.

"Saints," said Milly huskily, "and gentle eyes and ash-gold crowns. . . . I'll say you made her a poem! Well, I wish you luck!"

"Milly!" he groaned. He managed a crooked smile. Then amazingly he stiffened. "Don't let's say good-by like this. You're the only girl that ever lived for me, and you know it. I'll go down to my grave wanting you. If you're through, let it go at that! What's the good of tearing each other to pieces? Go back to your movie king and tell him everything's jake. I've changed my mind. You can get your divorce any time you want it. You might," he added wryly, "make it nonsupport if the humor's not too obvious."

"What do you mean?" cried Milly, dark eyes tragical.

"I mean what I say—if I can't have anything else of you, I will have my memories. I won't have wounds and festers and scars."

"You mean," she said, swept with a new sad shame, "like today?"

"I mean," he said, "like today. It's too horrible."

The three-ply knock fell sweetly once more upon the panel of the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Smart wearily.

Milly stood frozen. Miss Callahan came in, bearing a tray. The tray was covered with a fair white cloth and bore, besides, a plate and bowl from which rare odors issued in little wreaths of steam. It seemed a bit heavy for her slender arms, but adroitly and pridefully she managed it; her head with its soft heavy hair thrown back, the small pink mouth holding its heart shape sweetly.

"Oh, Mr. Smart," she said, "it turned out so swell tonight, I just had to bring you up some."

"Now, Miss Callahan," said Mr. Smart, "you shouldn't have done that!" He looked distressed, but, being human, his nostrils flared.

"I'll set it right down here," said Miss Callahan, "and you eat it while it's hot." She set the tray on a table which stood at the foot of his bed. She smiled at him anxiously, adoringly.

"You're the kindest thing on earth," he assured her. But his eyes were for Milly, standing there, wordless and stricken.

Miss Callahan's eyes, it may have been, were for Milly, too, to a certain extent. She said, pausing to settle a knife and fork on the tray with caressing hand: "Mr. Maxwell's waiting downstairs."

"Yes? Is that so?" said Milly, coming brusquely to life.

"He says," said Miss Callahan, more than ever like a fairy pipe, or a flute caroling to a prima donna's echo, "that he can't wait much longer for you. He's been there a good half hour already, he says, and if you want to go with him, you'll have to go now."

She primmed her mouth and widened her eyes as she said it—not too discreet.

"Re-ally," said Milly languidly, "that's quite too bad!" A new note in her voice—a flaw like an eddy in a fast-flowing river. "You and he seem to have got to be quite friendly, don't you?"

"I don't know what you mean," said a haughty Miss Callahan.

"Let it ride!" said a condescending Milly.

With the suddenness of a star falling, or a flame rising, or a hawk striking, or a child screaming with the gesture of an empress, or a savage, or a dryad—as if what she were doing were the most natural thing in the world, in fact the only conceivable thing for her to do, she stripped from her body the mink coat with its orchids voluptuously sprawling. She stretched herself and smiled, laying the coat in Miss Callahan's startled arms.

"Take that down to him," she directed, "and tell him not to wait any longer. Tell him thanks a lot, but my husband ——"

"Husband!" said Miss Callahan, perhaps for once a trifle above the pitch—the merest trifle shrill—with stark surprise.

"—— husband," said Milly clearly, "doesn't want me to leave him."

"Mr. Smart ——" began Miss Callahan dazedly.

"Sorry to trouble you, Miss Callahan," said Mr. Smart, hands clenched and trembling in his pockets, "but my wife is quite right—I don't."

Miss Callahan shortly went out of the door and took the mink coat with her. She had, after all, only a poem to go on.

"What do you bet," said Milly, pulling off the small brown hat and pitching it across the room onto the red-quilted bed—"what do you bet the ash-gold saint makes a play for Maxie herself?"

"What do we care," he demanded roughly, "about Maxie, or the ash-gold saint, or anything between heaven and hell now, but you and *me*?"

He snatched her so close it hurt gloriously. When she could no longer do without breathing, she shoved him back, looked up at him, starry-eyed and ineffable.

"I'm sorry about Maxie," she said, "but there you are! Somebody's got to get the short end of any deal, and if I'd left you alone with Goldilocks, in another week it'd have been you! I couldn't do it. I thought I could—I thought I'd boiled myself hard—but I guess you're right—it's an alibi. Underneath I'm as big a sap as ever."

"That's not it," he said; he tried to draw her back again. "You're not a sap—you're wonderful. It's just that I'm a poor thing, but your man."

"You're my child, and my boy, and my man," she said. "I was a fool to think I could forget it!" She broke away from him and ran over to the window; there she sat down in the rocking-chair, from which, with a lovely brooding gesture, she held out her arms—an old play, of which they knew the business poignantly well.

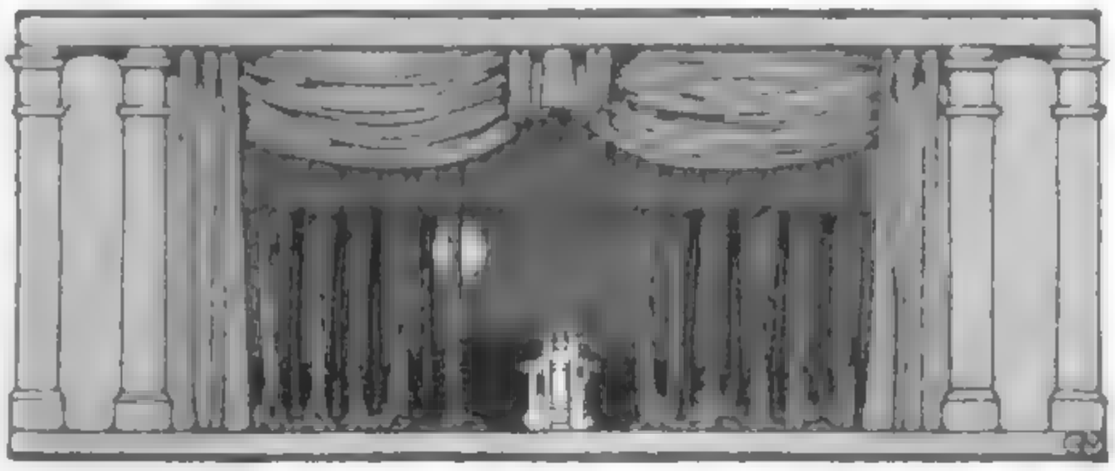
He came and dropped on the floor at her feet. With her arms tight about his shoulders, his arms close about her waist, he laid his cheek down on her heart and the same long, breathless sigh shook them both.

She hugged his head to her breast; she laughed—a low fluttering sound: "Maxie said this was a wild-goose chase. He didn't know!"

"Out of the mouth of the cinema! Maybe he knew more than he knew—'cause why? The wild goose is a constant bird—one mate and no other its whole life long. Didn't I follow you here? Didn't you come here to find me?"

"God, don't I know it," she whispered. "Here we are again!"

Said her Smart Aleck, his worshipful lips on her throat: "My heart, is that a prayer, or a promise?"



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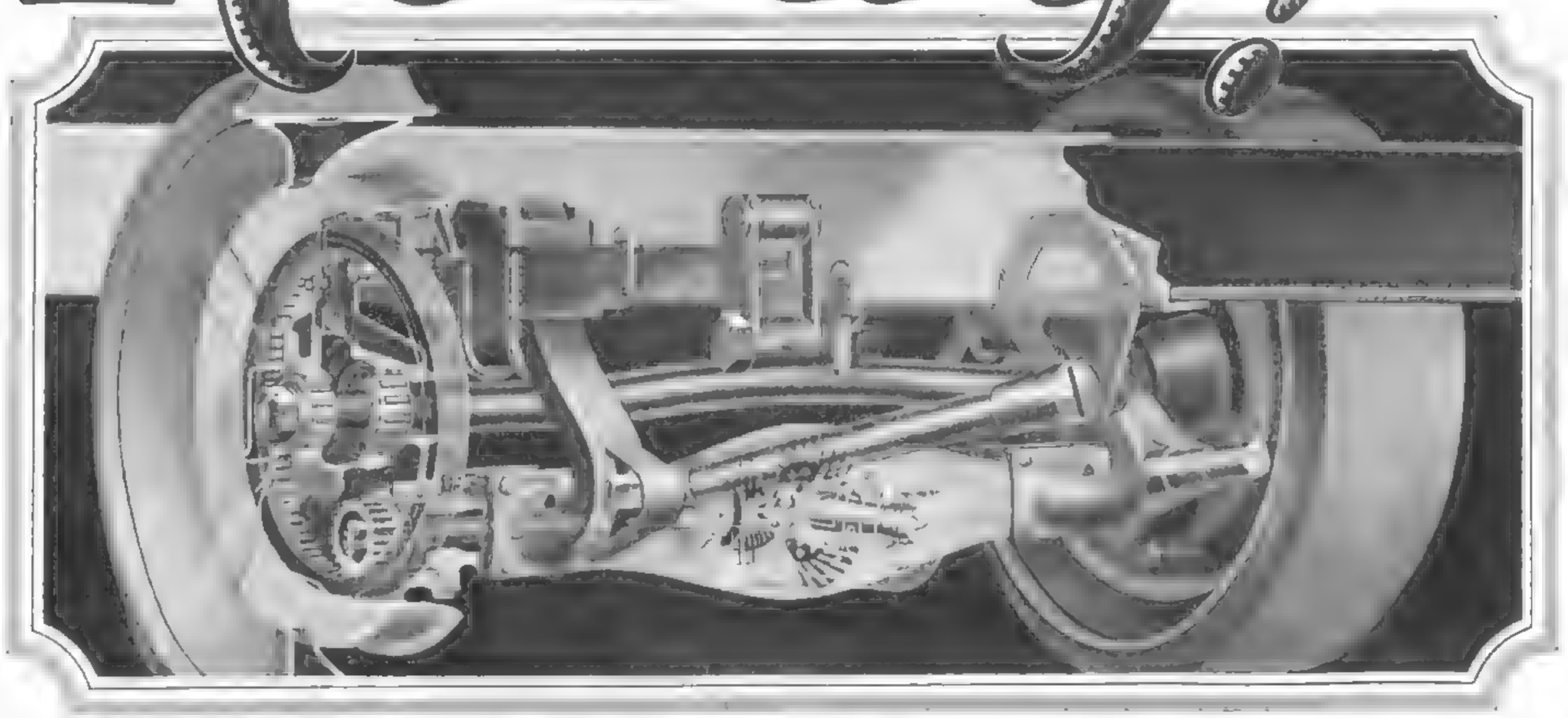
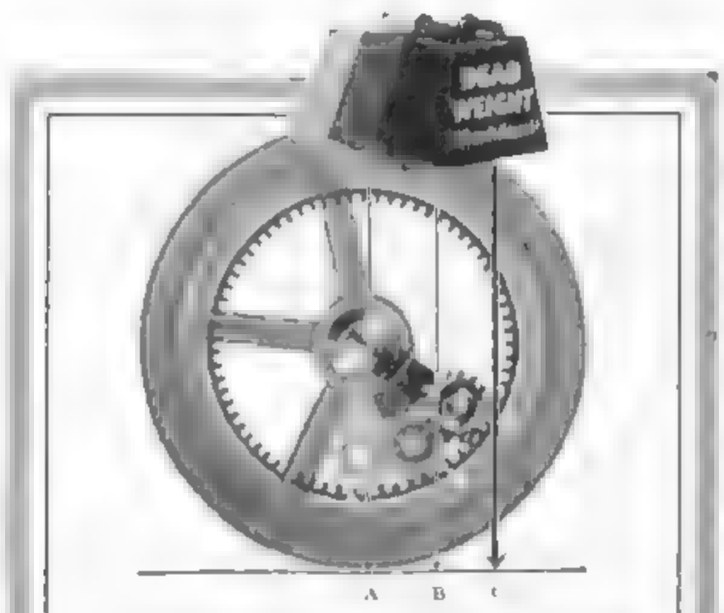
Relay!



Two New Sources of Motor Truck Power

Weight and Momentum of Load Utilized by Relay Truck



A B C

A—Normal placement of pinion gear—normal center of load pressure.

B—Pinion climbing to position of greater leverage—load pressure shifting.

C—Maximum climb—load pressure completely shifted.

How the Relay Drive Axle turns Dead Weight into Power

The diagram above shows the changing action of the traveling pinion within the drive wheel

Compensating for each new obstruction in the road, the pinion, enmeshed in the large circular cog track, moves to higher positions nearer the outer rim of the wheel.

Here the dead weight of the truck load, automatically shifted, bears down, overbalances the wheel and helps to roll it forward.

Two natural forces, heretofore uncontrolled—*dead weight and momentum*—are harnessed in the Relay Truck, by the revolutionary Relay drive axle, and turned into *supplementary power.*

Power is applied to the rear wheels through driving pinions on the ends of the drive axle, acting on a circular cog track on the inside circumference of the wheels. All of the weight is supported by the drive axle, the wheel axle merely acting as a turning center.

When the rear wheels of the Relay Truck meet a road obstruction, they stop momentarily while the pinions move to a higher position over the obstruction. At the same time the drive axle, chassis, and truck load shift upward and forward several inches ahead of the wheel axle.

When the pinion gears reach a sufficiently high point, the dead weight of the load bearing down, aided by the forward momentum of the truck and load, overbalances the drive wheels and rolls them over the obstruction.

Among Relay Truck advantages are: (1) greater tractive power and consequent ability to negotiate grades and cross ground impassable to other trucks; (2) elimination of wheel slippage and tire spinning, resulting in *doubled,* sometimes *trebled* tire mileage; (3) the diversion of all road shocks from chassis and load; (4) greater flexibility, permitting faster speeds with safety, which in turn increases traveling radius and earning capacity; (5) absence of starting and operating jerks and strains, greatly reducing maintenance and depreciation costs.

The Relay Axle has been developed and tested for over seven years. Relay Trucks have been in daily service for nearly three years, and are built by a consolidation of three of the oldest and best-known motor truck manufacturers.

Whatever your business may be, Relay has a model which will give you more ton-miles with lower maintenance and depreciation expense. Ask your distributor for a demonstration or write us for complete information.

The Relay Axle drive is now for the first time applied to a 1½-ton truck—the new Relay Model 30A—which will be displayed and demonstrated at the Cleveland Road Show, January 9th to 14th, and later at the National Construction Exhibition, West Baden, Indiana, January 23rd to 27th.

RELAY MOTORS CORPORATION—LIMA, OHIO

Manufacturers of Relay, Commerce, Garford and Service Trucks

RELAY MOTOR TRUCKS

HALT! WHO'S THERE?

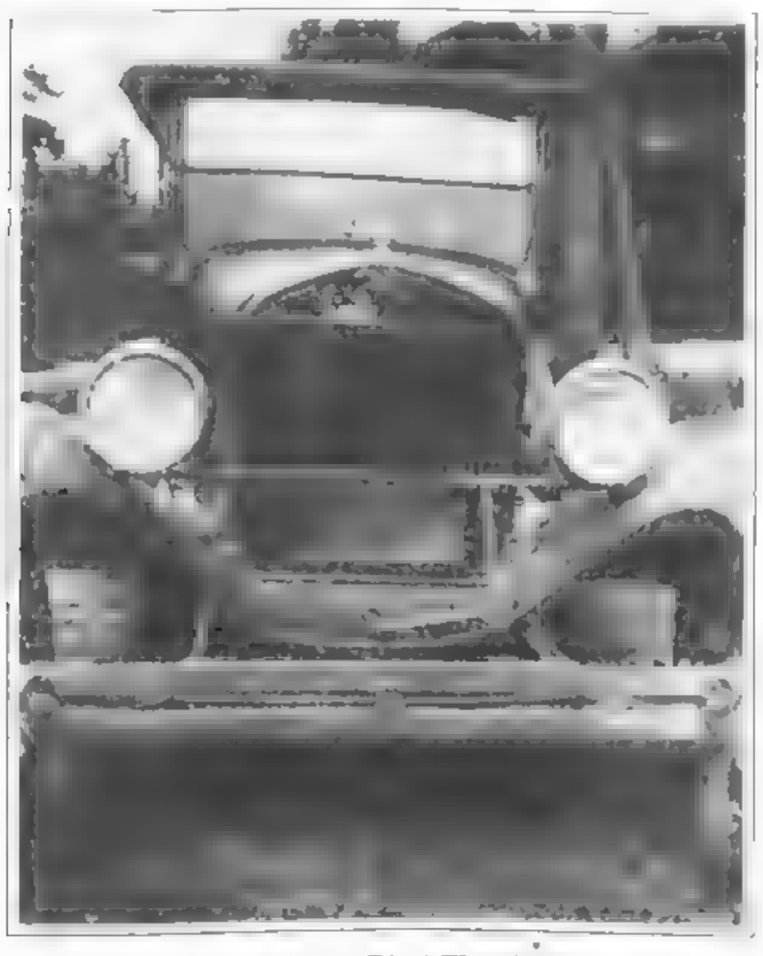
Continued from Page 33

find background for a more perfect study of the despoiling work of unrestricted immigration? New England, home of the Pilgrim Fathers, birthplace of American ideals, cradle of Yankee legends and lore, has a population of 7,400,909, and more than 50 per cent of it, or 4,528,221, is of foreign birth or foreign parentage or mixed parentage. Here are the figures by the last census.

States	The New England [illegible]	Foreign born [illegible]
Maine	768,014	27,480
New Hampshire	443,083	216,083
Vermont	352,428	123,524
Massachusetts	3,852,356	2,586,756
Rhode Island	604,397	422,157
Connecticut	1,380,631	911,452
Totals	7,400,909	4,528,221

*One parent foreign

As the train was choo-chooing its way through Connecticut, the very state in which Jonathan Trumbull, whom George Washington called Brother Jonathan, lived and died, I walked through the cars away up to the day smoker. There was a babel of foreign tongues, with just now and then a smattering of English breaking through the conversation. Ellis Island didn't seem far away, for Connecticut has 378,439 of foreign born, 421,133 of foreign parentage and 111,880 of mixed parentage—that is, one parent foreign and one native—a total of 911,452 out of a population of 1,380,631.



A Border Patrol Car That Was Riddled With Buckshot by Alien Smugglers

A Foreign Population

This is a chronicle, not an editorial, but to that materialistic somebody who rises to ask, "What about the factories we have built, the millions we have made, the prosperity we have wrought?" I would just like to say: "Go ye unto Genesis xxv, 29-34, and study the simplest lesson in economics ever set down. It has to do with Esau and his birthright and his mess of pottage." Prosperity built upon overpopulation of aliens at the jeopardy of national destiny spells profiteering. There is already talk of unemployment in some alien-choked sections of America, and the admission is freely made by sober, thoughtful men of New England that somebody's been letting 'em in too fast.

Massachusetts came next in the itinerary—Massachusetts, which made the first fight and for a long time a single-handed fight against unrestricted immigration through its Restrictive Immigration League. More than 50 per cent of her population is now foreign born or of foreign or mixed parentage, and the aliens are still coming at the rate of 26,000 a year to Massachusetts even under the restrictive-quota laws.

Then came Vermont, where 228,904 home folks are trying to put the spirit of the Green Mountain Boys into 123,524 foreign born, or those of foreign and mixed parentage. Vermont, too, has made its fight against the alien invasion. The late Senator W. P. Dillingham, author of the first immigrant-quota law, and Assistant Secretary of Labor W. W. Husband, foremost of its enforcers, and President Coolidge himself, were all born in Vermont.

The Call to Arms

It wasn't so much the grim Cyclopean stare from a .45 automatic lying unholstered upon the paper-strewn desk that got upon my nerve, but the persistent tantalizing w-h-i-r-r of the telephone close by the gun. Particularly up there on our Canadian frontier in the barracks of the border patrol did an eagerness seize me to lift the receiver, if only to make such explanations as might silence for a time the little ebon-eared messenger. But I knew that I dare not intrude upon the official business of Uncle Sam's vigilantes. They are shouldered with one of the greatest responsibilities this Government has ever placed upon an armed force in peacetime—the preservation of the national household against the bootleg traffic in unwanted aliens over our border lines. So I sat down in the little coop the boys call their office and tried to behave myself.

Down in the basement somebody was hammering loudly upon metal. Overhead somebody else was treading heavily, briskly, back and forth. It required no test of speculation to visualize the situation. All the scouts were out on their trails but two. One of these was tinkering upon a crippled automobile below. The other was making his bunk above. Between them they were attending to the office while thus engaged with these necessary menial tasks.

But "W-h-i-r-r!" There came that irrepressible telephone again. This time it must be heard. There was no let-up. "Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before"—yes, Byron, it was no longer an alarm; it was a command. And down the narrow stairs from the dormitory came tumbling a handsome, dashing, nimble young man neatly attired in the border-patrol uniform of olive drab with glossy leather putties and tan shoes. Ignoring my presence except for a hurried smiling nod of his sorrel-topped head, he snatched the telephone from the desk:

"United States Border Patrol, Bassett speaking. . . . Oh, hello, Standish, what's up? . . . Big car headed east from Lost Nation road? . . . You think it may be the men who shot up our car? . . . Describe the birds. . . . O. K., Standish. . . . Yes, Allie's here. I'll tell him right away. . . . He'll be crazy to nab those bubues. Oh, boy! Good-by, Eddie."

The folks who live in Edgwood homes save 10 to 47% on fuel

THINK for a moment what owning a home means. In terms of dollars, it means an asset or a liability—economy or expense. Six months of the year at least, the house must keep out the cold . . . . the other six months keep out the heat.

Edgwood red cedar shingles have greater insulating qualities than any other standard building material in use for roofs and sidewalls. Their resistance to the transmission of heat saves from 10 to 47% in fuel costs. Inversely, the home will be that much cooler in summer—comfortable.

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Ask your architect, your contractor, or your lumber dealer about Edgwood red cedar shingles . . . . . they will tell you why edge-grain shingles are better, and Edgwoods in particular. Fill in coupon now, whether you intend building immediately, or not.

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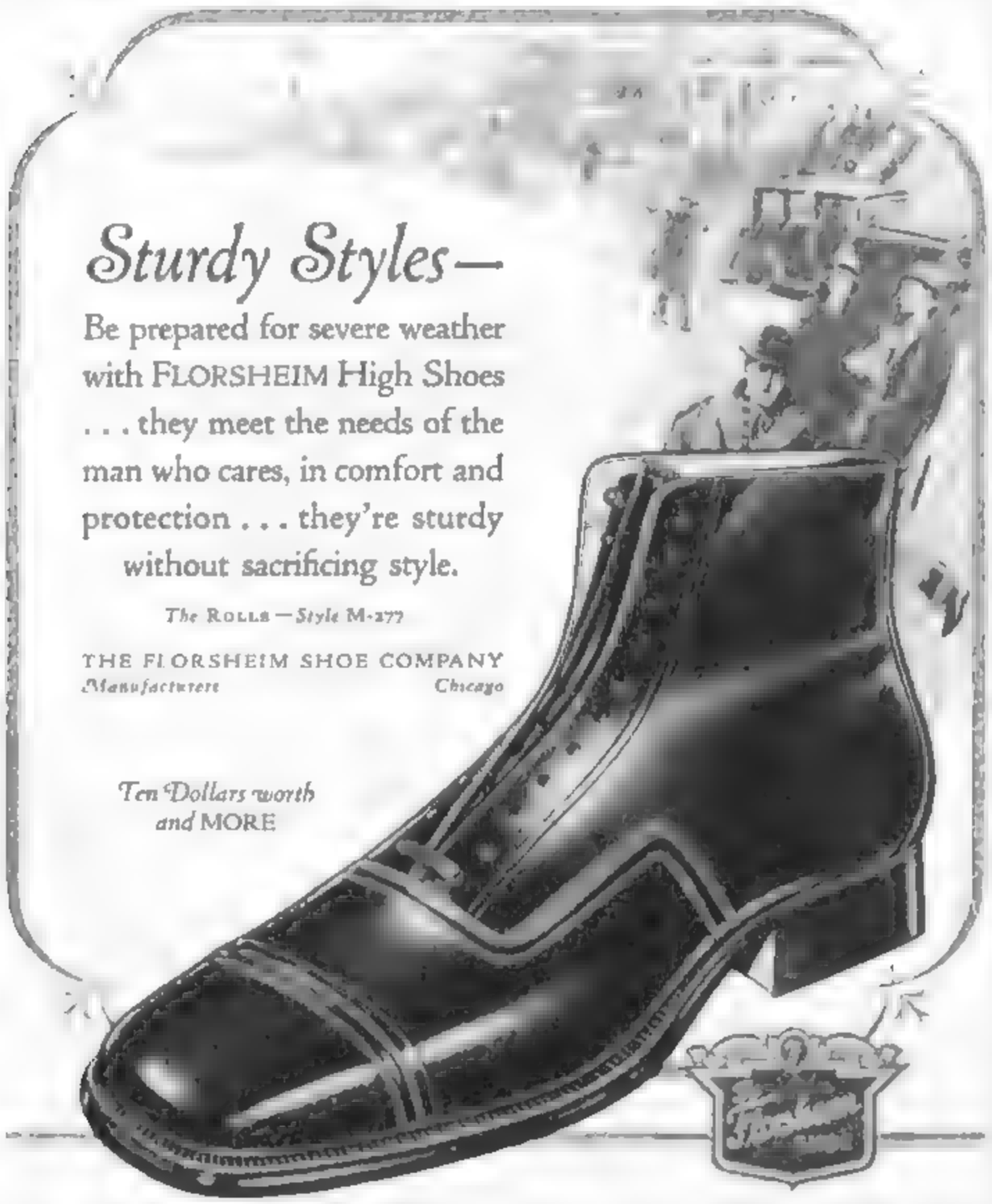
The FLORSHEIM SHOE



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TRUCK CASTERS

"TRUCK CASTERS" an engineering treatise [illegible]

By this time Allie Fuller, himself, had appeared. Often had I seen down there at Ellis Island groups of border jumpers sent for deportation by Allie Fuller. Often had I heard his praise from the Washington officials. So this was Allie Fuller. Arthur Bassett took him aside and told him what he had just taken over the telephone from Edward Standish. On his return to the room I introduced myself.

"Wait right here," said Fuller. "I'll be back in fifteen minutes and I'll take you on a little run across country. We have no secrets up here. Not in a case like this anyway. You see, we've had a little trouble with some alien runners. They shot up one of our cars just a few days ago. They had a big high-powered car, much speedier than the flivvers which the Government gives us, and they got away. One of my men, Eddie Standish, has just telephoned that he thinks the scoundrels have been seen again this morning some thirty miles west of here. He is one of the patrol inspectors whose car was riddled with buckshot and got his hands and face scratched up by broken glass from the windshield. Oh, yes, they're getting murderous in their game of late. But wait until I run home and get my own car. It's faster than the flivvers."

A Ten-to-One Chance

Determination shone from his alert brown eyes as Allie Fuller girt on that .45 automatic and swung himself away. His appearance was impressive—soldierly in his olive togs, of medium height, with muscles bulging about his shoulders. While he was gone Arthur Bassett, secretary and all-round major-domo of the barracks, gave me a first-hand outline of the work of the border patrol. This particular subdistrict extends across the two states of New Hampshire and Vermont from Maine to the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, and thence southward down the lake on the Vermont side for fifty miles. Draw an imaginary line back to Maine and you get a kind of parallelogram, with the international boundary as its base, which represents the territory of operations for Allie Fuller's little band of twelve. There are sixty big state roads and many little backwoods roads in all this territory which cross the Canadian border—about 120 roadways in all which offer routes for alien running. That means ten roads to a man, or ten chances to one in favor of the smugglers, saying nothing of the lack of a relay for night work. This being a typical sector for the entire system along the Canadian, Mexican and Florida frontiers, it may be readily seen how utterly inadequate in numbers the force is at its present muster of 800 men.

Last summer the budget committee of Congress accompanied Assistant Secretary of Labor Robe Carl White, the daddy of the border patrol, around all the borders, and it is now reported that a plan has been formulated at Washington for increasing the border patrol and consolidating it with the narcotic squad and other customs agents now engaged in stopping the traffic over the boundaries of drugs and liquor.

If this new plan be indorsed by the next Congress, the border patrol of the near future may be a body of 5000 men—3000 for the Canadian border and 2000 for the Mexican and Florida frontiers. The pay is absurdly small. For the first year a border-patrol inspector gets only $1680. After he has served a year the pay is raised to $1800, and if he should be fortunate enough to get appointed head of a substation he gets $1920.

How in the world they have managed to get together a force of such superior personnel is the wonder of any stranger in the camp. The men work nine hours a day, or are supposed to be timed that way. In fact, they are like firemen—never off duty, and once on a case they carry on day and night until their quarry is caught or accounted for in some other way. Two men are stationed together at each of four different substations about thirty miles apart. Thus a kind of interlapping vigilance is established for the entire distance of each sector, and the entire force of twelve men can be concentrated upon one spot in case of emergency. That is when the barracks with their double-deck beds come in handy. A patrolman may sleep tonight sixty miles from where he has started out in the morning—a transient, shifting lodger.

But here comes Allie Fuller in his high-powered private car. He has brought Sid Davis, a regular immigration inspector, with him. You see, the border patrolmen are not warrant officers. Their work is simply policing. Sid Davis has the power to hold an alien for a board of special inquiry or until a warrant of deportation may be obtained from Commissioner Harry R. Landis, the American official of the immigration service stationed at Montreal, who is the direct head of District Number 1, which takes in the entire eastern border from Buffalo to the Atlantic Ocean. We're off for the chase after the buckshot bootleggers!

Newport, Vermont, is one of those spotless towns of New England which reflect the thrift, industry and wholesome happy home life of the New England people. It nestles at the foot of a range of hills by the lower waters of Lake Memphremagog. The lake extends some thirty miles northward and is crossed by the international boundary just nine miles above Newport. We take the main street going west, ascend the hill through the residential section, leave the town beneath us half hidden in its bright foliage of autumn-tinted maples, and behold from a lofty height a truly delectable stretch of Vermont's far-famed landscapes. The rising hills and sunny slopes are dotted with speckled Holsteins as far as the eye can see. The skirting woods are bedecked in October's red and gold. An occasional peak in the background shoots its great spur of blue into the paler azure of the Indian-summer sky. Happy homes on every hill, hayricks here and there, peace and plenty everywhere and all the world gone dreaming.

A Desperate Game

"The true America at last," I said enthusiastically to the two immigration men.

"But how much longer for the Americans?" countered Allie Fuller.

"No wonder the whole world is trying to get to North America," observed Sid Davis.

"And shoot at us with buckshot when we try to stop 'em," added Fuller. "That's why I am so hell-bent to get these birds. Sid, here, and I are both natives of Vermont. Most of our border-patrol boys were born and raised round here. We feel very deeply this responsibility of keeping Europeans from stealing through Canada to rob us of what there's left of America. And then to be shot at in the discharge of our duty—I tell you, that's got to stop. We may not meet them on these highways today. Frankly, I don't think we have a chance. So many roads running south, they probably have already passed on. But if they keep on coming back through this district they're going to be caught."

Fuller then gave the full story of the attack which just a few days before had aroused the whole populace of Northern Vermont and even the border folk on the Canadian side. Two of his men had followed behind a big touring car. Doggedly they trailed in their flivver, getting quite close up behind in bad spots in the road. A sawed-off shotgun was poked out from behind the suspected car. The next instant the full load of buckshot was blown into the radiator of the patrolmen's car. Stray shots broke the windshield and the two officers were scratched by the broken glass. They fired one shot at the smugglers as they made their escape. The license number when traced was found to belong to a perfectly innocent and reputable citizen of the United States. Bootleggers nowadays get bogus license tags.

Continued on Page 197

A Million Times a Day
—*always dependable*

A MILLION feet! Each one, guided by its owner, seeks the Auto-Lite starter button every day. A touch of the starter button and the whole starting and ignition is put in motion. No disappointments. The result is just as it has been hundreds of times before—quick, positive action—ready—faithful.

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San Sebastian Hotel:
Single rooms . . . . $1.50, $2.50 day
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Apartments, 2 to 4 rooms, $55 to $125 month

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Single rooms . . . . $2.00, $3.00 day
Double rooms . . . . $3.00, $4.00 day

Coral Gables Inn:
Single rooms . . . . $2.00, $3.00 day
Double rooms . . . . $5.00, $6.00 day

Antilla Hotel:
Single rooms . . . $2.50 to $4.00 day
Double rooms . . . $4.00 to $6.00 day

Casa Loma Hotel: (American plan)
One in room . . . . $8 to $10 day
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Single rooms . . . . $6, $8, $10 day
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How may I turn my spare time into money?

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Street

City

State Age

(Continued from Page 194)

For miles and miles we journeyed, all the time going due west and on a parallel with the Canadian line, about six miles to the right. Many cars were stopped, many inquiries made before we wheeled back to recross by another route the territory we had traversed.

"These fellows may not be the real smugglers but only what we call runners, or advance agents for the bootleggers," explained Allie Fuller. "When a group of aliens has been all set in Montreal or some other central point for making the trip; when they have been fitted out with American togs and spruced up to divest themselves of quaint European dress and made to look as much like Canadians or Americans as possible; and when satisfactory guaranties have been made for payment to the smugglers of sums of money ranging anywhere from $50 to $1000 a head—then the bootleggers send forth runners to cross the border and report by long-distance telephone the route that is safest to be taken on that particular day.

"These runners first ascertain the direction the border patrol inspectors for that particular substation have gone on that particular day. Knowing that the patrol inspectors cannot cover all the roads because of limited numbers, the runners can report by telephone to the smugglers which roads are uncovered. This process we call laying the underground railroad into the United States, and you'd be surprised to know how many confederates the runners sometimes muster in our own country to aid them in this work of blazing the way for the real smugglers."

Fuller further explained that when these runners find the way is not clear they sometimes resort to trickery to lead the border patrol on a guinea chase away from the chosen route of entry, the smuggling group being sidetracked and hidden somewhere in Canada until the road is clear. He thinks this may have been the motive behind the shooting up of the patrol car. With two inspector patrolmen thus stalled, a whole stretch of twenty or thirty miles of border would be open to smugglers.

In an Old Barn

This clearly shows the need of more men in the border patrol. Wonderful progress has been made by Assistant Secretary of Labor Robe Carl White and Supervisor Irving F. Wixon in organizing the force in the three years of its existence, and they must be congratulated upon the high standard of its personnel.

"Do you see that old barn away over there in the hayfield?" asked Fuller.

I gazed upon a ramshackle weather-beaten shanty propped up by huge poles to prevent its collapse, so dismal that it would have been shunned as a haunted house in my own Southern country.

"That's where we caught five smuggled Chinese just a week or so ago," Fuller went on, steering his car across the mowed ground toward the bleak deserted old shack. "The story shows the cunning of modern smugglers. Two bootleggers, hailing from Lowell, Massachusetts, had gone into Canada, just as thousands of tourists are doing every day. They recorded their high-powered sedan and got the usual permit to sojourn in the Dominion for a short time. These permits must be turned back to the Canadian authorities when the car comes back to the United States and the American authorities issue a clearance, both immigration and customs.

"Now these smugglers from Lowell had picked up their five Chinamen in Montreal, or thereabouts, had recrossed the Canadian border up around Highgate by a back road where there was no place of inspection. Two of my men, with two customs agents, got on their trail. Fearing that we would telephone ahead and have them stopped by police, they decided to dump the Chinks in this old barn and beat it back to a regular entry place on the border and get their clearance.

"Our men found the Chinks in the barn. A Chinaman will stay where you tell him to stay in these smuggling processes. We found the owner of the barn lives about two miles over the hills, and there under his shed we found the Massachusetts car. One of the smugglers was a nephew of the farmer. He was to get $750 each from the Chinese upon their safe delivery in Boston. Federal Judge W. J. Thurston held the smugglers in $5000 bail each and the Chinese in $1000 each. Two of the latter are still in jail awaiting the outcome of a writ of habeas corpus. The three others and the two smugglers put up their bail and are free in the United States."

We turned due north on a fairly good roadway and headed straight for the Canadian border.

"While I'm out this way," said Fuller, "I'll drop by the house on the line and look it over. There lies one of the knottiest problems the border patrol must tackle—one of the greatest obstacles in the way of law enforcement."

Most of us have heard of these houses built directly upon the international boundary lines, and the part they have played in muddying the water of sovereignty to effect immunity from the courts of both Canada and the United States. You have seen them in the movies as a background for thrilling rescues from a pursuing sheriff. You have read of them in fiction and wondered if it could all be true that by a single step across an imaginary line the villain would be safe from a warrant of the law. What could be more interesting than to see this house on the line in its bald visage of reality and hear a captain of the border patrol relate the actual difficulties which he and his men had encountered there by reason of the sharp focus of national sovereignty beneath its roof?

Under Two Flags

"When we raid one of these line houses," Fuller explained, "it has to be done jointly with Canadian officers and usually upon their invitation, for the doors are nearly always on the Canadian side of the house. I want to say right here that at no time has there ever been anything but the pleasantest relations between the authorities of the two countries in the matter of enforcing the immigration laws.

"This is in no sense a military frontier. The immigration laws of Canada and of the United States are so nearly identical in their aims that there has always been a spirit of cooperation in the enforcement of both. We have an inspector in the Canadian immigration station at Halifax and Canada has an office on Ellis Island, or has had until recently.

"Here's a case in point: Just a week or so ago the border patrol received word from the Canadian authorities that they intended to raid this particular line house which you see across the road."

Fuller stopped his car as he said this and nodded his head in the direction of a very ordinary-looking two-story frame house right before us. It appeared to be an abandoned country store and dwelling combined. The door and windows were closed. No sign of life. To the right, which was the American side as we faced the structure, a steep, thickly wooded side of a small mountain shot upward, furnishing an excellent hiding place for smuggled aliens in case of a quick get-away. An international boundary line post stood directly across the road.

By standing upon the line and sighting over the shaft it could be seen that the line struck the house to the right of the door. A row of brass tacks had been nailed up and down by the authorities of both countries showing exactly where the line entered the house and where it passed out in the rear. Most of the room space seemed to be on the American side.

For years and years the old house has stood there. Nobody can remember when it was built, but it is believed to have been erected about the time of the outbreak of the Civil War in the United States and was

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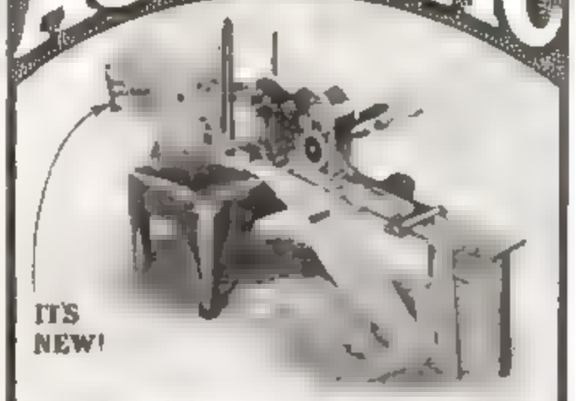

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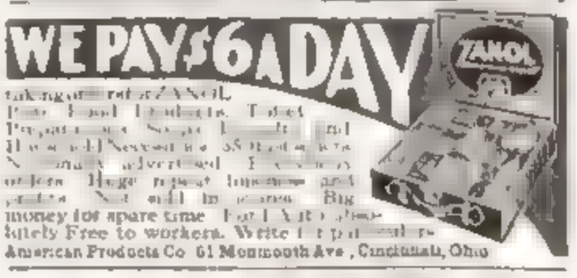

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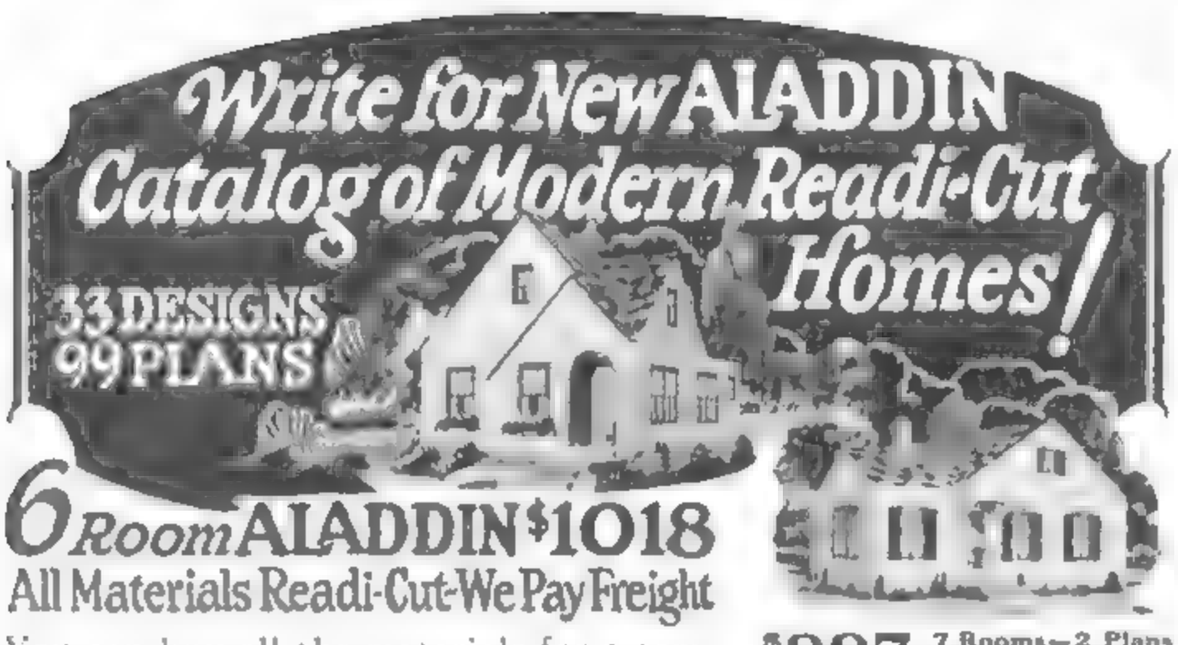

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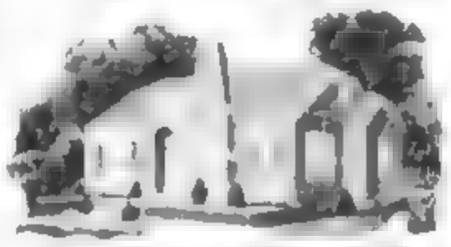

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used to smuggle wool down from Canada and kerosene and cotton up from the States. Later, and just after the Chinese Exclusion Act was passed in the United States, many Chinese are said to have passed under its roof into the land of their dreams.

The present proprietor is an American resident, but the fact that his door opens on Canadian territory puts official inspection of the interior beyond the powers of the American border patrol. Invited by the Canadian investigators to join them in a search of the place, Allie Fuller's men found and captured five aliens. Two of them were Russians and three were Poles. They all denied that they were trying to get into the United States, and claimed that they had been unlawfully arrested. They asserted that they were simply out for an automobile ride, that their car had broken down and their chauffeur had gone back into Canada to have the car repaired.

"But when we took them to Newport," said Fuller, "and they were excluded and ordered deported, it was no time before they had a lawyer up here all the way from New York City; and when they were released under bail of $1000 each, they did not go back to their alleged homes in Canada. Oh, dear, no—they caught the first train for New York. Three of them went to the Bronx, one to Brooklyn and one to Philadelphia."

Two things will strike the average American as strange in this episode. He will want to know how it is that aliens thus apprehended by the diligent border patrol so readily get their release under bond, and how it is that they have no difficulty apparently in digging up the money to supply Liberty Bonds.

An Investment in Aliens

It is the custom of the courts, when appeal is taken from a ruling, to release the alien upon bond if the ruling has been in the alien's favor. The calendars being crowded, it is sometimes months or a year before the case is reached. Officials higher than the border patrol in the immigration service explain that they have not had the money to pay a dollar a day for keeping the aliens in state jails along the border while lawyers wrangle and prolong the issues involved by getting out writs of habeas corpus. This bonding of immigrants is a great and growing business, however, and smacks of indecision in the enforcement of the law. John Weyman, treasurer of Ellis Island, is my authority in saying that about $500,000 in Liberty Bonds is now tied up in the Federal Reserve Bank in New York by immigration officials on Ellis Island alone in the bonding of aliens into the United States at $500 a head.

All five of these Poles and Russians, taken in the raid upon the house on the line, are at liberty in big cities in the United States while Uncle Sam holds as pawn $5000 in Liberty Bonds pending the final outcome of the case in court. Relatives of the aliens put up the bonds.

It is interesting to note that these houses built on the line have never jeopardized the amity between the two countries. In fact, the Canadian law and the law of the United States bearing upon these pests are almost identical.

It was night when we returned to Newport without any sight or sign of our buckshot bootleggers. Several of the boys from the New Hampshire line had hung up their hats for the night's lodging in the barracks. I went to a hotel. Not one of the tourist hotels, you understand, but the tavern of the townsfolk down near the railroad station, for I wanted to hear what the neighbors were saying among themselves. There is such an inn to be found in nearly every small town in the United States, I dare say, and particularly in New England.

A cozy, hospitable place it was in Newport, where the home folks of every vocation drop in for an informal gabfest and an exchange of ideas upon the current topics of the day. One writes his name on the register in the very midst of this gathering of neighborly New Englanders. The dining room and office and kitchen and smokers' room are all in one.

The cook and the little French Canadian girls who wait upon the tables in their black dresses and stockings and smart white aprons, the genial proprietor himself, and the guests, whether they be dining at the tables or just loitering in the lobby—all join in the happy, cheerful flow of conversation; and the man from New York, where there is no social life whatever, thanks God there is a cruller belt still left in America, with all that has been going on at the national gateway.

And here I made a truly wonderful discovery. I found the old-fashioned man who used to say "Sez-zee" and "Sez-zi." You and I have been wondering for a long time what had become of him, haven't we? Well, he's up there in Newport, Vermont, and, blessings on him, he was good to a sore eye from the moment he entered that medley of kitchen, parlor and hall to the time he buttoned his benny about his thin wiry form and pulled his black slouch hat down over his snowy locks to bid us "Good night, all."

"Wal, has anybody got 'im to change his mind yet?" he had asked of the man reading a newspaper. Everybody knew he meant Cal and his "don't choose."

But everybody had thrashed out the drafting of Coolidge before Mr. "Sez-zee" arrived, and the conversation had turned upon the shooting bootleggers and another event which had just happened that afternoon. Three automobiles loaded with contraband liquor had been chased so furiously by some Federal agents along the lake road that the foremost, in turning a sharp curve in the road, had bounced over an embankment into the lake and the poor bootlegger's back had been broken. He was dying in the Newport hospital.

Sympathy and indignation marked the comment of the townsfolk—sympathy for any man in misery, indignation over the increasing audacity of the smuggling rings.

"It's no use playing with 'em any longer on a small scale," observed a farmer who was late leaving town. "Might as well send the Army to our borders and have it out," he continued. "'Twould give the soldiers something to do, anyhow, and that would be economy, what you hear so much about."

Mr. "Sez-zee" agreed thoroughly. Particularly did he regard with solemn concern the smuggling of Europeans over the border. I followed him with deepest attention and he unconsciously led me to the story of the day when he ruminatingly remarked:

"Wal, I've heard my father say that he'd heard his father say, sez-zee, 'Thar's somethin' in that treaty which fixed that border line that means more than just surveyin' of a bound'ry between two countries.' My father used to say, sez-zee, 'Great Britain and the United States pledged themselves in that treaty to keep out of North America certain foreigners as didn't b'long in here. That's why,' sez-zee, 'our cousins in Canada have always helped us in protecting our population from contamination, and always will.'"

Joint Stewardship

The old gentleman's knowledge of the terms of the treaty was scant. I remember that on the line post I had seen that afternoon was inscribed: "Treaty of 1842." I wondered why our boundary line had not been fixed long before 1842, and I was determined to look up the old treaty. I have done so since, and to my utter amazement I found that our old friend "Sez-zee" was not far from the facts. It is known as the Webster-Ashburton Treaty. Daniel Webster, himself a New Englander, was then Secretary of State. After several whereas clauses telling of the necessity for fixing once and for all time the boundary line and several articles bearing upon the directions and mathematics for the survey, we come

(Continued on Page 202)

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Hundreds of holes had to be driven in brick walls flinty hard because of old style bricks and a half-century of seasoning. At the start two men with star drill and hammer could only drive four holes per day. A Black & Decker Electric Hammer was put on the job and the work was finished by one man at the rate of 95 holes per day.

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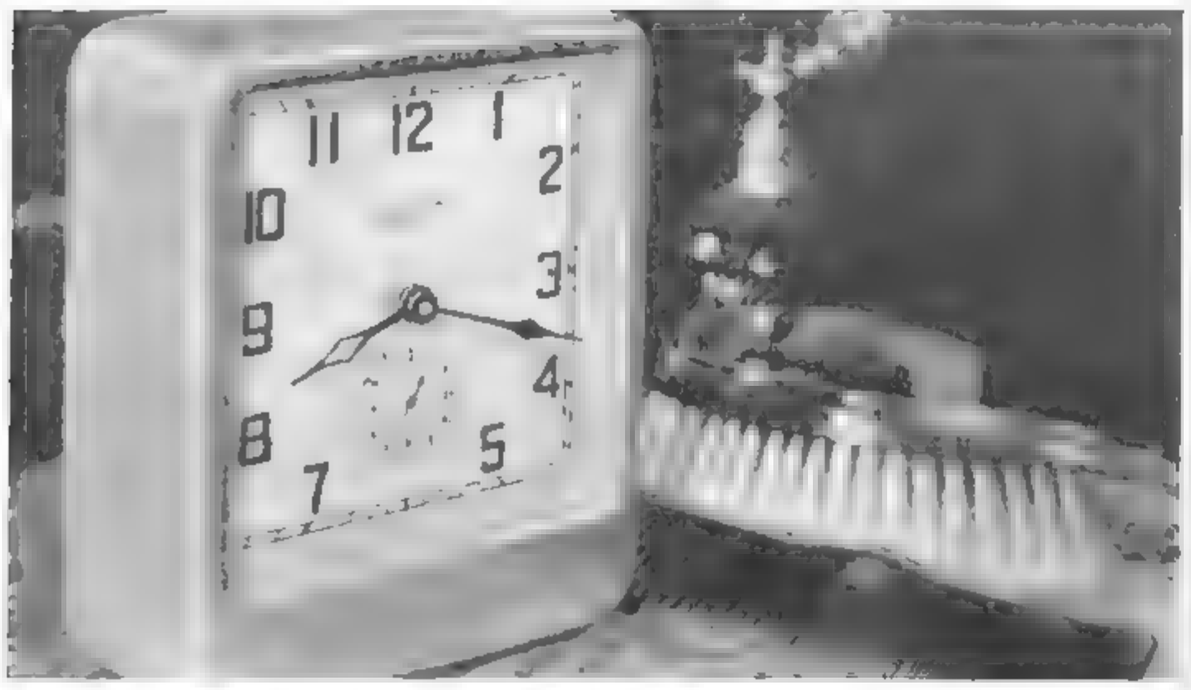

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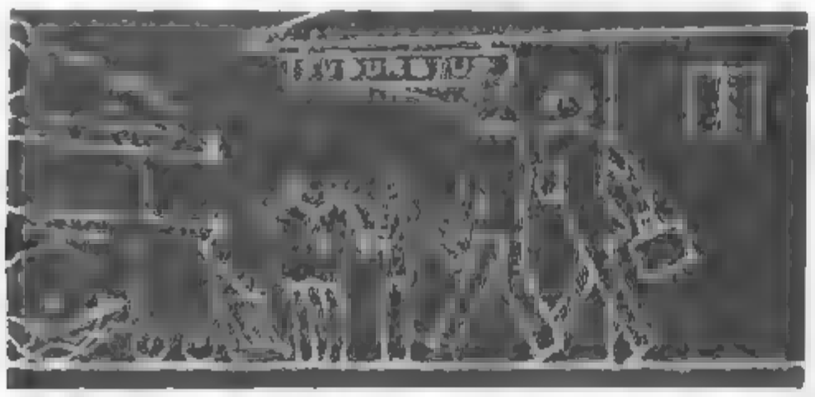

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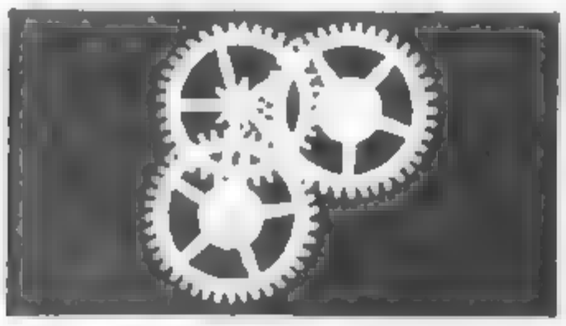

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MERLE THORPE, *Editor*

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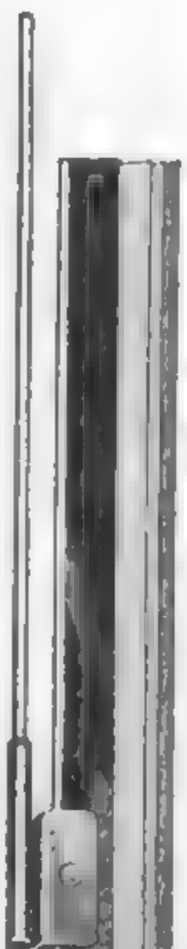
TRICO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.



35c
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The Visionall has two of these new Trico 5-ply Persmil blades. They clean marvelously. These blades fit any suction cleaner. 35c each. If you (illegible) postpaid if your dealer can't supply you

(Continued from Page 198)

to Article VIII. You will be amazed, but read it:

ARTICLE VIII. The parties [Great Britain and the United States] mutually stipulate that each shall prepare, equip and maintain in service on the coast of Africa a sufficient and adequate squadron or naval force of vessels of suitable numbers and descriptions, to carry in all not less than eighty guns, to enforce, separately and respectively, the laws, rights and obligations of each of the two countries for the suppression of the slave trade, the said squadrons to be independent of each other, but the two governments stipulating, nevertheless, to give such orders to the officers commanding their respective forces as shall enable them most effectively to act in concert and coöperation, upon mutual consultation, as exigencies may arise, for the attainment of the true object of this article, copies of all such orders to be communicated by each government to the other respectively.

Can you imagine it? Here was Queen Victoria agreeing with the President of the United States, just twenty-eight years after the two countries had been fighting, to join navies in keeping African slaves out of North America. The mere oddity of such an agreement being placed in a treaty which fixed forever the boundary line between us and our cousins in Canada carries a sentimentality that doesn't sound like cold history. It certainly did establish a kind of joint stewardship between our Anglo-Saxon forefathers over North America which historians cannot well ignore. Canada, of course, was not a dominion then. That didn't come until 1867, but the mere fact that each boundary-line post still proclaims the Treaty of 1842 shows how willing our cousins to the north have been to perpetuate the spirit of coöperation in this matter of who comes here and why.

Next day, and for several days thereafter, I went with immigration officials to Derby Line, Vermont, the most interesting little town on the Canadian border. Here, too, one finds a unity of aim and a unity of purpose in the minds of Canadian and American officers detailed as vigilantes over the border. The line splits the town into halves. On one side it is Rock Island, Canada. On the other side it is Derby Line, Vermont. The Canadians and the Americans jointly support the fire department and water supply and other public utilities. Some of the houses are built directly over the line, and the families cook their food in Canadian kitchens and eat it in American dining rooms. Books could be written about the good-fellowship and neighborly lives of the citizenry on either side.

But let us sum up the achievements of the border patrol for the past fiscal year and bring this article to an end. From all districts—Canadian, Mexican and Florida's coast—official reports show that 19,000 aliens were captured, while it is estimated that 170,000 got by and are still at large in the United States, not including deserting seamen at the ports. The great majority of those captured must be fighting deportation in the courts, for the report on deportations shows that out of a total of 11,662 ordered deported in the fiscal year ending June thirtieth last, only 5464 are put down as having been sent back as without proper visa. It is recorded that 12,000 of the aliens captured were smuggled. The border patrolmen traveled 4,500,000 miles in their flivvers on their vigils.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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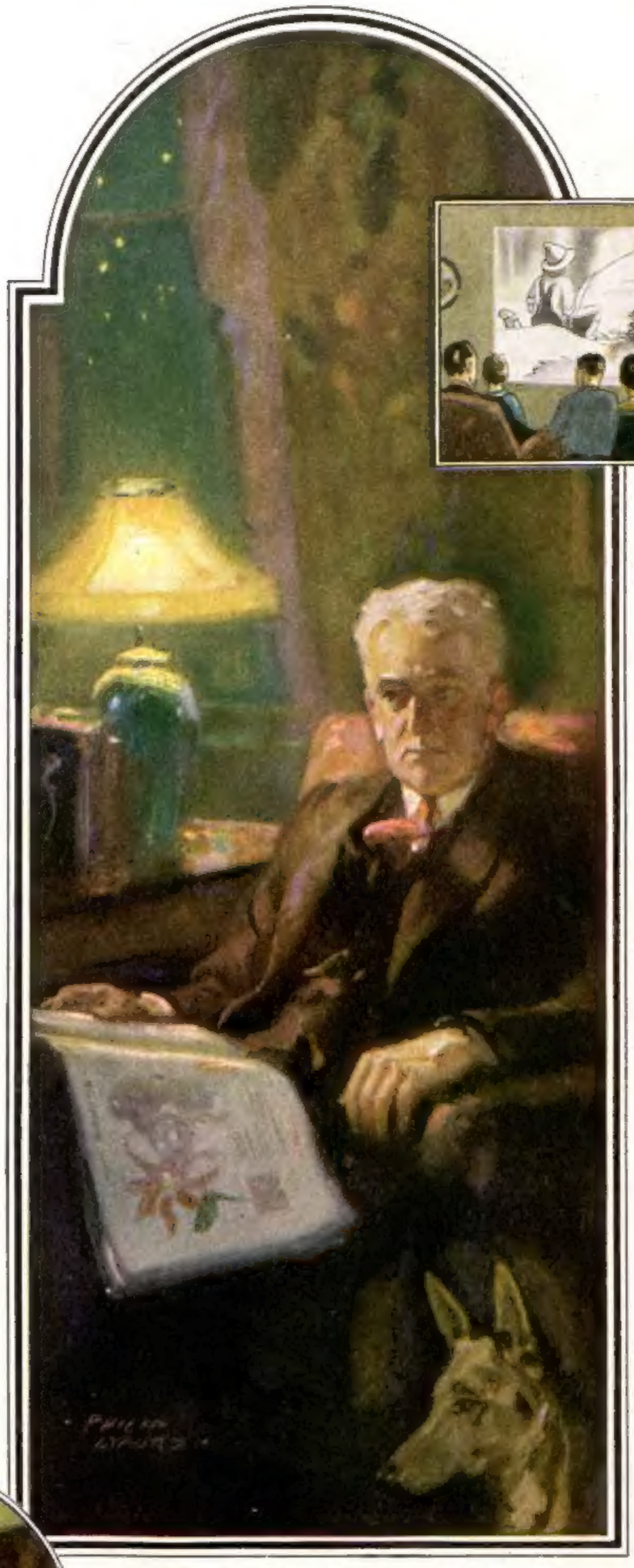

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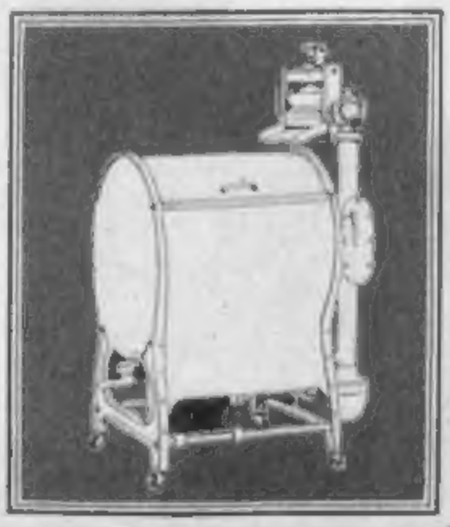

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3 Ivory	"	9 Deep Blue	"	15 Clear	"	21 Moss Green	"
4 Medium Blue	"	10 Vermilion	"	16 Light Oak	"	22 Gold	"
5 Light Red	"	11 Deep Red	"	17 Dark Oak	"	23 Aluminum	"
6 Medium Green	"	12 Gray	"	18 Walnut	"	24 Bronze	"

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28	7 and W	33	7 and 8	39	11 and 3	45	3 and 7	51	12 and 9
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